Liberty

APRIL 3, 1943
10¢

John Clymer

Book:
EXCHANGE SHI
Japan from the Inside
Revealed by a U. S.
newspaper corresponde

LIBERTY

THE COMING SHOWDOWN IN SUBMARINE WARFARE

LIBERTY

HIGHWAY TO ALASKA
The Army's
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LIBERTY

MAIL MEANS MORALE
How to write
to your soldier

LIBERTY

SHORT STORIES by
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LIBERTY

OLD SARGE
MOVIES
CARTOONS

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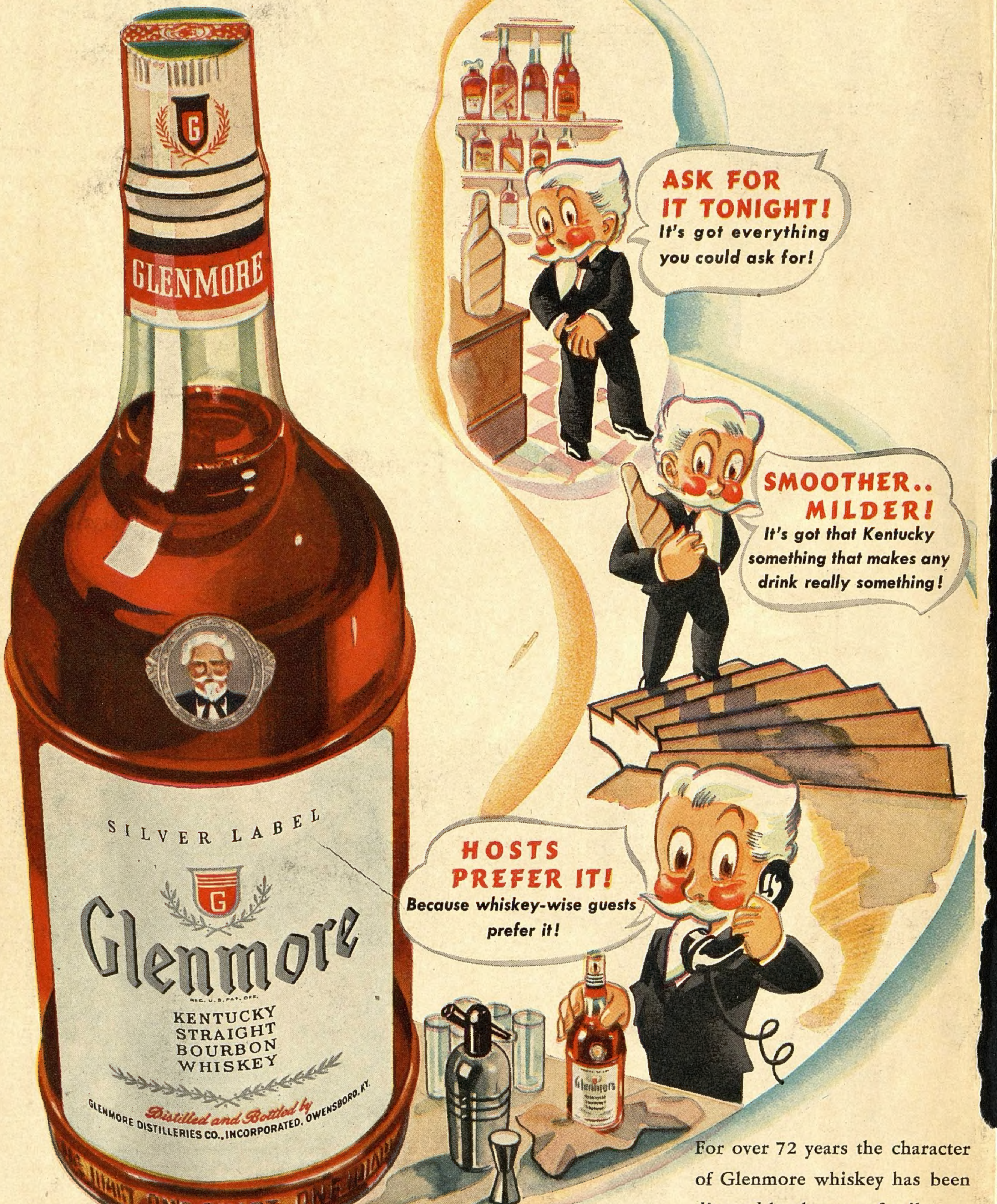
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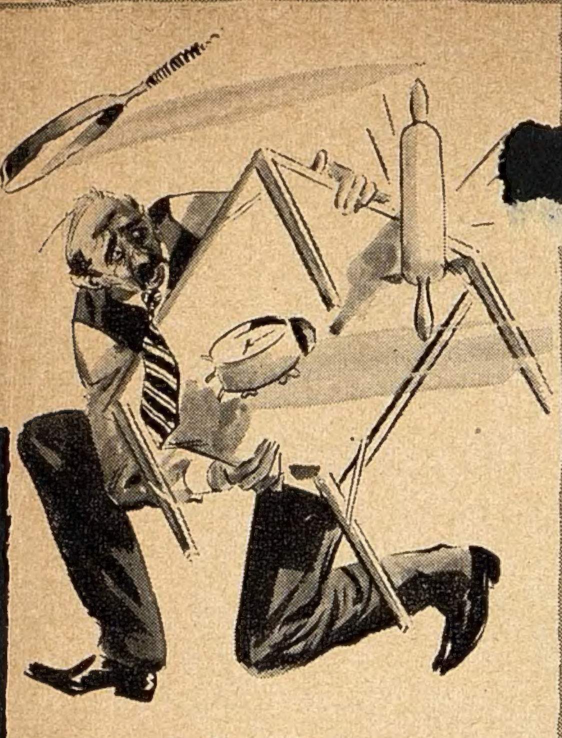
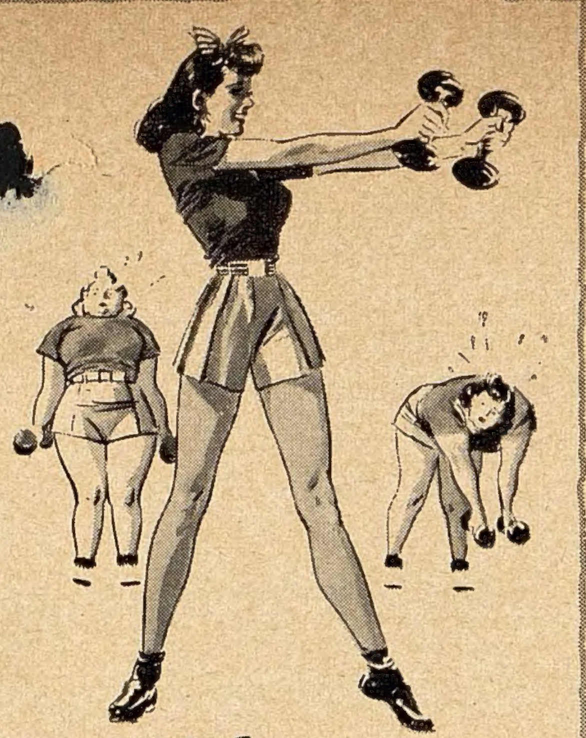


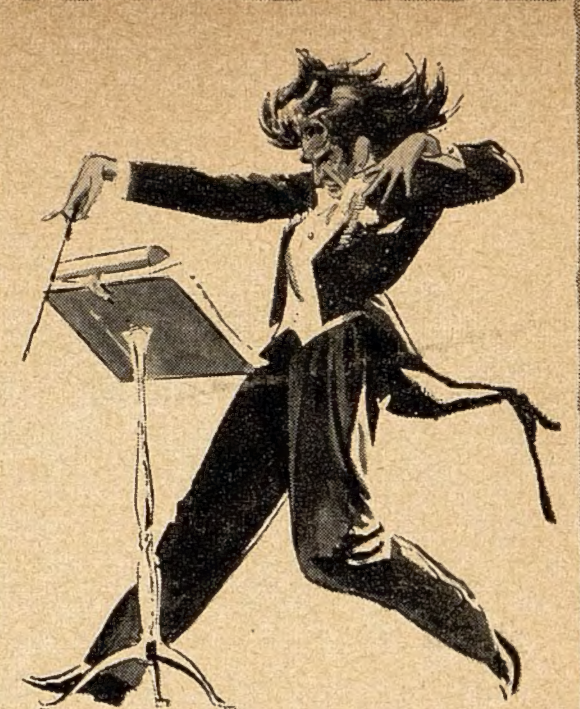
Henry

means "home ruler"



Valerie

means "healthy, robust"



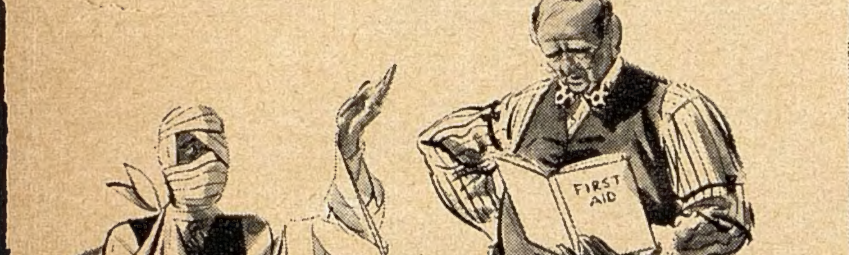
Caesar

means "having much hair"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Jason

means "a healer"



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is a trade mark name

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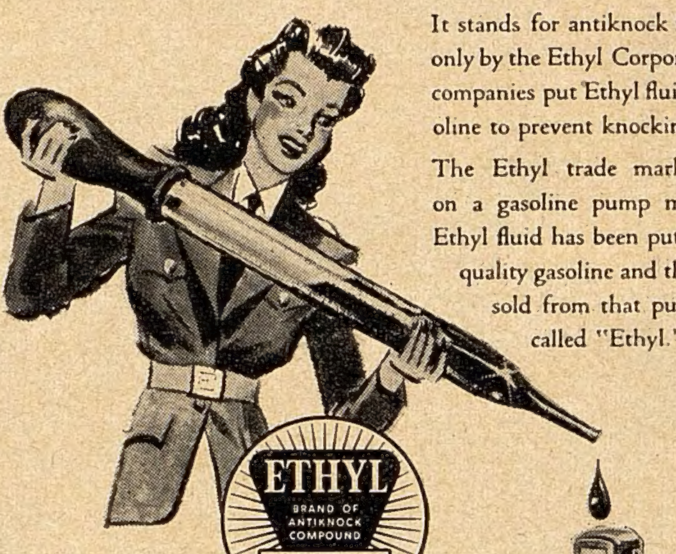
The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."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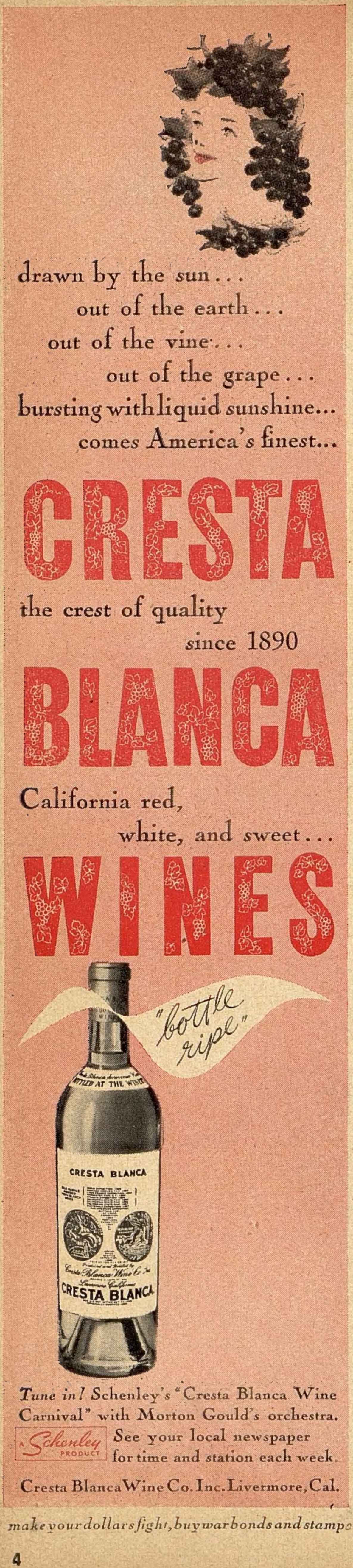
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out of the grape...
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Just Between Ourselves, *The Editors* ....

★ **EDITORIAL**

Food Will Win the War, *Paul Hunter* ....

COVER BY JOHN CLYMER

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If they win ...only our dead are free

These are our enemies.
They have only one idea — to kill, and kill,
and kill, until they conquer the world.
Then, by the whip, the sword and the gallows, they will rule.
No longer will you be free to speak or write your thoughts, to worship God in your own way.
Only our dead will be free. Only the host who will fall before the enemy will know peace.
Civilization will be set back a thousand years.
Make no mistake about it — you cannot think of this as other wars.
You cannot regard your foe this time simply as people with a wrong idea.
This time you win — or die. This time you get no second chance.
This time you free the world, or else you lose it.
Surely that is worth the best fight of your life
— worth anything that you can give or do.

Throughout the country there is increasing need for civilian war service. To enlist the help of every citizen, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. If there is no Defense Council in your community, or if it has not set up a Service Corps, help to organize one. If one exists, cooperate with it in every possible way. Write this magazine for a free booklet telling you what to do and how to do it. Join the fight for Freedom — now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

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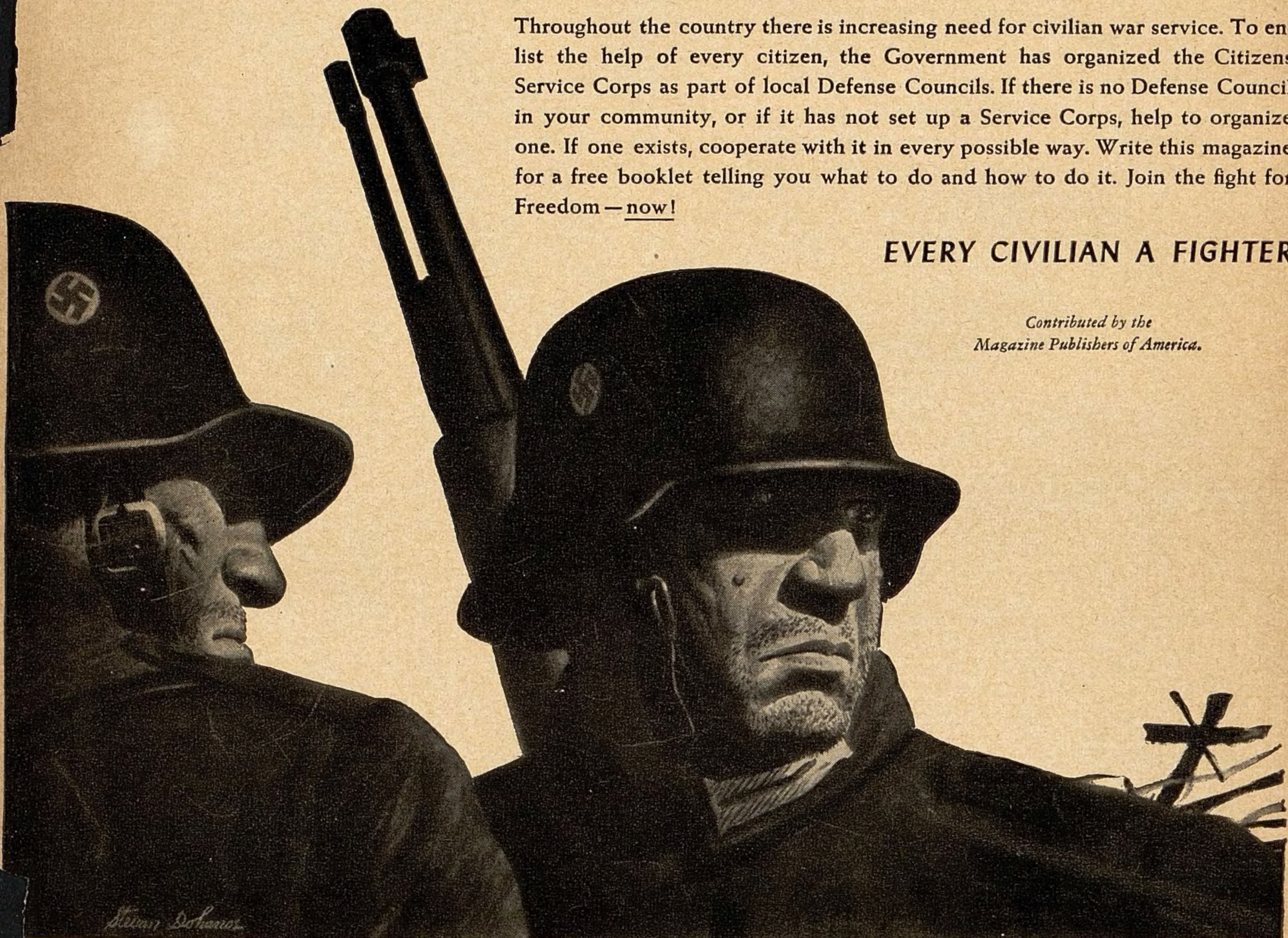


★ VOX POP ★

“The Voice of the People”

DEADEYE MARINE

RAWLINS, WYO.—On Guadalcanal with the Marines, by Lieutenant McCafferty (January 30 Liberty), was interesting to the people of Rawlins, as this is the home town of Gunner Deadeye Macias. Good work, Deadeye! It's hits that kill the Nips.

As a rifle instructor in the last war, I was a bit curious to know just how Deadeye became such a crack shot, and I interviewed his father. I learned that he had given the boy a .22-caliber rifle when he was seven years old and taught him how to use it. With this early practice it was duck soup for him to lap up the finishing touches which the marines know so well.

Too bad there are not more Americans like Deadeye's father. Practically every normal boy wants to learn how to shoot. In 1940 my son was president of the local Junior High School and had at least 85 per cent of the boys signed up for a rifle club. At that time the government furnished free ammunition. Yet, despite the wishes of the pupils, the efforts of my son, myself, the American Legion, and Veterans of Foreign Wars, rifle practice was never permitted in the school.

Now these same boys are going out to fight the battles of the school officials who blocked their efforts for preparedness. Some of them may die as a result. Hitler would be very much pleased if every American school would take the same attitude toward preparedness. That would be right up his alley, as he would not need to pay for this sabotage of our man power.—*Thomas G. Brown.*

SLACKS VS. SWEET NOTHINGS

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Women will always be feminine, and Miss Hawes (February 13 Liberty) needs a lesson in psychology.

Miss Victory may don overalls at her war machine, but at home in a special box is a special dress—one that Johnny has always had a special hankering for. And you can bet your bottom dollar that Miss Victory knows that he'll be expecting her to show up in something like it when he comes marching home again. It has become a part of what he's fighting for; a part of what he has a right to expect when he does come back. He's been dreaming in fox holes, crawling in mud, and thinking of this girl in a feminine way.

I hope I am never asked to choose between a pair of slacks and a man whispering lovely things in my ear—and all because he has found me feminine. Uh-uh. I'll give the pants the go-by every time.—*Marie Hubbard Fry.*

WASTED BRASS

CAPE MAY, N. J.—I see eye to eye with "Semper Fidelis" (February 13 Vox Pop) about excess brass around his barracks, although I also see through him when he mentions polishing it.

THE BIG FRONT DOOR
"UP TILL NOW I AIN'T THE ADMIRAL OF UNCLE SAM'S NA-VEE!"
POLISH

At naval stations all over the United States there are tons of brass serving no worth-while purpose.—*Navy "Bill."*

DRUMSTICKS RATIONED

POSTMASTER, SEATTLE, WASH.—In December 26 Liberty Gretta Palmer gave the Christmas dinner menu for "All Army Mess Halls." We still think that we are in the army, so I would like to make a slight correction in the menu.

We ate with great gusto the following: hash, Type "C"; beans; coffee, sugar, and powdered milk.

Whose morale are you trying to build up? If it is ours, it isn't necessary. If it is the people's back home, God help America!—*Pvt. Thomas J. Jones.*

LIBERTY XMAS MENU
"SORRY, WE'RE FRESH OUT O' THAT!"

LONG WALK

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—If you will take a good look at a map you will find Folsom (January 30 Direct Hits) is quite some distance from Bakersfield and the fire would be pretty big by the time the men could get to it. Also, it would be quite a trek for the guards to "herd" the men back to Folsom! You probably will get a lot of ribbing on this one!—*Florence L. Senior.*

PORTLAND, ORE.—It is approximately 290 miles from Folsom to Bakersfield, a distance that state emergency vehicles could cover in five hours. Just why Folsom convicts were used rather than men from San Quentin (some ninety miles closer) I can't say. The item (an AP dispatch) merely stated the fact: that the Folsom convicts were used to battle a persistent grass fire in the Bakersfield district.

What gave the item value, of course, was the reaction of the convicts, which was not carried in the newspaper story.

I agree with Mrs. Senior that the use of the word "herd" was unfortunate, since the guests of the state probably traveled on much better rubber tires than civilians can secure.—*Robert Ormond Case.*

BAKERSFIELD 290 MI.
FIRE

NO USE FOR LUCE

HUDSON, OHIO—We do like your magazine, so when there is an article that is awry we wonder how it happened.

When Oswald Garrison Villard selects Clare Boothe Luce (February 20 Liberty) as a model for Congress, we don't see it. Her first speech confirms all our doubts. When a woman of her stamp ridicules the ideals of Henry Wallace; when she breeds suspicions which would create a World War III; when she openly declares her intent on World War III, we want to know wh is the use of Republicans or any Ame icans doing their utmost to win Wor War II.—*Mrs. R. S. Mathews.*

Discussing Clare seems to be the new natio pastime. What do the rest of you Vox Popp think about "globaloney"?

KISSABLE SHAVE

HONOLULU, T. H.—Ronny McPhail (December 19 Liberty) can conserve far more steel than he supposes.

I have been sharpening my razor blades on a glass for nearly two years, the present blade giving approximately 500 shaves since September 15, 1941.

Ronny would do better if he threw away the water and used a wet glass, pressed hard at first on both sides, then finished off pressing lightly.

I would not trade my present blade for any razor on the market. My wife told me just this morning it was the best shave she ever kissed.—*William Bell.*

VIRTUE'S OWN REWARD

HOLLYWOOD, FLA.—In "Reportin' for Duty, Sir!" (February 13 Liberty) his C. O. holds Pop the "best soldier I ev met." Yet this hero is unrewarded b much as a corporal's chevrons! Sha —*O. T. Frash.*

Dear Pop:

Even an old Rainbow Divisioner like you would pop your eyes at the army we're putting together this time. Let me tell you, they're doing everything to make up just about the best bunch of fighting galoots you ever saw.

And that goes for what they do for us off duty, too! Take this new clubhouse we got just outside of camp. It's got radios, dance floors, nice soft chairs and everything. And, Pop, you can get something to eat that won't cost you a month's pay!

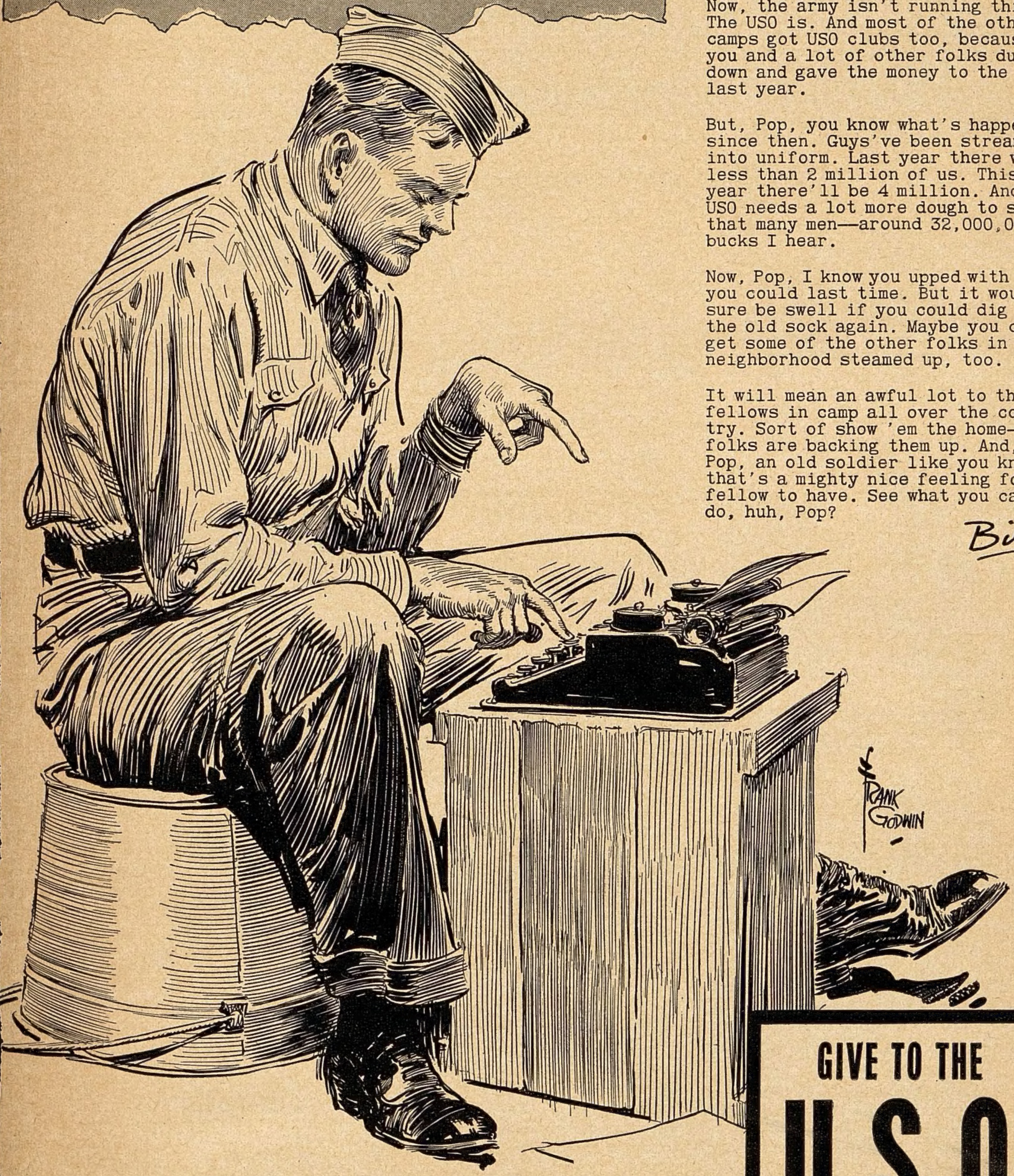
Now, the army isn't running this. The USO is. And most of the other camps got USO clubs too, because you and a lot of other folks dug down and gave the money to the USO last year.

But, Pop, you know what's happened since then. Guys've been streaming into uniform. Last year there was less than 2 million of us. This year there'll be 4 million. And the USO needs a lot more dough to serve that many men—around 32,000,000 bucks I hear.

Now, Pop, I know you upped with what you could last time. But it would sure be swell if you could dig into the old sock again. Maybe you could get some of the other folks in the neighborhood steamed up, too.

It will mean an awful lot to the fellows in camp all over the country. Sort of show 'em the home-folks are backing them up. And, Pop, an old soldier like you knows that's a mighty nice feeling for a fellow to have. See what you can do, huh, Pop?

Bill

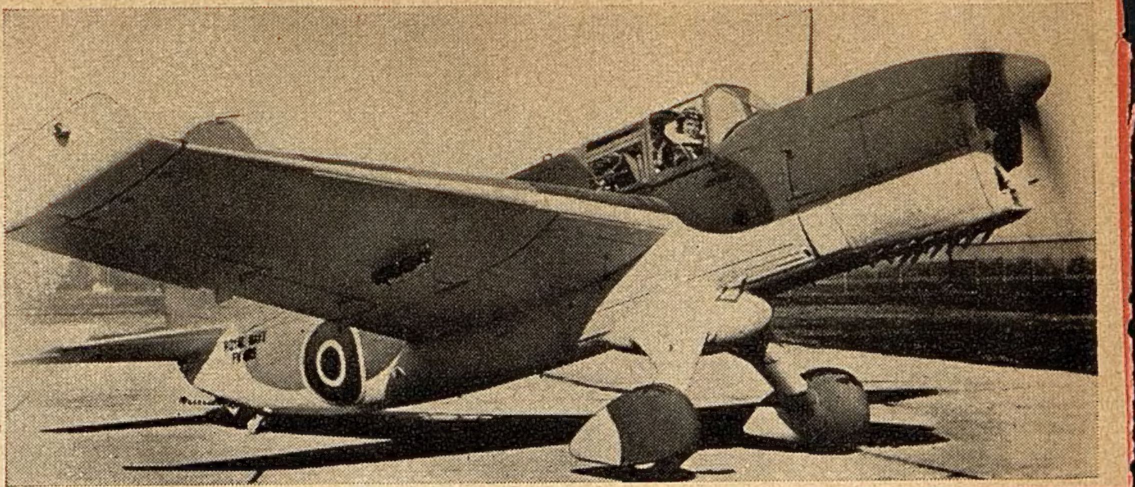


GIVE TO THE

USO

Send your contribution to your local USO Committee or to National Headquarters, USO, Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

Interchangeable wheel landing gear and floats make this Curtiss Seagull adaptable to service from land bases, aircraft carriers, or battleships and cruisers. Originally designed for the U. S. Navy, planes of this type are now sent to the Fleet Air Arm of the Royal Navy of Great Britain.



ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Air Dog

Any one who hasn't got a soft spot in his make-up for dogs can skip these few paragraphs because airplanes are only incidental to this story. You'll recall that Richard C. du Pont of Wilmington, Delaware, runs an aerial mail pick-up and delivery service under the name of All-American Aviation, and right successful he is at it, too. One of A. A. A.'s drop-'em-and-snatch-'em points is Latrobe, Pennsylvania.

Well, at the Latrobe airport there is a collie named Cub. Cub's whole life has been spent at the airport. In years and years of association with planes she has tangled with one just once. That was the day she got slapped by an idling propeller. She has given props a wide berth ever since.

Now, Cub's chief interest in life is the A. A. A. mail. She won't eat at nine thirty in the morning and five forty-five in the afternoon because that's when du Pont's ship swoops over, drops a sack of mail, and picks up another sack on the fly. Twice a day, you see, Cub has business to attend to. A few minutes before the ship is due she stations herself on the side of the field where the approach is made. When the ship roars over, she races after it, chases it on its way, and then goes back to help tug the mail sack to the airport office.

Awhile back the A. A. A. Stinson changed its approach direction, began swooping in from the east instead of the north. When it roared in, Cub was always on the wrong side of the field to greet it. The collie almost had a fit. The airport's amateur veterinarians reckoned the dog actually had a case of distemper. This is just to relate for the record that a collie named Cub has deigned to restore one Stinson mail plane to good standing and to meet it twice a day as regular as clockwork on the east side of the Latrobe airport.

Rocket

Maybe you've noticed that funny-looking engine exhaust arrangement on the front of the new British Spitfire fighter—incidentally, the finest single-seater fighting plane that any nation has had in heavy mass production. That manifold looks like a series of short horns.

It's that way for a purpose. First of all, the design is intended to conceal, to some extent anyway, the telltale blue exhaust flames that shoot out of an engine at night. But just as important is the second function: the shape of those ports supplies push which actually adds up to 10 per cent of the plane's total propulsive power.

When the burned gas streams out it acts exactly like the gases in a Fourth-of-July skyrocket. Looks as though the people who keep talking about rocket flight have more than just a wordy argument on their side.

Tough Rivet

Out in Los Angeles an engineer for North American Aviation, Inc., George Wing, has developed a superhard rivet that is strong enough to replace bolts on aircraft. It's called the "Hi-shear" rivet and so many less are needed that it has effected a 60-per-cent weight reduction in relation to the equivalent bolts and rivets previously used—and that's important weight saved on a combat airplane such as the P-51 Mustang.

Nearly 1,000 of these tough rivets are used in the Mustang's wings, but they replace 798 heavier bolts and a great many regular rivets. Its secret is in the method of installation. With a shear strength of 75,000 pounds per square inch, compared with a normal rivet's shear strength of 25,000 pounds per square inch, the Hi-shear rivet is too hard to be drive in the usual manner. So enterprising Engineer Wing developed a special tool to accomplish the operation and the whole process is being mad available to other war manufacturers.

First Freight Line

The longest commercial sky freigh line in the world is now being operated by Pan American-Grace Airways, Inc. It operates 5,300 mile from the Canal Zone down the wes coast of South America to Santiag Chile, and thence over the Andes t Buenos Aires, Argentina. A Dougla DC-2 has been outfitted for exclusive carriage of freight, the first suc service to be launched by a U. S international air line. Average pa loads have been about 3,300 pound Southbound, the cargo is principall essential commodities; northboun chiefly high-unit-cost raw material

Panagra, as the air line is calle once contracted to transport 800 to of mining equipment over the Ande to a mine inaccessible by any othe transportation except burros. Part the Pan American Airways Syste Panagra's air line is 50 per ce owned by Pan American Airway and 50 per cent by W. R. Grace Co., steamship company, serving th western half of the continent.

Odds and Ends

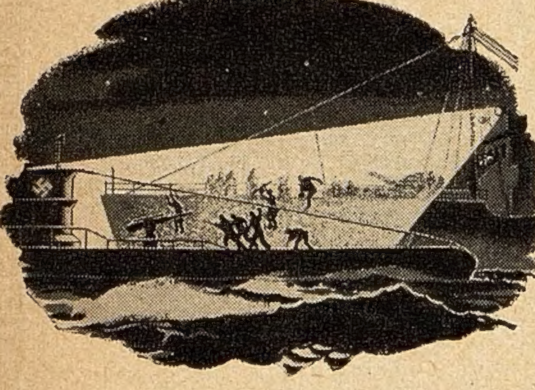
It has been estimated that the vo ume of air cargo carried by U. air lines could increase a hundre fold and yet capture only one tent of 1 per cent of the freight-ton mil now carried by American railroa and trucks.

There was not a single day or nig throughout January of this year which the Royal Air Force was n in action against Germany, Ital or occupied territory—an impre record for a bad-weather winter month.

NEXT WEEK

"WE'RE NO RUDDY HEROES"

"We're just a couple of guys in Canada's little-ship navy, me and Mr. Lawrence," says Stoker Petty Officer Arthur Powell, R. C. N. They don't *want* to be called heroes, but when you've read their story you'll wonder what other word there is to describe them. In We Boarded a U-Boat, Powell tells what happened one dark night down in the Caribbean when the corvette Oakville sighted an enemy sub. His story has everything good fiction should have—drama, suspense, humor—and the fact that it's true makes it doubly exciting. Here's one you mustn't miss!



TEN YEARS OF ROOSEVELT —AND HITLER

Roosevelt became President one day before Hitler rose to power. From the first, F. D. R. warned the world of Hitlerism's menace, while Hitler thought Roosevelt's America soft, corrupt, negligible—his fatal mistake! Time and again, before 1939, they made opposite moves at almost the same hour, the one safeguarding some right of the common man just as the other was abolishing it. Ernest K. Lindley's look back through the record will amaze you—and you will see why he thinks it was Hitler who (quite involuntarily!) kept Roosevelt in office for a third term.

FOOD MAGIC IN THE ARMY

Are our boys overseas getting good food and plenty of it? We've been told and told they are—but how can we be sure? Well, the way to become quite sure and easy in mind is to read Lowell Brentano next week. He will show you in full detail what the magic of science has accomplished in the Quartermaster Corps Research Laboratory, and how this is providing your boy (or girl) with hearty meals, quickly prepared, that are rishing and health-sustaining—and ious! And how the selfsame magic benefit *you*—every one of us— r the war.

"FIRSTS" A ZENITH HABIT

A GOVERNMENT official was being shown a new idea in the Zenith laboratories. In passing, he commented upon the outstanding manner in which the radio industry was effecting the rapid and continuous changes necessitated by war requirements. A Zenith official replied—he said:

"... the answer is easy. Radio and Radionics represent a trigger-quick, fast moving business. Concerns that couldn't 'change overnight' are out. In this industry, we're used to fighting with new ideas—only—now we're 'fighting' Japs and Germans instead of each other."

In that statement is evidenced the condition that made possible Zenith's attainment of industry leadership. Ever increasing public acceptance of Zenith name and product resulted from a never ceasing stream of Zenith "firsts"—new features—new devices and new sets which enabled us to truthfully say to the public:

"ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS"

Today you find as commonplaces—essentials—of most radio sets—features first introduced to the public by Zenith—such as—

"FIRST"
Push Button Tuning . . .
Years—yes, *years* ahead of the industry—(1928) a Zenith set embodied push button selection of the station desired. Our slogan in 1928 was "Push the button—there's your station."

"FIRST"
House Current Sets . . .
"Way back when" (1926) all home radios were operated from storage batteries until Zenith offered the first set run by house current.

For over seven years, Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on our short wave sets—"Europe, South America or the Orient Every Day or your money back."

Below—A Few New Zenith "Firsts"—"Frozen" by Zenith Changeover to War Production

"FIRST"
Long Distance
Push Button Portable . . .
1942 saw the national introduction of a revolutionary new portable—the Zenith Trans-Oceanic. Without increase in size or weight it gave *push button* operation for foreign and U. S. short wave stations—tuned in the same way as locals—and standard broadcasts too. It contained a disappearing fish pole antenna plus dual Wavemagnets—operated from battery or house current—was born of Zenith pioneering in LONG DISTANCE RADIO RECEPTION.

"FIRST"
Safety Auto Radio . . .
The only auto radio you can operate WITHOUT TAKING YOUR EYES OFF THE ROAD—or—YOUR HANDS OFF THE WHEEL—the Zenith Safety Foot Control Auto Radio. This remarkable new radio was on the FORD, NASH, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR, HUDSON and WILLYS. Owners of these cars will gladly demonstrate their Zeniths—give you a "preview" of "tomorrow's radio today."

—AND THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY ZENITH "FIRSTS"—

"MILITARY SECRET"

Today all Zenith production centers on war needs. What we are making is a military secret. But three things we *can* tell you. *First*... we are dealing with the thing we know—Radio—and Radionics exclusively. *Second*... we are learning every day—gaining new knowledge which will reflect itself in Zenith civilian products when the time arrives. *Third*... we now know—by first hand experience—that our Army and Navy are more than "up-to-date"—they are alert and progressive in thought and action—almost unbelievably so. This fact is a great reassurance to us here *as citizens*—it commands our complete confidence as it would yours if you knew what we know.

RADIONICS
the New Miracle Industry

Four great industries are destined to lead this country back to normalcy after victory is won.

Planes and Radionics are two of the four. Radio—never a necessity on ship or train—is as essential as the engine itself to that great new form of individual and mass transportation—the airplane.

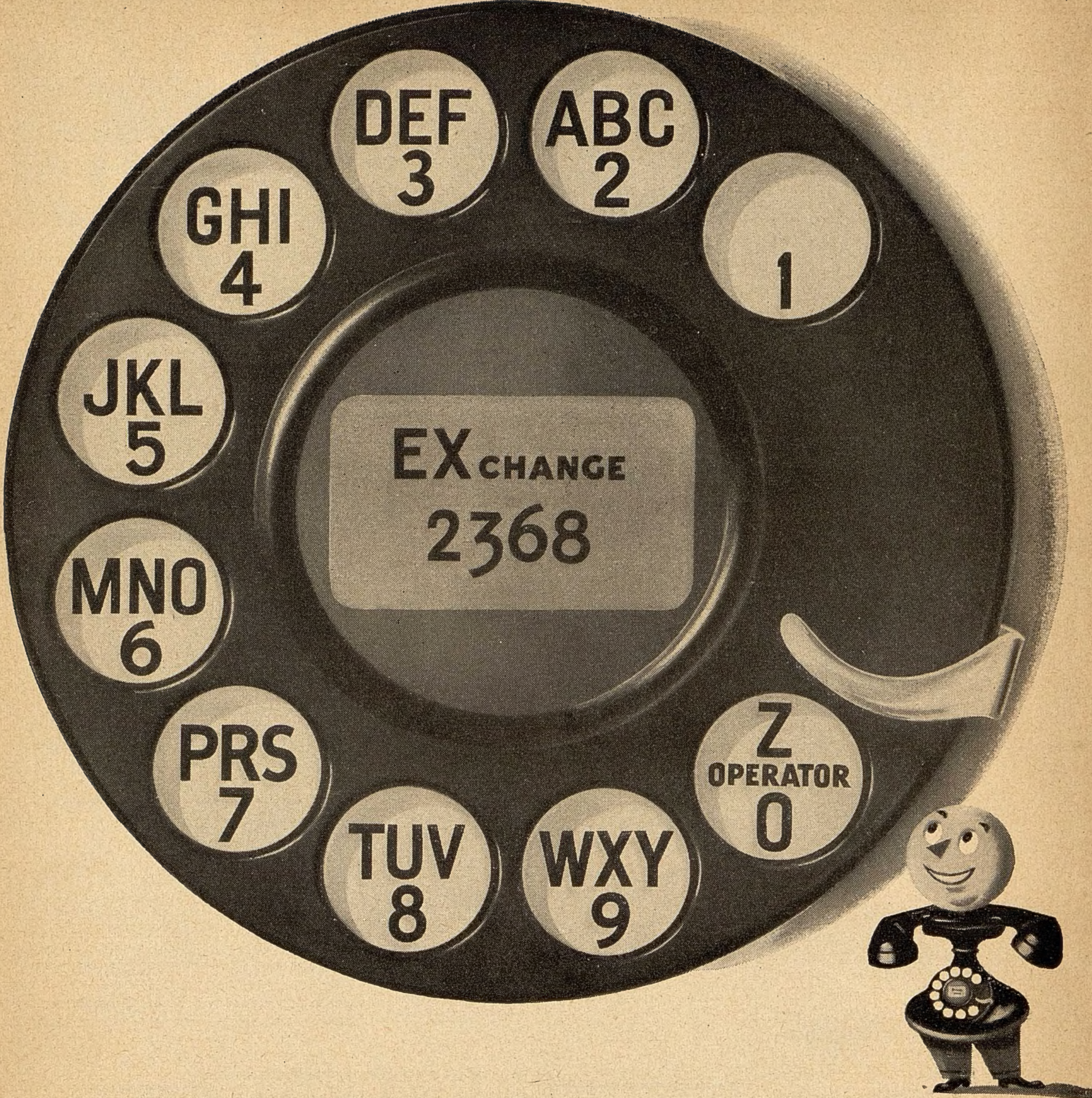
1917 WAR RUN BY TELEPHONE
1943 WAR RUN BY RADIO

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

BETTER THAN CASH
U. S. War Savings Stamps & Bonds

ZENITH LONG DISTANCE RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER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OPERATOR
0

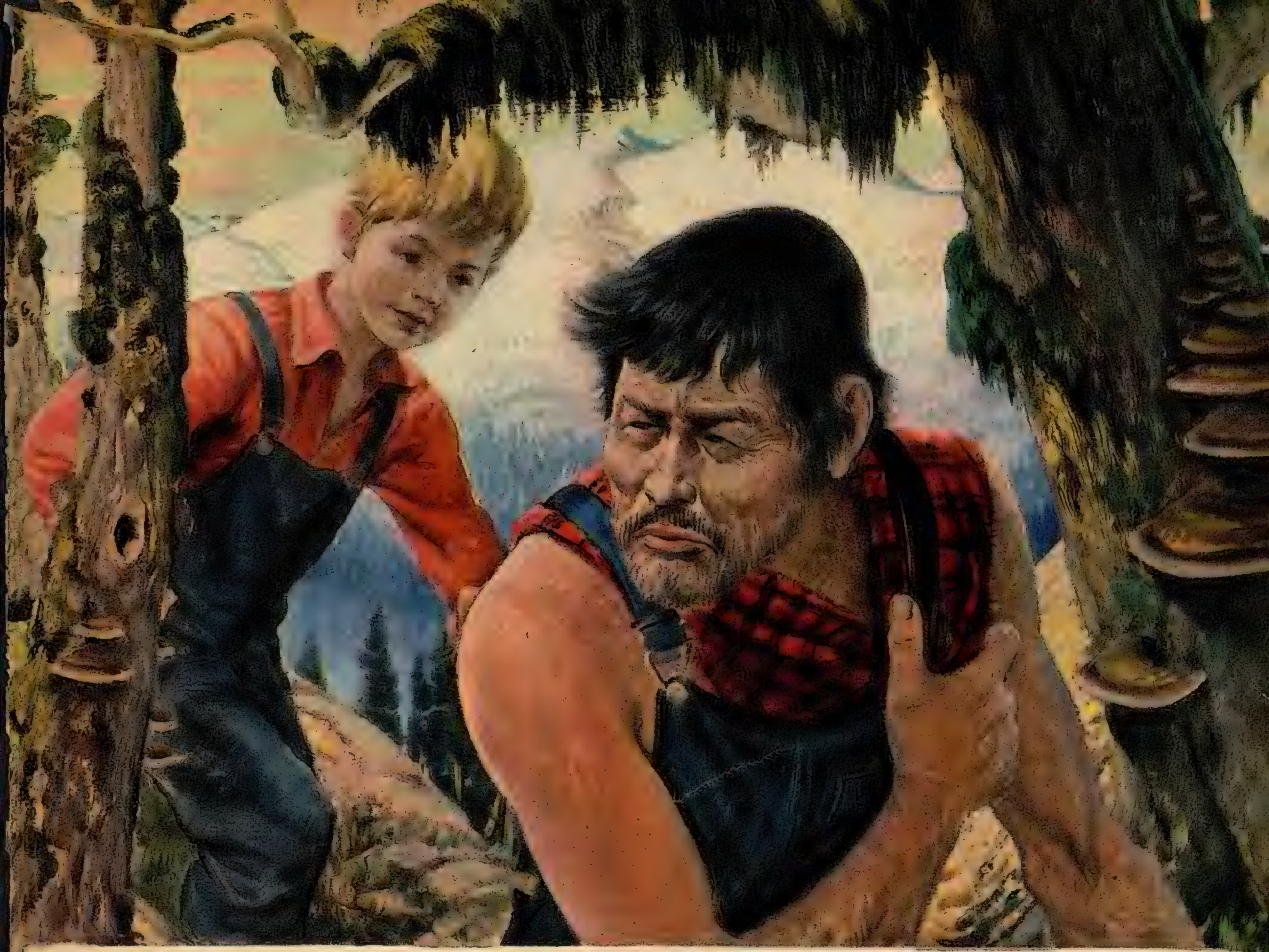
"Good thing I was here"

Two-thirds of all Bell telephones are now dial. There would be more if the necessary materials weren't needed for war.

Today's rush of business couldn't be handled without dial telephones. They take care of more than 75,000,000 calls a day.

Even with millions of dial telephones in use, the number of operators increased more than 23,000 last year. The total number is now over 160,000.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



He saw a hunched and shambling lump, like one of the charred stumps, move ever so little. Charlie approached cautiously.

THE EARLY-SHADOWED VALLEY

Sometimes the deepest friendship is that of a little boy for an old man. Here is a story of gentleness and courage—one which you will long remember

BY MICHAEL FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER

THE Indian, the war chief who wore dirty blue bib overalls, must have been living in the brush at the edge of the farm for awhile before Charlie knew he was there. Afterward, Charlie was bowed down with shame, thinking of the times that the war chief must have been watching and listening to him while he made Custer's last stand on the Little Big Horn there on the sloping back pasture of the farm.

The farm was a clearing, remote and lonely, in the valley of a little river on the Olympic Peninsula. A path, climbing through the woods in zigzags, reached a high lookout point and then followed down a ridge to the settlements on the tidewaters of Puget Sound. Behind the ridge rose the mountains. Those high wind-sculptured shoulders of snow overhung in enormous clarity the little weathered roofs of the farmhouse and its sheds. And in the late afternoons, from the early-shadowed valley, they stood in a great rampart of purple, trimmed with dim blue snow, against the deepening light in the western sky.

It was there that the war chief must have been listening. He must have heard.

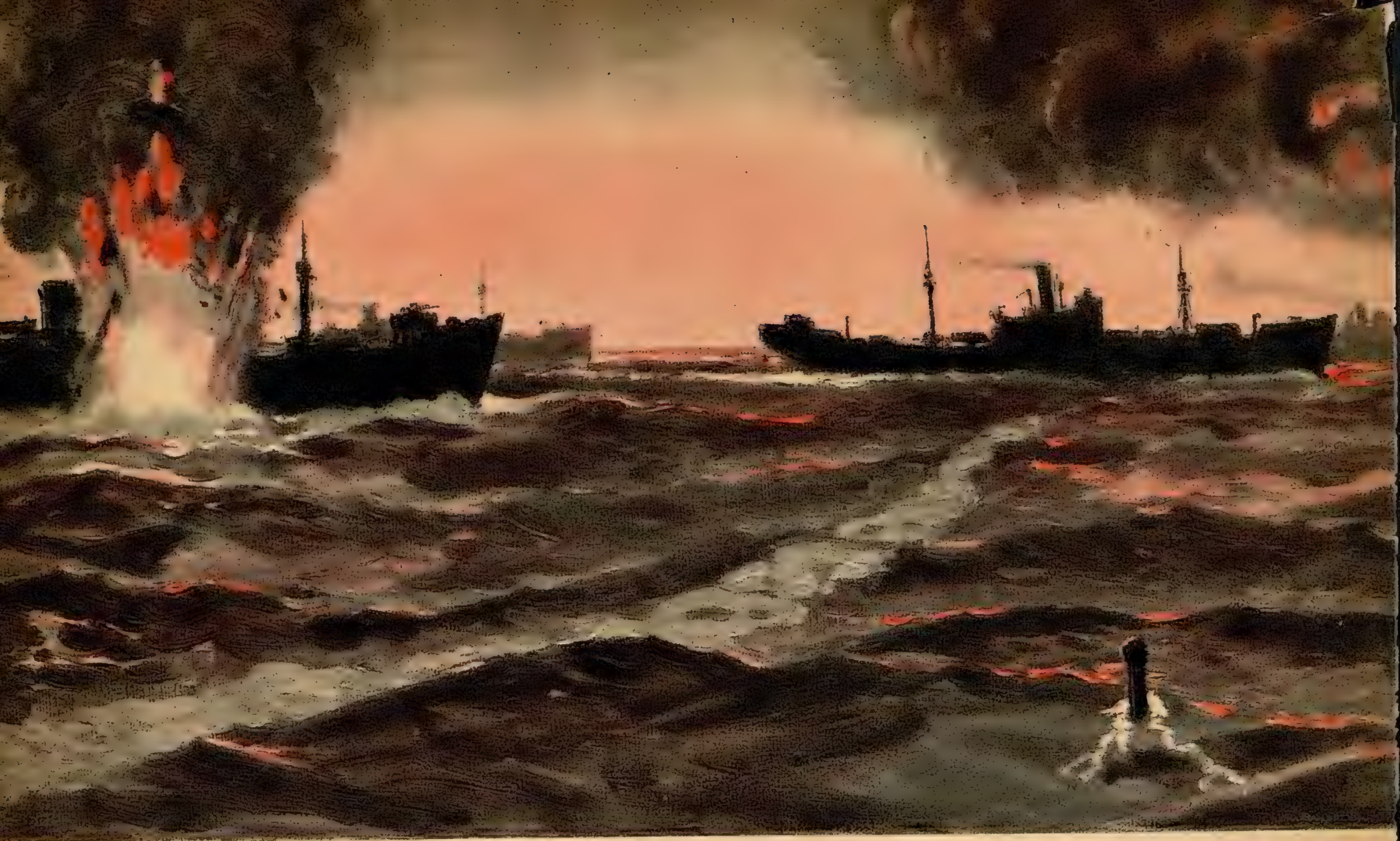
With the waning of the last moon of winter in the morning sky, the little boy would see the snow melting from the fields and from the southward slopes of the hills, and presently a mist of new green would drift through the shadows of the forest. Walking along the path to and from the school in the settlements, he would hear the furtive scuffings of mating in the thickets and see the tracks of the lean-waking she-bear leading her cub down from the den among the rocks toward the swamp.

And, galloping his broomstick horse across the steep coarse grass of the back pasture, Charlie would cry:

"Get up, get up! The redcoats are coming!"

And when he saw a hunched and

(*Continued on page 65*)



THE COMING SHOWDOWN IN SUBMARINE

Hitler is shooting the pins out from under United Nations plans for a grand offensive. We are acting fast lest he win western Europe by default

BY LEONARD ENGEL

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK COGGINS

LAST winter Hitler's U-boats invaded our home waters and in six months sank nearly 500 ships. We finally drove the raiders off. Since September, not one has been back. But we have merely compelled them to move to other hunting grounds.

In plain truth, Germany is winning the underseas war. Neither we nor the British have been able to find enough of the right medicine for Nazi submarines. Every thirty days more of them are at work. In 1942 they probably sank a record-breaking 8,000,000 tons of Allied shipping, the equivalent of 800 Liberty ships, and during the past winter their toll has continued at a high level.

This month—when weather conditions load the dice in favor of the sub—our losses may reach an appalling 1,000,000 to 1,250,000 tons. In April, 1917, at the peak of the Kaiser's submarine campaign, U-boats sank only two thirds as much.

As long as Axis attacks were centered in our half of the Atlantic, we followed the undersea struggle with the closest attention. The landing of survivors at our ports was an almost daily reminder. But the U-boats' departure from American waters and Washington's and London's reluctance to publish facts and figures which might aid the enemy permitted our continued losses to escape notice.

More recently, however, both we and the British people have been warned, from official sources, that such losses were indeed continuing and were increasingly serious.

The U-boats' activities have grown to grave proportions because: (1) the Nazi submarine is sturdier and harder to sink than we anticipated; (2) Germany enjoys geographic advantages which restrict our use of the mine barrage, one of the best antisubmarine weapons of the last war; and (3) Berlin is employing its underwater fleet with shrewdness and skill.

Fortunately, the U-boat has not pushed us into so tight a corner as in 1917. Then our wartime shipbuilding industry had scarcely been launched. German armies had broken through the Allied lines and England had food for only three weeks. The submarine very nearly brought victory to the Kaiser. Now it is the only German arm which continues to be fully effective.

Nevertheless, the enemy's "pig boats" are delaying our triumph and raising its cost. Each time a torpedo finds its mark and a cargo fails to arrive, lives are lost both on the ship and at some distant front. We must stop the U-boat. We cannot afford the present waste of material.

As a matter of fact, the submarine-born shipping shortage which took our fuel oil and gasoline this winter will have us by the throat for many months yet. Although ships currently sliding down our ways exceed in number those sunk, this is the year of Allied offensives and military cargo requirements are zooming.

Until the summer of 1940 Allied losses were small. Since the fall of France and Nazi acquisition of bases on the Atlantic, however, losses have in general been moderate only when

WARFARE

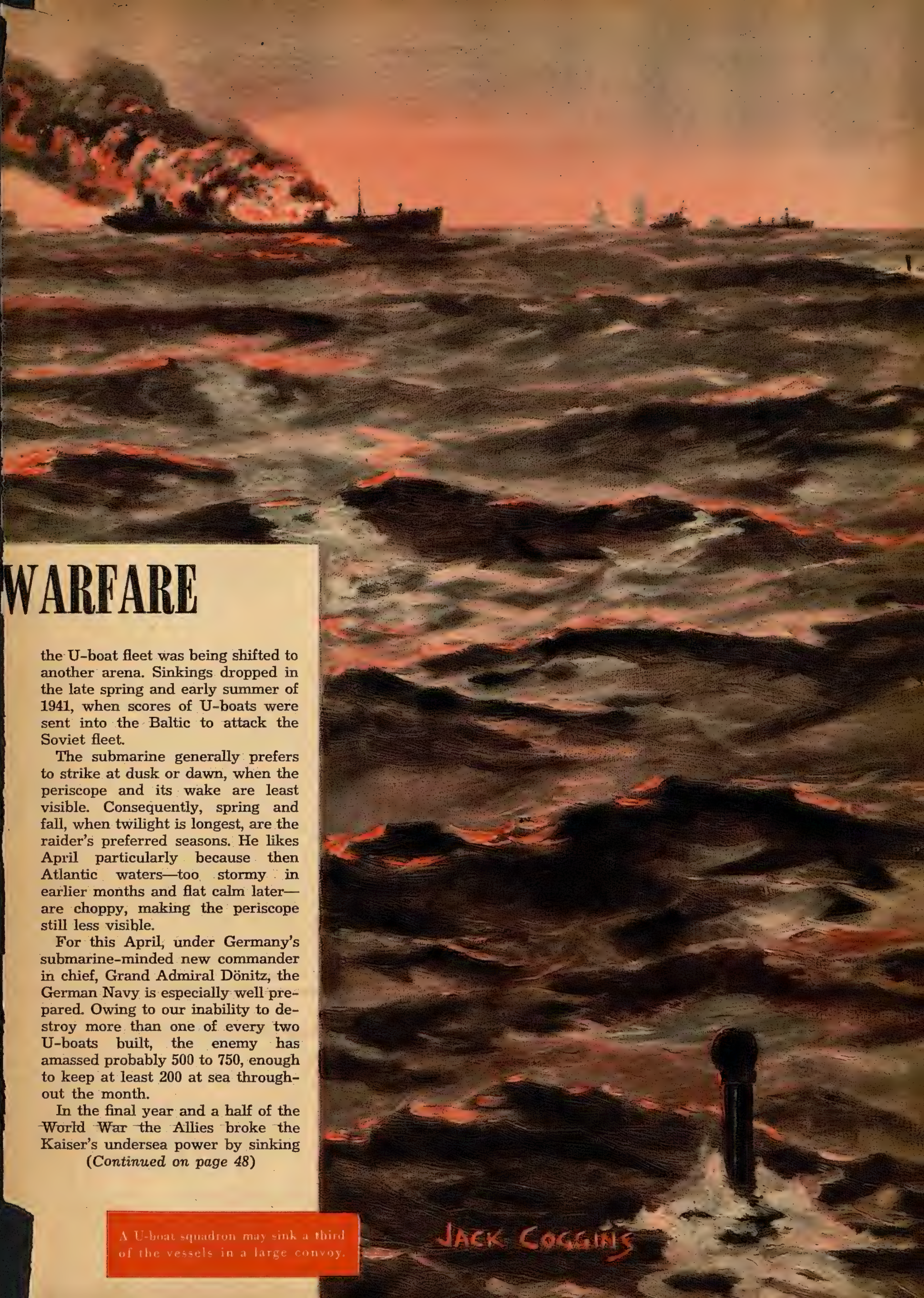
the U-boat fleet was being shifted to another arena. Sinkings dropped in the late spring and early summer of 1941, when scores of U-boats were sent into the Baltic to attack the Soviet fleet.

The submarine generally prefers to strike at dusk or dawn, when the periscope and its wake are least visible. Consequently, spring and fall, when twilight is longest, are the raider's preferred seasons. He likes April particularly because then Atlantic waters—too stormy in earlier months and flat calm later—are choppy, making the periscope still less visible.

For this April, under Germany's submarine-minded new commander in chief, Grand Admiral Dönitz, the German Navy is especially well prepared. Owing to our inability to destroy more than one of every two U-boats built, the enemy has amassed probably 500 to 750, enough to keep at least 200 at sea throughout the month.

In the final year and a half of the World War the Allies broke the Kaiser's undersea power by sinking

(*Continued on page 48*)



A U-boat squadron may sink a third of the vessels in a large convoy.

HOME

Watch out for homesick privates who say you remind them of their sisters. Joy made her soldier feel at home—but never figured he would return unexpectedly

BY REITA LAMBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

ALENT

ALTHOUGH Joy Ferris was the daughter of a famous actress and an equally famous New York producer, one of her chief assets at USO parties was the fact that she reminded men of their sisters; an asset more helpful in breaking through the timid defenses of a shy or lonely soldier than was the dazzle of her more glamorous co-workers. As a rule, Joy fulfilled the obligations of her modest role willingly enough, but tonight she had hoped to be let off. Tonight the close air of the crowded recreation center, the cheerful din of voices, and the thump of dancing feet were like a nightmare set to music. And the overstuffed feeling at the back of her nose informed her that she would probably wake up with a bad cold tomorrow.

She had drawn a partner whose feet were full of new ideas.

Yet something must be done about Private Lincoln Neale.

She remembered his name because when Miss Benet introduced him she had thought he must be as tall as *the* Lincoln and considerably wider. He didn't, Miss Benet said, seem to be having a very good time, he was probably shy, would Joy see what she could do? But before Joy could go into her reassuring routine she had been whisked off by a bolder spirit, and now she saw worriedly that Private Neale was still not having a good time. He was standing listlessly over against the wall, a pathetic and lonely figure.

Joy tried to smile at him as she danced past, but it was difficult, for she had drawn a partner whose feet were full of new ideas, all of them pretty strenuous. She was struggling valiantly to follow his intricate steps when a large brown hand fell on his shoulder and she looked up dizzily to find the subject of her worry smiling down at her.

She gasped out, "Hello!" relieved to see that he had overcome his shyness, and moved into his arms.

But he made no move to dance her off; just stood there holding her lightly. "I hope you don't mind—I don't dance—not very well, anyway. I just cut in to keep that cowboy from shaking you to pieces."

She mopped her damp forehead, her blue eyes rounding. "Oh—well, thanks for coming to my rescue."

"Time somebody did—big oaf, dragging you around like that. How about taking a rest?" And without waiting for a reply he cupped her arm masterfully and led her off the floor. He opened one of the folding chairs that were propped against the wall and planted it beside her. "Sit down and catch your breath."

But she had made straight for the open window. "I guess I'll cool off a little first. This breeze is wonderful."

"Better not stand in it while you're warm like that," he said, and drew her firmly over to the chair. "Best way in the world to catch cold."

She said, "Oh!" again and sat down meekly. Shyness was not this young man's problem.

He propped himself beside the window and she fished in her bag for her compact. Her face looked back at her from the small mirror, pale and more than a little shiny, the freckles showing clearly across the bridge of her short nose. The set waves of her brown hair had broken into childish curls, as they always did when she was warm. She sighed and slapped powder over her freckles. No wonder he had thought she needed rescuing.

"I've been wanting to cut in on you ever since that lady introduced us," he said. "I don't know if you caught my name. "It's Neale—"

"And Lincoln, like the President," she said.

"Yes—only my folks call me Lin for short. Didn't I hear her call you Joy?"

She nodded. "I was christened Josephine, but that's what *my* folks call *me."*

"Cute," he approved. "I *thought* you looked like you had folks."

SHE closed her compact and stared up at him. "What?"

"Well, most New Yorkers don't, somehow. To see the crowds on the streets and eating in all those restaurants, you'd think they didn't have any folks—or homes." He wagged his dark head and grinned. "How any one wants to eat restaurant food if they can get a home-cooked meal is more than I can understand. I know I'd give a lot for a wedge of my mother's apple pie right now."

She had never heard the words spoken with greater fervor and she laughed. "I'm afraid you don't care much for New York."

"Maybe that's because I was born and raised in a small town—Timothyville, Michigan. Know it?"

She had to admit that she did not, and he looked very sorry for her. "But you're not a New York girl, are you?"

"Yes, I am."

"Funny—you don't seem like one, somehow. Matter of fact, you remind me a lot of my kid sister."

So here it was. She summoned her sisterly expression. "Have you really got a sister?"

"Two of 'em. The older one's married and has two babies. Then there's my brother Jim, and I come next, and Betty's the youngest. She's the one you remind me of. She's little, like you—and has freckles on her nose, too."

"Oh—well, it must be nice to have a big family like that."

"You ought to see our house on a Sunday," he told her eagerly. "My married sister and her outfit always come to dinner. Jim generally brings one of his pals, and likely as not Betty'll show up with one of her boy friends. Then there's my Aunt Anna—she's an old-maid sister of my mother's. We sit down twelve—fourteen to table—sometimes more."

Joy began to see what Private Neale's trouble really was. She said gently, "It sounds like fun."

"It's a riot. After dinner we all help Mamie with the dishes—"

"Who's Mamie?"

"She works for us—been with us as long as I can remember. Great old gal, Mamie—Irish as Paddy's pig."

"And what do you do after the dishes are washed?"

"Oh, fool around. Sometimes my aunt plays the piano and we make music—if you can call it music. You should hear what we can do with Genevieve and Sweet Adeline." He gave her a crooked, abashed little grin. "I guess this sounds like awful hick stuff to you."

"No, it sounds lovely," she said. Lovely, but not quite real. "You must miss them all pretty badly."

"*Miss* them! I'll say. But I didn't mean to talk your head off. Tell me about yourself, won't you?"

"There's not much to tell. I haven't any brothers or sisters."

"That must be tough. Your parents are living, though?"

"Oh, yes."

A mischievous glint appeared in his dark eyes. "Well, they do say only children always get their own way. That true?"

YES, in a sense that was true. Nada and Towne Ferris were indulgent parents, though, to be sure, Joy had never given them cause to be otherwise. Their professional duties left them little time to enjoy domestic bliss, and in those rare and lovely intervals when the three of them were together, Joy was too grateful and happy to be anything but dutiful and good.

This summer was the first time she had ever opposed them, for they had wanted her to go to Shadyview as usual. Before starting on her tour, Nada had opened the big house on Long Island and sent the servants down, as she always did. But when Joy had learned about the tour she flatly refused to go.

"But, my darling," Nada had explained, "this is the first play I've done in years that I *could* take on the road and it would be selfish of me not to—especially now, when we

(*Continued on page 55*)

NO CREDIT TO BREEZY

"STUPE," Pete growled, slamming in the last shovelful. "A war goin' on, and you still bankin' boilers!" Kicking the door shut, he turned his glare on the brass gauges. No guy had a chance to be a hero when he spent all his life staring at gauges. It was what you got for having a strong back and a weak mind. Guys like Breezy Evans got uniforms, and you got the air.

Growling, he leaned his shovel against the bin. Taking the towel that hung around his crinkled neck, he wiped his dirty face. The freighter had lost its convoy, and now it was wallowing along in choppy seas. Spreading his feet, he steadied himself against its roll.

"Millie," he said sternly, with that confidence he always had when he was rehearsing his speech, "you don't want to push me too far, see? Any guy could be a hero if he just had a chance to wear a uniform."

His confidence failed him then. Seven months he had stayed away from Millie rehearsing that speech, and all he had was those twenty-six words. He had always been struck dumb at the mere thought of her. Millie, walking down the tracks to the core room, the wind pulling her dress tight and pretty across her plump figure. He had been a fireman down at the plant then, long before any one even heard of this Hitler jerk, but Millie was still Millie. Just thinking of her tangled his tongue. And he had been doing all right, too, taking her to all the plant picnics and Odd Fellow parties, until Breezy Evans up and enlisted. Then their fights had begun.

"Breezy Evans an aviator?" he had said scornfully. "Not unless they're letting him wear four parachutes he ain't. I know Breezy."

"You oughta be ashamed of yourself!" Millie had said hotly, the color flaring in her pretty Irish face. "Breezy Evans is a hero, Pete Maxwell, and you well know it! Didn't the paper come right out and say he was going to be on one of those PBY patrol planes? Didn't it?"

"Well," he had frowned, "that don't prove nothin', Millie. They probably carry him just for ballast."

But Millie hadn't given him any rest from then on. Those PBYs were flying all over the world, and to hear Millie tell it, Breezy was probably in every one that ever bombed a submarine off Java or saved some torpedoed survivors in the Atlantic. Knowing how mad it made him, she would say dreamily, "Can't you jus' see Breezy flying over the ocean? Think of him risking his very life every time he goes out to save all those poor people!"

Wincing, Pete picked up his shovel again. He got his stiff knee under him and started shoveling. If it hadn't been for that knee he would be wearing a uniform that would have made Breezy Evans look like an usher down at the Rialto.

"That's right." He glowered at the coals. "You just talk it up, Pete. For a guy shovelin' coal, you talk a great battle." The heat swept over him in a gush, turning his stomach. With the shovel hot under his hand, he shook the sweat from his face as a dog shakes off water, and put his back into it again.

Seven months ago Breezy Evans' uniform had driven him clear out of town and into the engine room of this freighter. He just couldn't take it any longer when Millie showed him Breezy's picture in the Star-Courier. "You'd never dream he was looking death in the face every day, would you?" she had asked. "Only yesterday a PBY saved a lotta fellas off some destroyer that got sunk in the Pacific."

"Listen here," he had said, putting down his beer. "It don't say nothing in the paper about *his* doing anything except graduate from this machinists' school down in Corpus Christi. You just show me where it says *he* ever saved any one."

Trapped, Millie had immediately got her Irish up then. "Are you trying to make me out a liar, Pete Maxwell? For all you know, it mighta been his very plane that went out and saved those poor fellas."

Pete had got so mad then that he just up and left her without another word. He was so mad he went clear to New York, figuring he might get around the recruiting officers in a big city like that. But they didn't like his knee either, and so he had ended up on the freighter's black gang. At least that job would keep

BY RICHARD ENGLISH

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD A. WILSON

im away from Millie long enough to gure out just how he was going to ut Breezy Evans in his place once nd for all.

“Millie,” he would say sternly hen he saw her again, “you don't ant to push me too far, see? Any uy could be a hero if he just had a hance to wear a uniform.” . . .

There he was again. Twenty-six ords to show for all the time and aveling he had put into thinking p just the right speech. His back as stiff now that his four-hour atch was ending. His thirst took m to the water faucet, and he was aning over it when there was a dden crashing explosion.

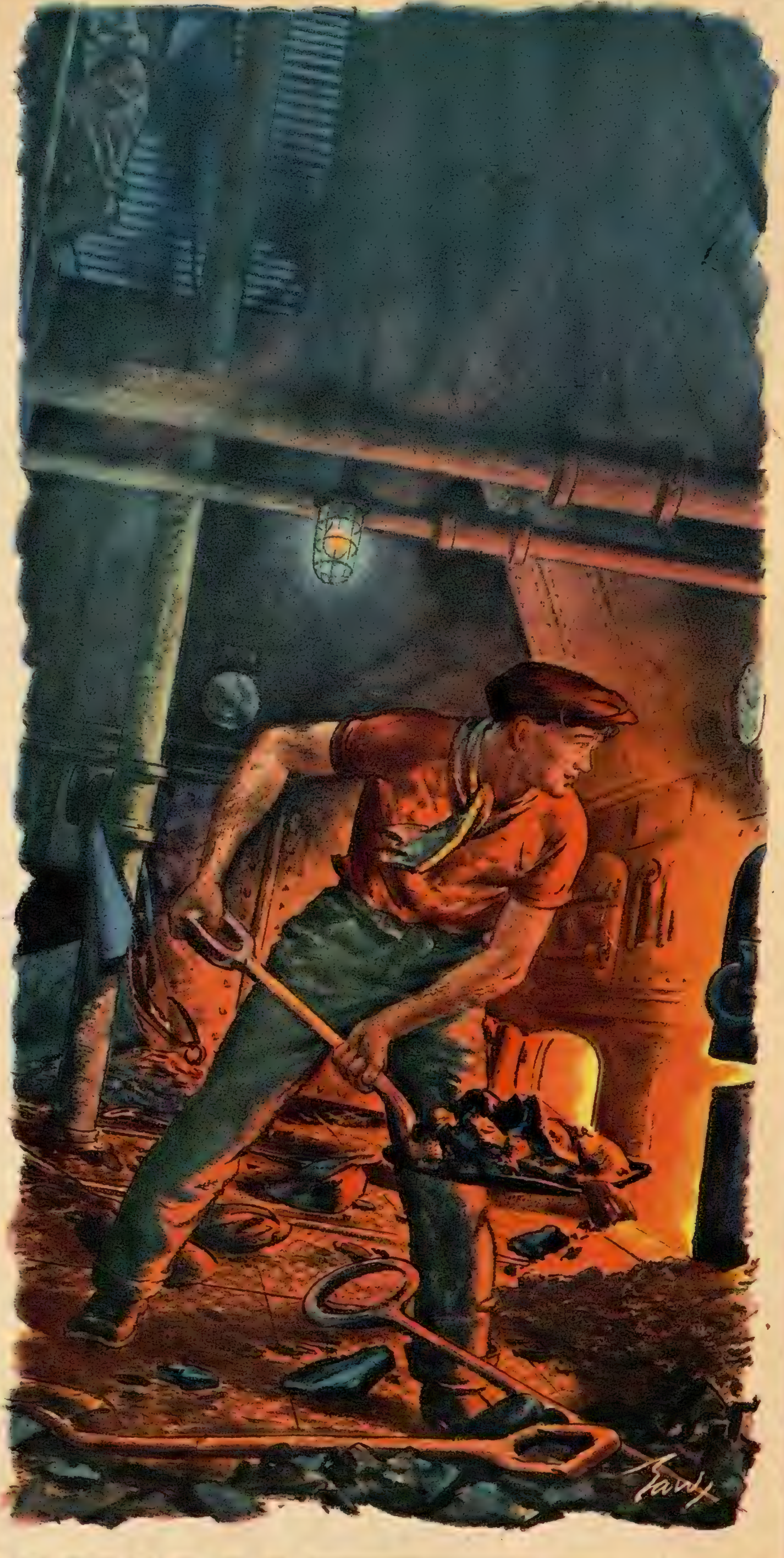
“Torpedo!” shrieked a stoker, his ce a ghastly gray beneath its dirt. Torpedo for'd!” he cried again, unging up the steel ladder. The ack gang was scrambling on his eels when Pete, still over by the ater faucet, felt the plates lurch nder him again, and another vol- no erupted, throwing him to the or. Cursing, he grabbed his shovel.

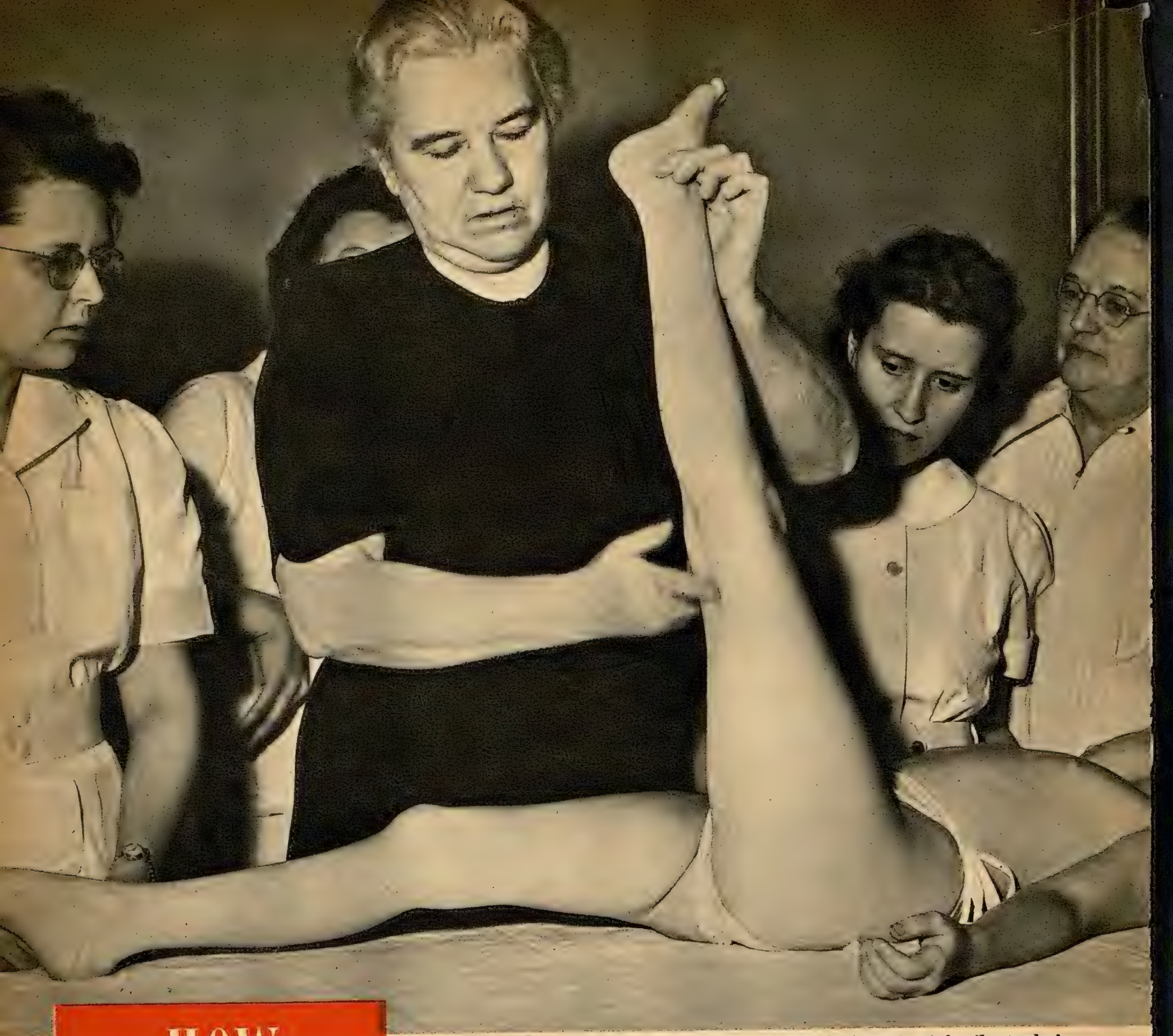
“Seven months I stay away from illie to have this happen!” he ared, going back to work. “No Nazi n do this to me!” From the top of e companionway, the last man up st one glance below and saw the ck gang's greenhorn shoveling al with a demented fury.

When, three hours later, the own-rusted hull of the stricken eighter was but a little lower in e rolling seas, the captain, the ly other man to remain aboard, gnaled the boats back alongside. noke was still trailing from the eighter's single stack. Pete, rush- g from boiler to boiler, had man- ed to keep the steam up. And ough the ship was listing to star- ard they could make the nearest rt. When the captain came back the bridge after complimenting te, he was shaking his head.

“That torpedo must have jarred n loose from his moorings,” he d the first officer. “Not even prom- ng him I'd have him cited by the rchant Marine meant anything. just kept raving he wasn't going be saved by a patrol plane and ve some Breezy Evans get credit that, too!”

THE END





Sister Kenny instructs trainees in her method of treating infantile paralysis.

HOW SISTER KENNY DOES IT

The amazing Australian nurse proves that two educated hands are almost all the equipment required to treat infantile paralysis successfully

SISTER ELIZABETH KENNY (a head nurse is called "Sister" in the British Empire) was a public health nurse in the Australian bush in 1910 when she met her first cases of poliomyelitis. She described the symptoms by wire to the nearest doctor, forty miles away, and he wired back: "Infantile paralysis. Use your own judgment."

The twenty-six-year-old nurse did not know that the usual treatment was to immobilize the affected parts with casts or splints in order to keep the normal muscles from pulling the weak ones out of place. She saw that the muscles seemed to contract with pain, and to relieve the spasms she used hot water, blankets, and her own hands. The patients recovered without deformities.

Thus, by happy accident, was discovered a new method of treating a dread disease. But it was not quickly accepted by the orthodox. When the Queensland government gave Sister Kenny a grant for a clinic in 1934, a group of physicians denounced her. Not until 1939 was the opposition overcome.

Now, under a grant-in-aid from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Sister Kenny is treating patients and giving instruction at the Minnesota General Hospital. Her amazing cures have convinced the medical profession. Reporting officially in the Journal of the American Medical Association on her first cases in this country, Dr. John F. Pohl says: "These patients have all made a far more satisfactory recovery than they would by any previously known method."

These pictures reveal, as well as pictures can, her method, which is based on heat and re-education o the muscles.

This spot is to be treated. After being relaxed by heat, affected muscles are flexed—not massaged—to keep them in tone.

Pieces of blanket dipped in hot water and then put through a wringer ease the muscular spasms which characterize the disease.

The patient is placed with the feet flat against the footboard to maintain normal standing reflexes by pressure on the soles.

The patient tries to move the affected part. "Mental awareness"—control of mind over muscles—is vital in the Kenny method.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

ELEANOR CHASE, ace woman flyer, joined the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron for two reasons. She knew that expert pilots were badly needed, and she wanted to make Major Bill Keith change his mind about her. Bill, whom Lennie loved, was one of the people who believed that in her last transcontinental flight she had sacrificed the life of her navigator, Eddie Bonham, because of her thirst for publicity. Doris Taggart, a rival woman flyer who had been in love with Eddie, was sure of it too.

Bill, who was on the committee which passed on WAFS candidates, warned Lennie: "The WAFS isn't a glamour outfit. You'll work hard—and you won't get a word of newspaper publicity out of it."

Lennie was furious. "Bill," she told him, "you're the blindest man I've ever known."

"What am I blind to?"

"The fact that I'm not looking for a soft berth. All I want is a chance to *fly!*"

Doris Taggart, who was in the WAFS, was blind, too. She believed the worst of Lennie, and went out of her way to show it. The other women, however, seemed ready to give the new recruit the benefit of the doubt.

Two people were wholeheartedly behind Lennie and the fight she was making to live down the ugly gossip that had so nearly ruined her career. They were her father, Walter Chase, who made Chase planes, and Lieutenant Andy Rogers, who was stationed at an army airfield near the Chase home in Maryland.

One day Andy had landed on the Chases' private field, too drunk to take his plane farther, and Lennie, against all army regulations, had taken his place at the controls. During the flight they had seen a large Nazi sub refueling another, and Andy, sobered by that time, had reported it to Langley Field. Not only had Lennie saved him from being cashiered; she had been the means of helping him get important information, and he was eternally grateful to her.

On the day of Lennie's arrival at the WAFS training school at New Castle, Bill Keith returned from ferrying a bomber to Africa. After dinner he asked her to go for a walk.

Suddenly he looked at her and said harshly, "Lennie, do you know you've been driving me crazy?" And he crushed her against him and kissed her savagely, almost in anger.

"I'll be going back to Africa again," he said. "And I wanted to do that just once before I go."

Then he turned and walked away toward his quarters.

Lennie knew why he was leaving her like this after that single desperate kiss. It was because the ghost of Eddie Bonham still stood between them.

LADY WITH WINGS

It's easy to say that duty comes first. But what would *you* do if duty stood between you and your wounded sweetheart?

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

LATE in her third week at New Castle, with a wild December wind fighting her air speed, Lennie brought down a liaison plane she had flown to Mitchel Field in New York and back. In the bulk of a fur-lined flying coat, fur-lined trousers, fur-lined boots, and parachute, she looked like an Eskimo.

The flight had been part of the required cross-country curriculum. She had made several like it, south to Charleston, west across the Alleghenies. And though at times she came down with arms and legs feeling like icicles, this was the phase of training she enjoyed most. To concentrate on long flights, on solving her own navigation problems, helped to brush everything else—even Bill Keith—out of her mind.

When she jumped out of the plane this afternoon, Lieutenant Rassiter came and told her:

"After you've checked in, hop over to the Officers' Club. Your father's waiting."

Her eyes, already bright with cold and wind, sparkled in quick delight. She checked in, left her parachute, and hurried across a reach of frozen gray mud.

Walter Chase pushed his thickset body out of a corner chair and came forward with arms outstretched. He had a way of hugging Lennie that offered affection, reassurance, and chuckles all in one gesture.

"I'm on my way to the Martin Bomber plant," he explained. "Thought I'd veer off the road far enough to see how you're getting along. You *look* fine."

"I feel fine." Still breathless, Lennie brushed wind-blown hair back from her forehead. "I always feel fine when I've been feeding on clouds. Sit down, dad, and for heaven's sake talk, talk, talk! I've been dying for a chance at you."

He laughed as he settled back in the chair. "I've got only an hour," he said, "and I intend to spend it hearing *you* talk. When do you get your wings?"

"Next Saturday. Wings and uniform."

"Good. Has it been as tough a pull as you expected?"

Lennie smiled as she lit a cigarette. "That's like the question you ask in your letters: 'Are you quite happy?' "

"Well, it's the one question you never answer, so I keep repeating it."

She shrugged and sat down. "The truth is, I've been happy and miserable by turns, and I expect it to continue that way. But I've made up my mind it doesn't much matter how I feel now. The important thing is to get through these four weeks and start ferrying planes."

"That sounds," Walter Chase said more gravely, "as if your relations with the other WAFS haven't changed. Still strained, eh?"

"Oh, the girls have been courteous enough. One or two have been quite cordial. I'm not really in the doghouse. On the other hand, I still have the feeling that they're watching me, waiting for me to make some slip that'll prove I intend to use the WAFS to get a bit of personal glory."

Her father took a cigar from his pocket, began to clip its end, the changed his mind and thrust it bac into his vest.

“How's Bill Keith?” he asked bruptly. “See much of him?”

“Why, no.” Lennie kept her voice teady. “Haven't seen him in two weeks. He's away—ferrying bombers overseas.”

“H'm-m. Then you haven't got far with him, either,” he said in a matter-of-fact tone.

She didn't want to talk about Bill. The mention of him made things stir painfully inside her. She said:

“The truth is, they've kept me so busy I haven't had much time to think about it, dad. You've no idea how crowded these days have been. Roll call at eight. Then drill—calisthenics, marching, running—why, they're turning me into a female commando! When I'm ready to drop, it's time for classes in military customs and courtesy, classes in meteorology and navigation. After all the flying I've done, I was simply appalled by my ignorance. Then, there's the paper work. Heavens, the paper work! You can't take up an army plane or set it down without filling in forms. You can't get gas without making out slips. You've got to learn to authenticate flying time, fill out logs, fill out—oh, endless papers.”

“Yet,” he said, with a grin, “you do get time to fly.”

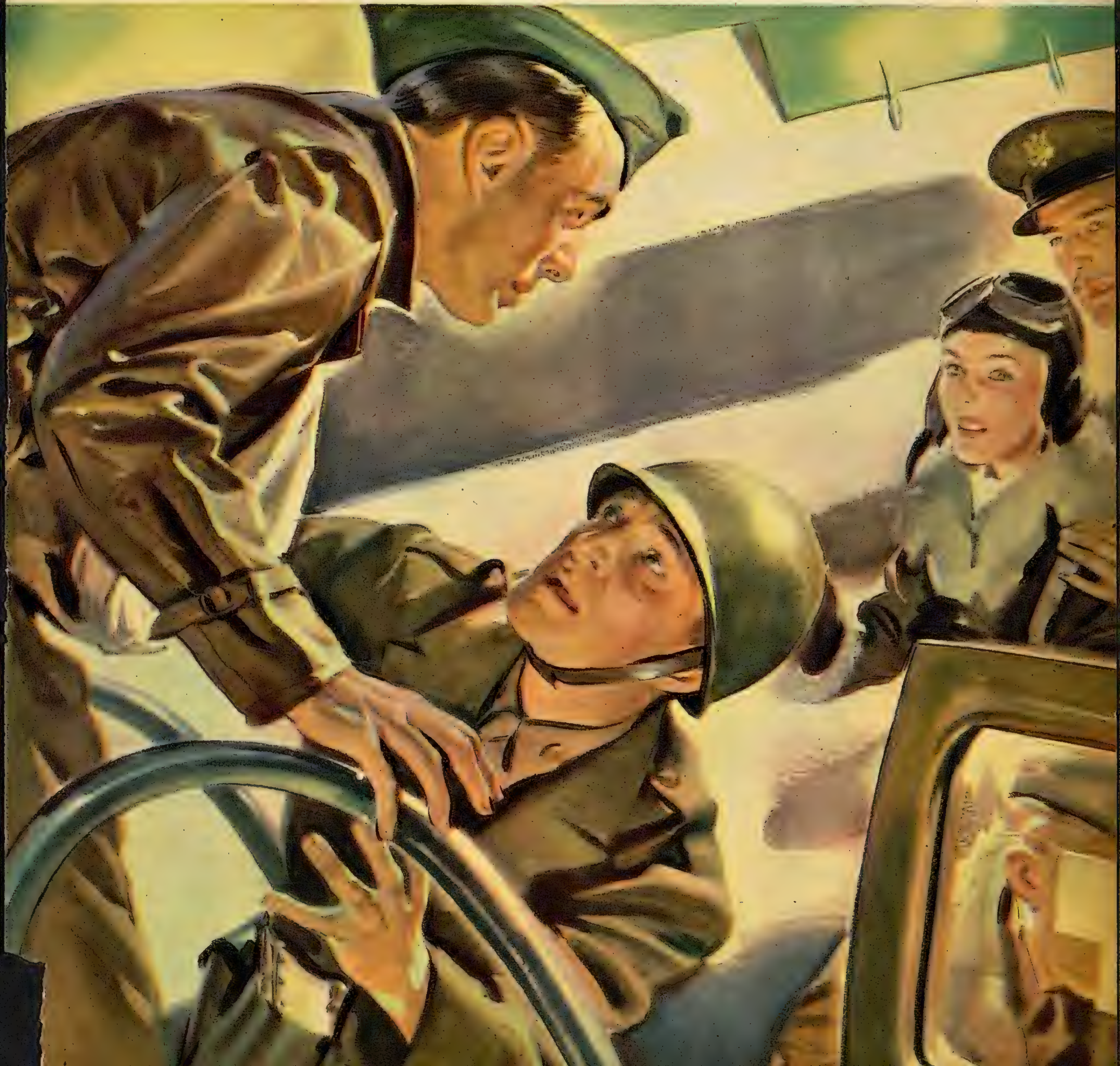
“In the afternoons, yes. That's compensation for it all. Getting up there among the clouds, even when you're just roaring through the sky to learn army flying patterns—it makes you feel *alive!* I'm to get twenty-five hours of flying here. By the time I finish—well, the wings will mean something.”

“To me, honey,” her father said in a low, wise tone, “they'll be a medal for valor.”

She flushed faintly, knowing what he meant; knowing he would regard the wings as a symbol of the resolution that had taken her out of retirement and sent her through these four weeks defying hostility. But she didn't want this ordeal to be sentimentalized. So she told him:

“It hasn't been as hard as I'd expected. The officers, for instance—quite a few have asked me out. I've gone to Wilmington with them—din-

(*Continued on page 61*)



A man jumped up to steady him. Lennie, pushing forward, tried to cry his name.

HOLLYWOOD'S HARDYS

are America's favorite family. Read how Metro discovered a bonanza in a "B" film

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

WHEN the first Hardy picture—a little thing entitled A Family Affair—was released in 1936, nobody in Hollywood gave it a glance. Top executives at M-G-M didn't even bother to preview the low-budgeted picture. Only the public paid any attention to it. Which proves again that the public is smarter than the highest paid motion-picture executives.

The Hardy Family pictures have become the biggest money-makers of the biggest studio in the industry. Moreover, they are among the big star makers. Mickey Rooney, Lana Turner, Judy Garland, and Kathryn Grayson are but a few who have used the Hardy films as a springboard to fame. Many persons claim to have originated the series. But the truth is that the Hardys, like Topsy, just grew.

Seven years ago Aurania Rouverol wrote a stage play called Skidding—which was produced with only moderate success. Metro bought the play, and several writers worked vainly on the script. It was tucked away on the shelf. The following year a new unit was set up at the studio to produce low-budget pictures. Carey Wilson, a well liked writer on the lot, was in charge. It was Wilson's chance to prove his motto: "Good taste and intelligence do not cost money." He not only proved it but also demonstrated that good taste and intelligence can *make* money. For Wilson is "the father of the Hardy Family." He eats, sleeps, dreams the Hardy Family. He has even lovingly made them a family tree and traced their genealogy through four generations.

When Wilson dragged the Hardy script off the shelf and put it into production, he cast Lionel Barrymore as Judge Hardy. For the Andy Hardy part he hired a young actor named Mickey Rooney, who had played Puck in Midsummer Night's Dream for Warner Brothers, but was now working on the Metro lot for peanuts. A Family Affair was previewed at Huntington Park. Wilson, who described himself as "a bird dog sniffing around for a scent," noticed that every time Mom Hardy said, "Andy, wash behind your ears," and such homey tidbits, the audience howled with glee.

Judge Hardy's now famous philosophy was born in this first picture. Daughter Marian (Cecilia Parker then and now) brought home her young man to meet the folks. Mom Hardy said to him, "Young man, are you a member of any church?" The young man became terribly confused and embarrassed and mumbled something under his breath. Judge Hardy cleared his throat in the Barrymore manner and said, "When *I* was young it was the facts of life that brought on embarrassment in the young, but *now*, it seems, it's *God*." Twice more during the picture the Judge got in an aphoristic comment, and the audience ate it up."

Nevertheless, A Family Affair created not the slightest stir in motion-picture circles. No first-run theater ran it. It got the usual brush-off accorded low-budgeted pictures. This first Hardy picture might easily have been the last had not a sales manager from the New York office arrived in Culver City for the annual pep talks. He congratulated the Wilson unit on the better type of "B" picture the studio was turning out, and casually added, "Our audiences always seemed to enjoy that little family picture you made—you know, the one that had the kid in it named Andy."

This encouraged Wilson, who even then had a soft spot for the Hardys. He immediately decided to make another one. Discarding the older sister, her husband, and baby, he thought it would be a nice idea to have Judge Hardy (now Lewis Stone because Barrymore wasn't available) take his wife and two children on a vacation to Catalina Island. The picture was called You're Only Young Once, and Wilson thinks it is the best Hardy picture he has ever made. It was certainly the most daring. Marian confessed she was in love with a married man, and Andy made a date to spend the night with a divorcee's daughter. Sara Haden, who is Aunt Millie, joined the Hardy Family in this second picture. Wilson claims that Aunt Millie gives balance to the Family. Sort of a "fifth wheel."

WHETHER Lewis Stone is content to spend the rest of his life as Judge Hardy isn't known. But the role has put a definite crimp in both his screen life and private life. Several years ago he was cast as a drunkard in another picture. The public resented it with such an avalanche of letters that the studio hastily withdrew him.

One night last summer he was having dinner with friends at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles. The headwaiter suddenly appeared at his table. "Mr. Stone," he said reproachfully, "there's a table of Kansas City people over there who are so unhappy because Judge Hardy is drinking that they can't eat their dinner." "But this is only a soft drink," said Mr. Stone. "Yes," agreed the waiter, "but they think it's a Cuba libre." For a moment it seemed that Mr. Stone was going to get his dander up. But just as suddenly his anger subsided. "Take this away," he said with quiet resignation, "and bring me coffee with cream."

The third Hardy picture, Judge Hardy's Children, was released in 1938. Spring Byington, who had played Mom Hardy in A Family Affair, was working at another

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ANDY HARDY'S WOMEN

Looking in on Andy Hardy's Double Life, you see pretty Susan Peters.

Lana Turner was in Love Finds Andy Hardy—as, no doubt, you remember.

Judy Garland sparkled and sang in two of the Hardy Family pictures.

Being Andy's Polly Benedict seems to Ann Rutherford, "like an annuity."

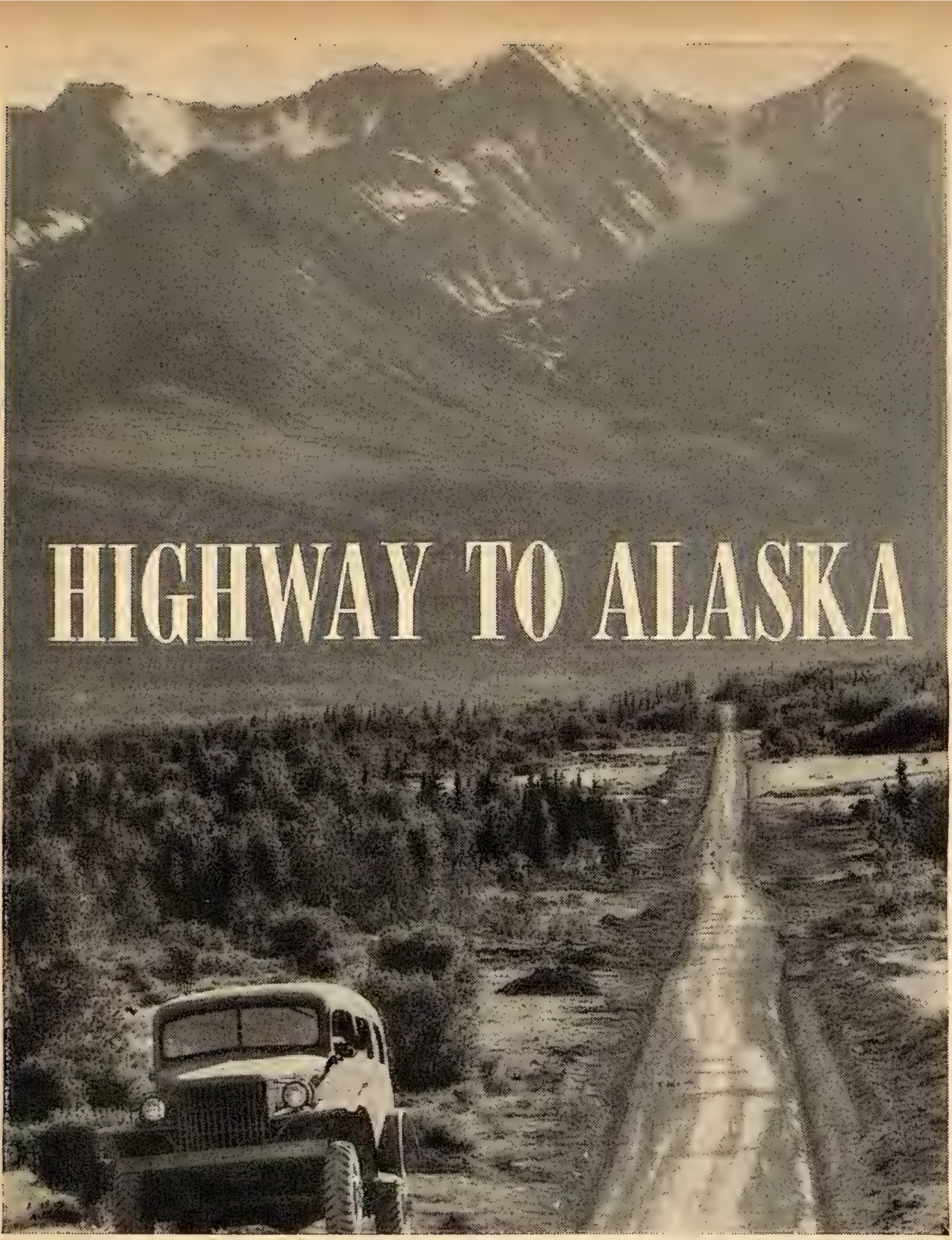
In Andy Hardy's Double Life, swimming star Esther Williams figures.

As a "wallflower," Donna Reed came to bloom in The Courtship of Andy.

HIGHWAY TO ALASKA

A bigger job than the Panama Canal—that's how army engineers described the task of cutting a road through more than 1,600 miles of muck, mountains, and bad weather. But in nine months the trucks were rolling north to Fairbanks

BY THEODORE STRAUSS



A stretch of the new highway, vital artery between the U. S. and Alaskan outposts, cut through the wilderness by army engineers.

FOR three quarters of a century we had thought dimly of Alaska as a sort of arctic loot-bin full of furs, fish, totem poles, gold nuggets, and snow. On December 7, 1941, we saw Alaska for what it was: our land base nearest the heart of Japan. The question was terse: Was Alaska to become a steel-girdled bastion, at the very least, to serve as the northern anchor for the United Nations offensive that would one day roll across the home islands of Hirohito? Or was it simply to be the undefended beachhead for an invading army of little men?

The question had to be answered—and fast. But fast is hardly the word for the seagoing freighters upon which Alaska then was almost totally dependent for supplies and reinforcements. A highway to Alaska, so long discussed amid cigar smoke and a general air of futility, now *had* to be built. In Washington, the army unrolled its maps. At Dawson Creek in British Columbia, 500 miles north of the U. S. border, the northernmost railway prong stopped abruptly. Between it and Fairbanks lay more than 1,600 miles of wasteland that cut Alaska from its continental sources of supply as decisively as if the wilderness were blue water and Alaska an island.

But distance was not the only obstacle. Beneath the incomplete tracings on the army's maps lay the last and most terrible frontier on this continent—a gaunt and angry region whose climate varied between 90 degrees above zero and a recorded winter temperature of 90 below. Upon the plateaus lay vast patches of muskeg deposits, the dead and age-old vegetable residue that becomes a black sticky glue when wet. And above the plateaus stood the mountain peaks which cut the sky like jagged knives.

Into this vacant land many prospectors long ago had twisted their way through the great wiggling river gorges, only to perish at lonely intervals in the unmarked wastes. By 1929 the pioneers of the air were changing the crude maps of the north. Carrying mining equipment, trappers, and gold, "bush pilots" had circled the white summit of the Stikine and had felt eighty-five-miles-an-hour gales clawing at their trembling crates. They landed on the lakes by pontoons or skis, when the ceiling closed in. It was these pilots who helped U. S. Army engineers do the most difficult stretches of the Canada-Alaska road.

It was one of them, in fact, who was indirectly responsible for the route the road was finally to take. For the route selected by the army followed the chain of landing strips developed by the perennially "busted" bush line of Grant MacConachie, now head of Yukon and Southern Airlines. These strips began in western Alberta and were spotted along a course east of the Rockies to Fort Nelson before swinging westward across the ranges to Watson Lake and Whitehorse. They were the decisive factor in the army's decision to reject earlier proposed routes which more closely paralleled the sea.

Time was of the essence when Brigadier General William Hoge detrained at Dawson Creek on February 20 of last year for a hasty survey. Already the thaws were dangerously close. If the engineers failed to get their supplies across the rivers before the ice buckled, they would have to wait until bridges could be built across the receding spring floods.

This delay alone would have doomed the road to miss its one-year building dead line. But hardly two weeks later the first engineer regiments were stretching their legs at Dawson Creek after the jolting ride north from Edmonton. They didn't have long to stretch. Day and night they dragged six months' supplies of fuel and provisions across the ice of the Peace and Sikani rivers.

When the thaws did come, ever

truck and tractor and drum of oil had been brought into the expeditionary force's self-sufficient base at Fort Nelson in the heart of the wilderness.

From the beginning the army engineers approached that wilderness as if it were an enemy to be split and then attacked from front and rear. Already they had driven one spearhead into the desolate region from the south. In the northern sector they waited until the thaw had cleared the rivers which could then be used for water transport.

In May new regiments swept in from the sea at Skagway, set up a base at Whitehorse, and sent mechanized columns of road-building equipment south and north—the first to meet the spearhead hacking its way through forest and muskeg tundra from Fort Nelson; the latter to race to the Alaska border to meet a Negro regiment plunging down from the north.

Because there was a war on, the engineers couldn't always take time to approach the problems from all sides gingerly; they had to drive straight through without listening endlessly to the advice of the region's old-timers. Machines, the sweat and pain of exhausted men, and money—these were expendable, and the army spent them. The only thing it tried desperately to save was time. The road had to be finished. Seven men died when the army had to get supplies across a big lake and a sudden storm foundered the shallow-draft pontoon barges under eight-foot waves. Aside from that, accident fatalities among the men were amazingly rare.

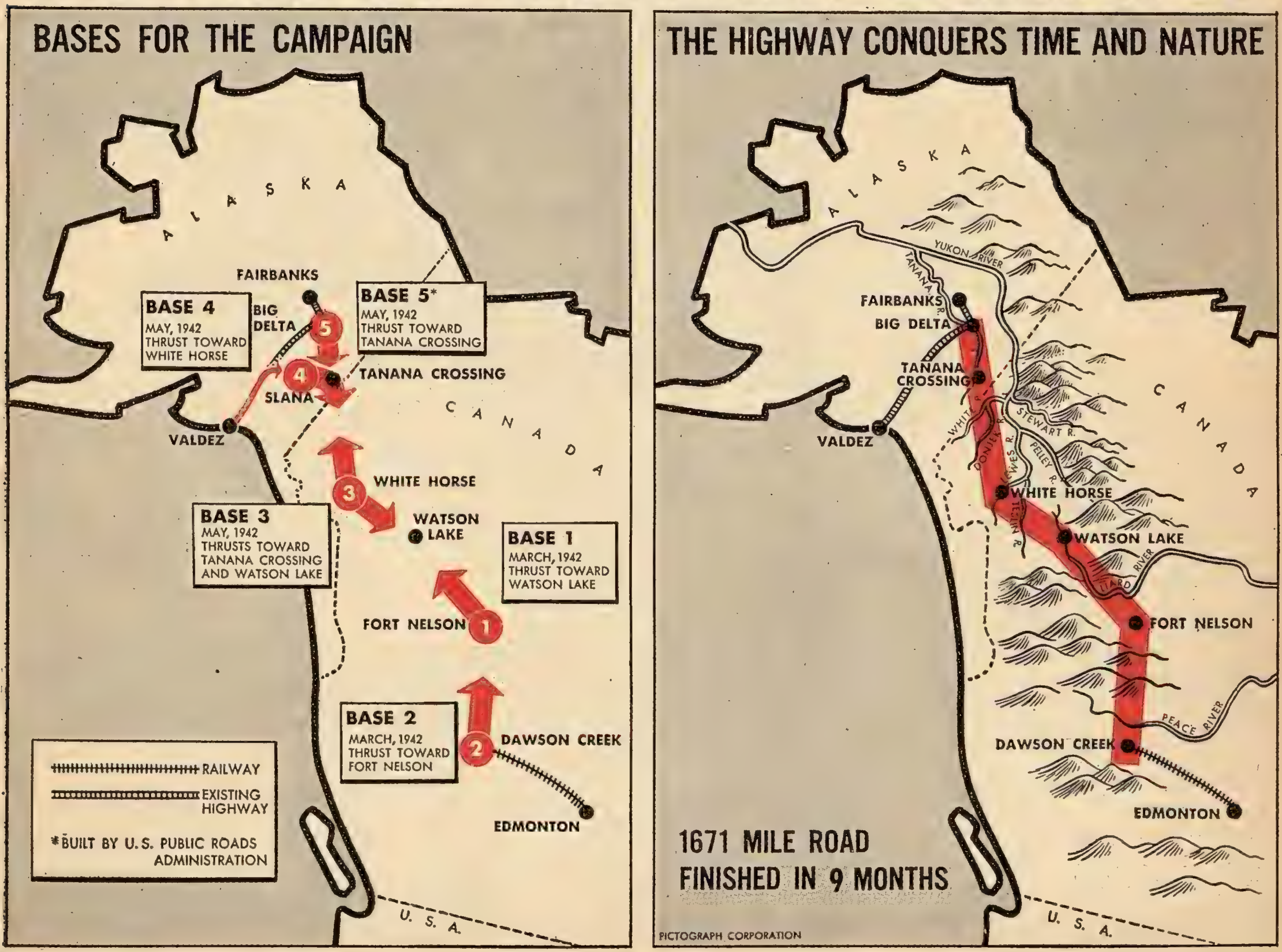
All summer long the forests echoed to the roaring Diesel engines of the big twenty-three-ton caterpillar "cats" bucking head-on into the toppling spruce or straining in muskeg mires. When possible, engineers tried to sidestep the muskeg or at least find its shallowest depths. They had learned that "black ice" lay beneath the muskeg. Whenever a wheel cut through, the melting ice created an impassable morass. Inching across the bogs, the army brought up power-driven saws and tumbled the spruce across the roadbed, floating four- and even five-ply corduroy roads until firm ground was reached.

Through the endless sunlight, broken only by a narrow gap of darkness at the summer solstice, the mud-smeared men worked as long as nineteen hours daily, and the thundering engines of the "cats" were not halted once in three months. In the ooze of the river bottoms powder monkeys blasted drainage ditches for miles on end. Sometimes they hit the powder-like yellow glacial silt. Through the gloom of the dust clouds the trucks felt their way with headlamps piercing no farther than a few feet; men working in the suffocating air had to wear dust respirators in order to breathe. They fought futilely against the insects—the invisible no-see-ums that even face nets did not ward off, the blood-sucking black flies, and the mosquitoes that descended like fuzz on a man's unprotected hands and on the food he ate.

For a few weeks in the early au-

(*Continued on page 52*)

THE ALCAN HIGHWAY CAMPAIGN


BASES FOR THE CAMPAIGN
ALASKA
FAIRBANKS
BIG DELTA
BASE 4
MAY, 1942
THRUST TOWARD WHITE HORSE
BASE 5*
MAY, 1942
THRUST TOWARD TANANA CROSSING
5
4
TANANA CROSSING
SLANA
CANADA
VALDEZ
3
WHITE HORSE
WATSON LAKE
BASE 3
MAY, 1942
THRUSTS TOWARD TANANA CROSSING AND WATSON LAKE
BASE 1
MARCH, 1942
THRUST TOWARD WATSON LAKE
FORT NELSON
1
BASE 2
MARCH, 1942
THRUST TOWARD FORT NELSON
2
DAWSON CREEK
EDMONTON
RAILWAY
EXISTING HIGHWAY
*BUILT BY U.S. PUBLIC ROADS ADMINISTRATION
U.S.A.
THE HIGHWAY CONQUERS TIME AND NATURE
ALASKA
YUKON RIVER
TANANA R.
FAIRBANKS
BIG DELTA
TANANA CROSSING
WHITE R.
DONJEK R.
STEWART R.
LEWES R.
PELLEY R.
CANADA
VALDEZ
WHITE HORSE
TESLIN R.
WATSON LAKE
LIARD RIVER
FORT NELSON
PEACE RIVER
DAWSON CREEK
EDMONTON
U.S.A.

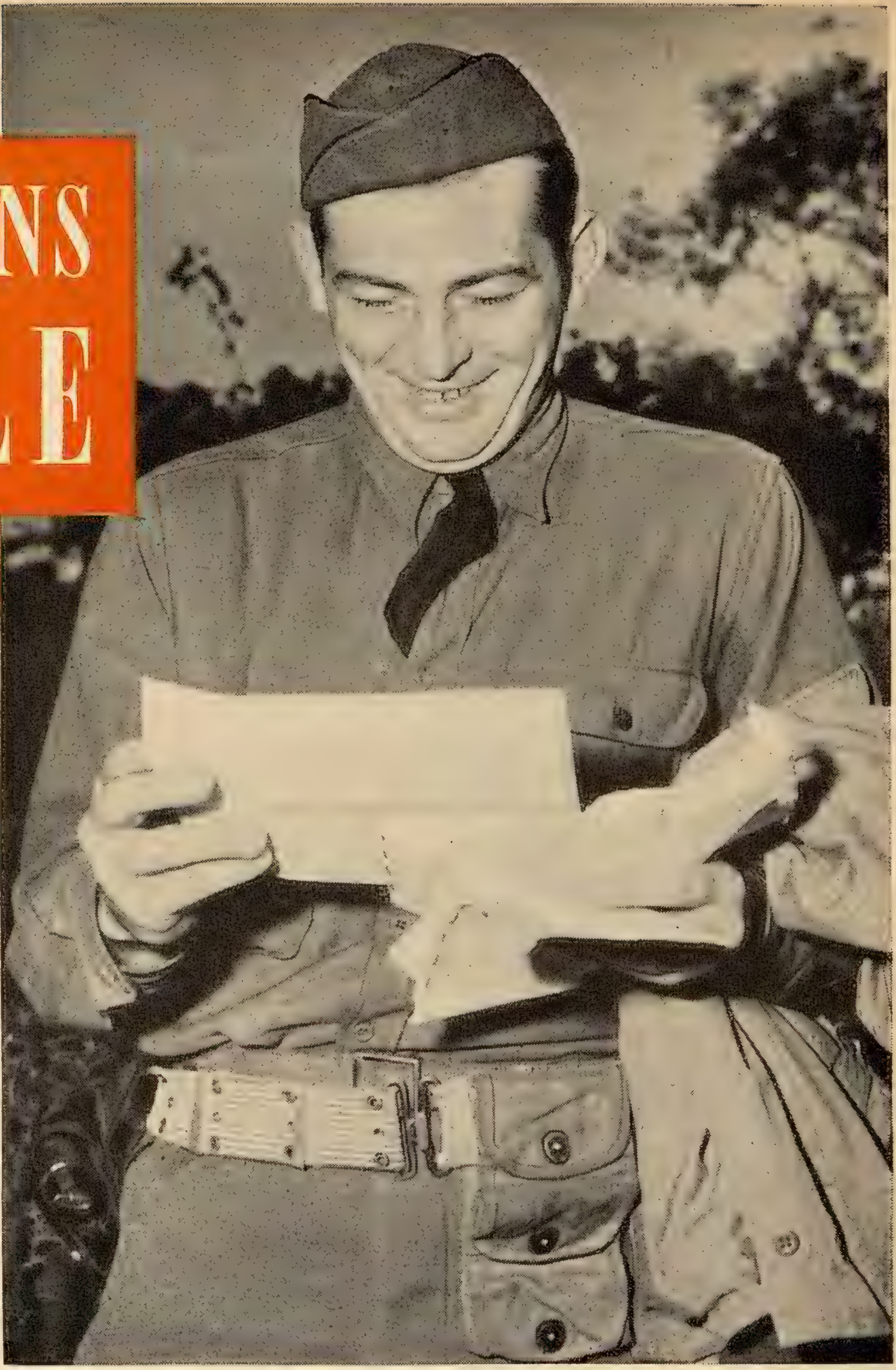
1671 MILE ROAD FINISHED IN 9 MONTHS

PICTOGRAPH CORPORATION

MAIL MEANS MORALE

But only if you write often and cheerfully. Here are the do's and don't's of corresponding with that important one on the battle line

BY HELEN FURNAS



Make your letters cheerful and frequent. Grins like this are good for morale.

"JIMMY, honey, I'm thinking of you all the time, wondering how you are and what you're doing. I've got a new blue dress just the color you like. Remember the one I wore the evening we went to that Ginger Rogers picture your last leave? . . ."

Jimmy's fingers tremble as he reads this letter. Knowing how much it means to him, the army ranks soldiers' mail first in importance as a morale booster. A letter from the right person can make all the difference when a youngster needs every ounce of psychological what-it-takes under fire.

So thoroughly is the army aware of this that three shifts of enlisted men and officers at 464 Lexington Avenue, New York City—to take the largest army post office—work day and night making sure everybody overseas, from Lieutenant General Richard Roe to Private Johnny Jones, gets his mail as fast as human ingenuity can speed it to him.

The gloomy old building, with its high ceilings and its windows shrouded in Gargantuan blackout curtains, fairly hums with activity. As far as army correspondence is concerned, Christmas lasts all year round. The package jam, looking like the nightmare of a shipping clerk in a huge mail-order house, turned out to be too much—even for the army. On January 15, the War Department reluctantly had to bar the unrestricted shipment of fruitcakes from Aunt Susan, knitted mufflers from Aunt Kate, cigarettes and candy from solicitous wives.

With many ships being sunk, precious cargo space could no longer be devoted to nonessentials. Moreover, Uncle Sam, being a tactful soul, had not hitherto pointed out that most of these gifts, for all the loving thoughts that accompany them, were impractical. Cigarettes, for example, are usually available at the PX—Army Post Exchange—generally for less than the sender paid for them back in Kalamazoo. What isn't issued by the army in the way of necessary knitwear is systematically supplied by the USO. Candy is very likely to melt in transit, and fruitcake, however toothsome when fresh out of the oven, is usually nothing but a mess of dry and dusty crumbs by the time it reaches Guadalcanal or Tunisia.

It is likewise understandable that the War Department frowns on the mailing of magazines other than those subscribed for by a soldier himself. Most current periodicals are supplied the men by the Special Service Division of the army. Well chosen selections of clippings would probably be just as welcome to a soldier serving overseas as his home-town newspaper in its bulky entirety. Many newspapers are summarizing local events in a couple of columns with this idea in mind.

There's sound military sense behind the limitation of package shipments abroad. That home-town newspaper is bigger than a 37-millimeter shell. Even a small fruitcake takes up as much room as a packed-up tommy gun. A box big enough to stow socks and mufflers could have taken in about twenty .30-caliber machine-gun belts. Many of those 37-millimeter shells which have proved so potent against German light tanks have had to stay piled up on docks to make room for cartons of cigarettes.

Under the circumstances, the new regulations are extraordinarily mild, requiring merely that no package go to any soldier overseas unless the sender can show a request for its contents signed by the soldier and O. K.'d by his commanding officer. That still allows Johnny, if he wants them badly enough, to requisition his favorite brand of tobacco, a particular kind of pipe, or an unprocurable fountain pen.

LIMITATIONS on weight and size of packages—five pounds maximum, not more than fifteen inches in length, and thirty-six inches in length and girth combined—exclude very few things a man overseas is going to ask for. It remains true that after his first twenty-mile march a soldier throws away everything but an extra pair of socks, and after his first forced march he throws away the socks. Most of the gadgets dreamed up by ingenious manufacturers as just the thing for the man in service are more apt to be the straw that breaks his back, since it is on his back he has to transport them.

It would save much of the army's valuable time if the packages that do go through could be packed with more forethought and imagination. Many parcels destined for England or Australia look as though they couldn't be carried across the street with any degree of safety. Old Christmas boxes and papier-mâché ten-cent-store valises tied with light twine or even ribbon are the despair of the army post office in New York where, at a long table, half a dozen men patiently perform indispensable salvage operations before sending them off on the longest, toughest lap of their journey.

When War Department newspaper releases mentioned "the size of a shoe box" as an indication of the proper size for approved packages, the public, taking the idea literally, went scrambling for shoe boxes—probably the flimsiest kind of container on the market. Corrugated paper boxes, the thickness of a lead pencil and of good tensile strength, are the army's preference. Merchandise should be well insulated with cotton, rags, or excelsior; it will take a merciless bouncing around en route. Avoid the kind of parcel-post label you glue on—too often it comes off in transit. A good black crayon is considered the best possible marker, with an indelible pencil on a moistened surface as runner-up.

Another thing to remember is the vital matter of addresses for both packages and letters. A properly addressed letter to Pvt. Johnny Jones overseas carries his army serial number, ASN 1234567, for example; his outfit, Co. C, 111th Tank Destroyer Battalion; and finally his army post office number, APO 201—which is supplied to his family when notified of his safe arrival abroad.

To date, mom and the girl friend have not digested the importance of each of the rather monotonous numerals involved. The commonest error is leaving out the outfit, addressing the letter merely to APO 201, for example. Trouble rises from the fact that while his friends and family are conscious of only one Johnny Jones, a nice boy with red hair and a grin, the army is conscious of some 10,000 Johnny Joneses of various physiognomies.

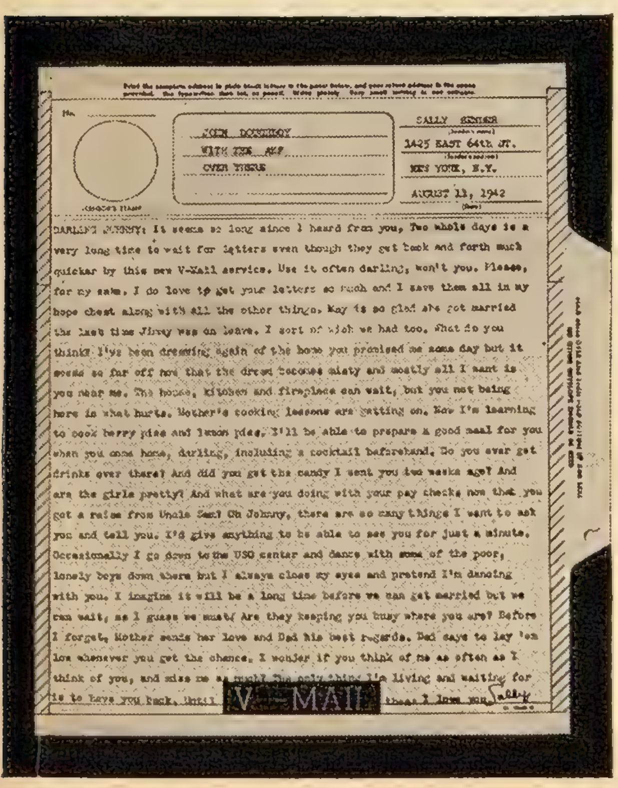
As a result, the locator units at the Army Postal Service Embarkation post offices are kept busy checking the cards filed for every man leaving the country. A few more scratches of the pen by somebody whose time is not likely to be anywhere near as valuable as the army's would not only save endless hours, but make *certain* Johnny's mail reaches him.

TO the army, saving time is second in importance only to saving space. The new V-mail system, whereby letters are microfilmed, transported in small rolls of film, and reproduced overseas in a readable size, saves both time and space. Since the installation of V-mail facilities at many points, the army has clamped down on all other types of air mail to and from the armed forces. Now any letter to a soldier in Australia which is not written on a V-mail blank gets chucked into the hold of a ship and takes about two months to reach its destination—regardless of the number of air-mail stamps attached. Its V-mail brother, speeding there by air, arrives in an average time of one week. North Africa, the one fighting front where V-mail installation has not at this writing been completed, is the sole destination to which the army still transports non-V-mail letters by air.

The most dramatic feature of V

(*Continued on page 54*)

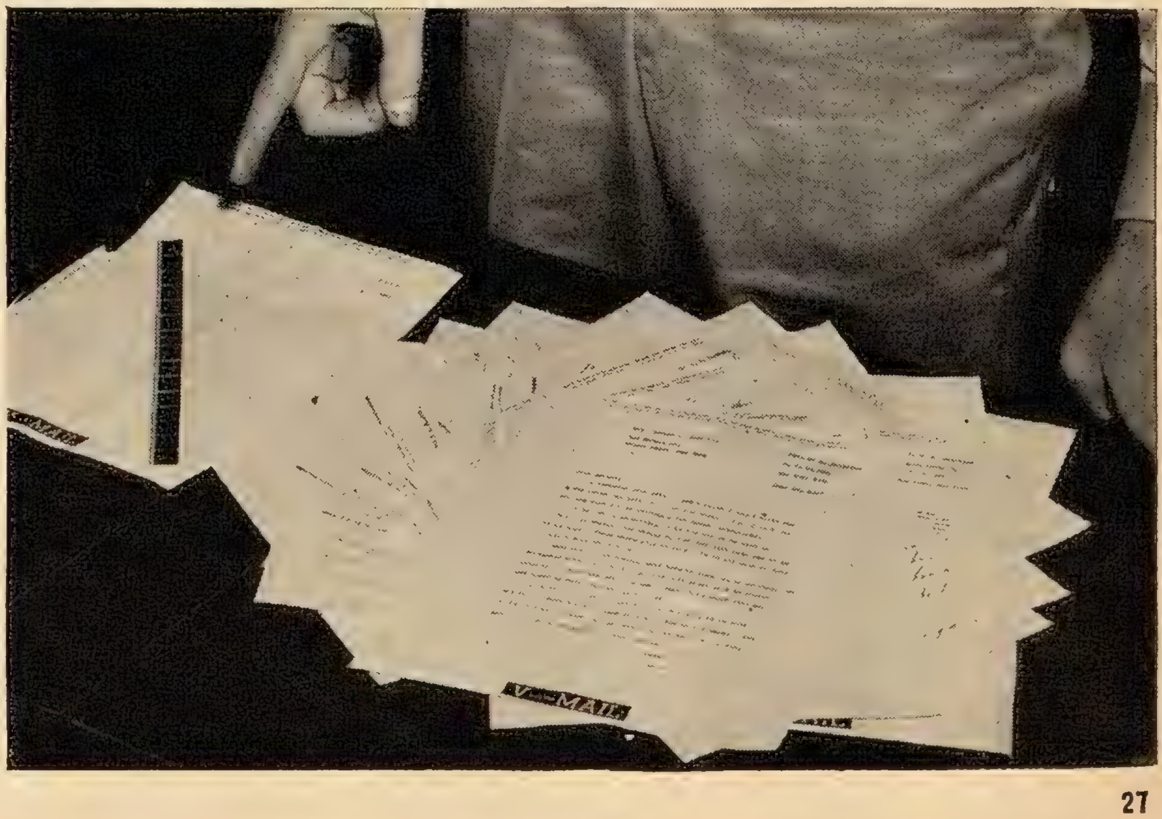
Left: This is the way a V-mail letter looks when he gets it. Below: A single reel of microfilm takes 1,500 letters.



JOHN DOUGHBOY
WITH THE AEF
OVER THERE

SALLY SENDER
1425 EAST 64th ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
AUGUST 11, 1942

DARLING JOHNNY: It seems so long since I heard from you. Two whole days is a very long time to wait for letters even though they get back and forth much quicker by this new V-Mail service. Use it often darling, won't you. Please, for my sake. I do love to get your letters so much and I save them all in my hope chest along with all the other things. Kay is so glad she got married the last time Jimmy was on leave. I sort of wish we had too. What do you think? I've been dreaming again of the home you promised me some day but it seems so far off now that the dream becomes misty and mostly all I want is you near me. The house, kitchen and fireplace can wait, but you not being here is what hurts. Mother's cooking lessons are getting on. Now I'm learning to cook berry pies and lemon pies. I'll be able to prepare a good meal for you when you come home, darling, including a cocktail beforehand. Do you ever get drinks over there? And did you get the candy I sent you two weeks ago? And are the girls pretty? And what are you doing with your pay checks now that you got a raise from Uncle Sam? Oh Johnny, there are so many things I want to ask you and tell you. I'd give anything to be able to see you for just a minute. Occasionally I go down to the USO center and dance with some of the poor, lonely boys down there but I always close my eyes and pretend I'm dancing with you. I imagine it will be a long time before we can get married but we can wait, as I guess we must. Are they keeping you busy where you are? Before I forget, Mother sends her love and Dad his best regards. Dad says to lay 'em low whenever you get the chance. I wonder if you think of me as often as I think of you, and miss me as much? The only thing I'm living and waiting for is to have you back. Until then. I love you. Sally



THE PROFESSOR AND THE PUG

The professor forgot dead languages and took on a very live proposition—a prizefighter named the Dixie Express

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

ON this Black Monday morning Professor Varney ("the Beard") Christopher, alias Chris the Caid, alias Mohammed the Cinch, head of the Department of Semitic Languages at Guilfoyle University, halted in the alley under the poster of the Arena Boxing Club's USO Benefit and, for the fifth time, read the postal card from the War Department. Once more it plunged him into the depths.

The chance to express himself adequately came, thanks to an automobile carelessly backed in his direction. The mild blue eyes above the Robert E. Lee whiskers hardened and, for the first time on American soil, except for his final conversation with young Mr. Fosdyke, he turned loose all his lung power. He spoke to the driver in the language of the Prophet.

He said, *"Balek!"*

The force of the word lay less in the volume of sound, which was sufficient to rattle the near-by window, than in its intensity. It conveyed not only conviction but command. It had an almost magic effect. The driver yanked the brakes so hard he almost ruined his tires.

PRESSURE temporarily relieved, Christopher proceeded down the street toward his home. Malaria and typhoid, picked up in Morocco, had kept him out of the last war. Sixty-four birthdays would keep him out of this one; and he would have given his right hand and even his library to be in the thick of it. Since this war had seeped into North Africa, which he knew better than his own back yard, he had offered his services as adviser, translator, or in whatever swivel-chair capacity Washington might find him useful.

To this offer Washington had replied on a neatly printed postal card: "Your recent letter to the War Department has been received and noted. You will understand that the war effort precludes a personal reply."

As, feeling lower than a camel in a sandstorm, he turned down the front walk to his little home, he was surprised to observe a large colored man occupying the porch rocker. At the sight some of his bitterness evaporated. He felt a sudden friendship for the representative of a race which has produced notable warriors but no War Department.

With an easy grace the visitor rose. "Boss, is you Perfessah Christopher?" His features bore the imprint of melancholy, credulity, and good nature.

"My name is Christopher."

"I got sent here." The visitor sighed heavily.

The professor pondered. "Did I neglect my garbage bill?"

With a flash of white teeth and an indication of inward laughter the melancholy vanished. "No, suh; nothin' about garbage. I got sent here. F'm Chicago."

Less Chicago than Africa, his own Africa, and on his very doorstep. "Enter," he said with all the courtly hospitality of a nomad chief.

Since the housekeeper was strictly forbidden to set foot in Christopher's library, books escaping from the shelves now covered entire tables, most of the desk, and a large section of the floor.

The visitor goggled at the display. "Man, what kinda perfessah are you? Do tricks or sell medicine?"

Christopher smiled as he removed from the nearest chair six volumes of the Histoire Ancienne de l'Afrique du Nord. "I teach languages."

The visitor's eyes rolled. "You read all 'em books? You know all 'em words?"

"I know a great many words."

"Conjuh words?"

Conjure words. . . . Again Christopher felt the old nostalgic touch at his heartstrings. He had almost ready for the press the fourth and penultimate volume of his life's work, his legacy to posterity: Sorceries and Formulas of Enchantment of Certain Districts of Northwestern Africa. He said simply, "I know some of them."

The look of the visitor became that of a distressed animal. "I got a tur'ble headache, perfessah. You know conjuh words for headaches?"

Click and click again. Aided by his Mohammedan beard, Christopher had spent months in lower Morocco disguised as a perambulant sorcerer; and here was a patient obviously made to order.

"Sit down and lean back," he said. "Now look up at my finger. Your eyes are growing tired. Close them. I'm going to say ten magic words. When I say the last your headache will be gone." Slowly he counted up to ten in Arabic *"Wahed . . . zooj . . . tlata . . . arbaha . . . khampsa . . . setta . . . sebaha . . . tminia . . . tsaoud . . . ashra!* Your headache is gone. Open your eyes. In the future—*balek!"*

"You done it, perfessah." The visitor's face beamed as he touched his forehead. *"Balek.* I gonna remember that word. *Balek."* The voice became a rhythmic canticle of praise and trust. "You don't make no double talk. You say Yes, you mean Yes. You say No, you mean No. You keep yo' promise. No fiddlin'."

THE sentiment was familiar to Christopher. On various leaves from his teaching career he had spent well over fifteen years among Arabs and Berbers of North Africa where the white man's prestige rested on his good faith. Yes or No. One word. *Khelma wahed.*

"I try to be definite."

The canticle dropped to a less exalted level. "Perfessah, you jus' keep on lookin' out for me and I look out for you and we both do all right for ourselves."

It seemed to be a request for odd jobs about the place.

"We can see how it works. I'll try you out."

"You stand behind 'at, perfessah?"

Christopher smiled at the visitor's intensity. "Naturally."

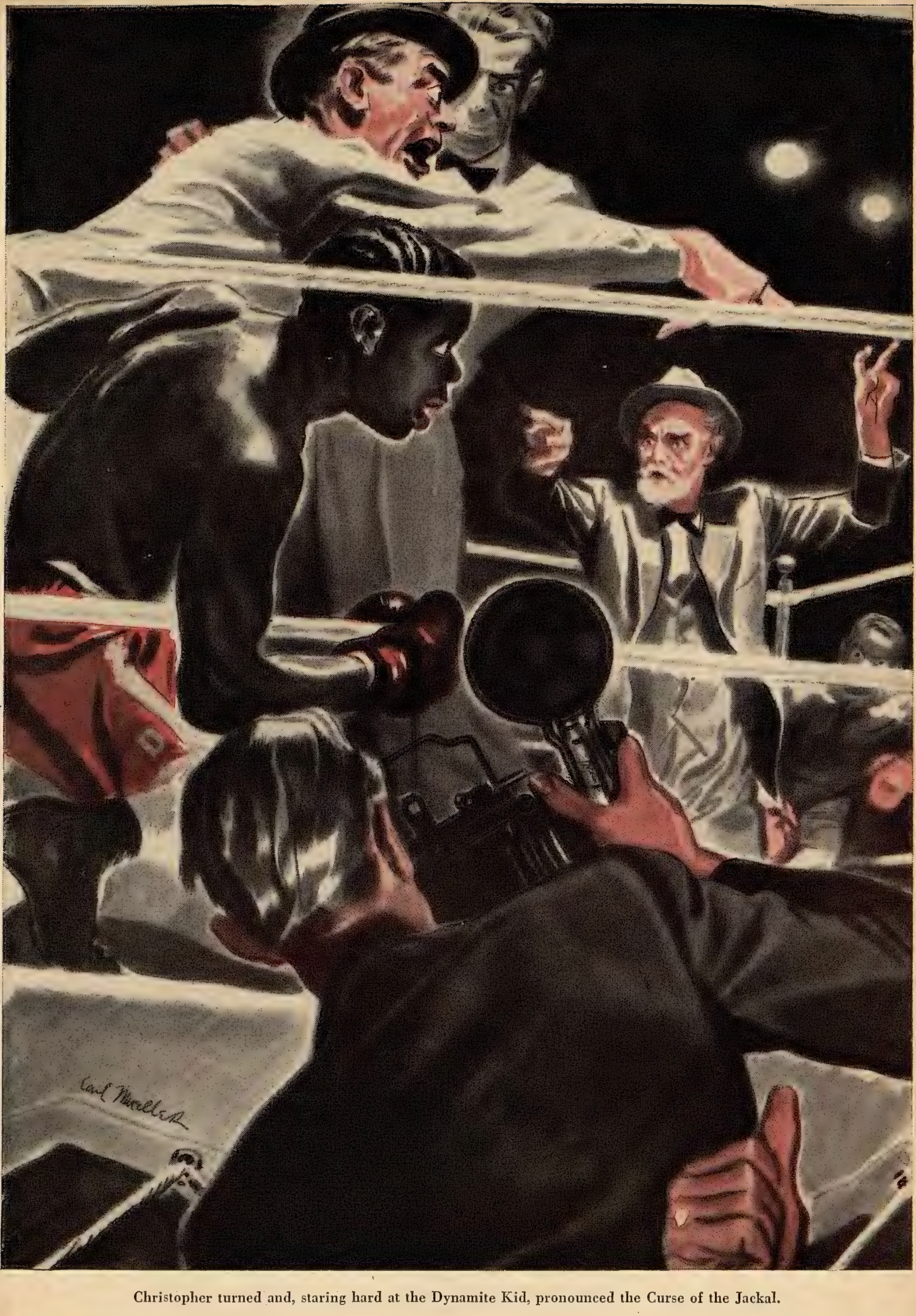
"You right there in my corneh?"

The quaint formula amused the professor. "You can count on my presence in your—ah—corner."

"One word—you say Yes?"

"I say Yes."

The visitor heaved a vast sigh of relief. "Five hunder' dollars and contrack signed. You get yo' cut. All


Carl Mueller

Christopher turned and, staring hard at the Dynamite Kid, pronounced the Curse of the Jackal.

over I send to my old mammy down in Alabama: five children, no place to go, and she sick. Nex' week Uncle Sam gits me, so this my last chance for little stake." The face became radiant. "But I jus' look at you, perfessah, and I know you got one word. Now take Mist' Fosdyke—"

"Fosdyke? Did you say—"

The question was cut short by a ring at the doorbell. Two young men, slightly older than the average undergraduate, did not wait for an invitation to enter. They came in.

"Hello, Professor Christopher. Everything under control? Snatch a pic, Michael Angelo." A flash bulb popped.

"Gentlemen, I—I don't understand."

"We're from the Chicago Mail. How you making out, Dixie?"

At the mention of the newspaper the professor remembered the dangers of publicity when it involves protagonists of the higher education. He recalled the aversion of President Brink toward unauthorized news articles touching the faculty of Guilfoyle University. "I have no comment," he said stiffly.

"O. K. Get another pic, Mike, of the Dixie Express with all those books back of him. What are your plans after the bout tonight? Will you match your boy locally or try for the big time?"

"I—what does all this mean?"

The young man smiled benevolently. "Look, professor. Here's the Dixie Express, formerly under the management of Doc McInness."

"Dr. McInness?"

"Naw, just Doc. The Express was slipping—no more of the old oomph—kayoed by everybody but Mussolini. Doc gets sore and swacked and sells the Express for ten dollars to Jimmy Fosdyke, sporting editor of the Mail. Jimmy's turned him over to you and fixed it all up with the State Boxing Commission. You'll get the official documents by mail. Publicity for the USO. Get this shot, Mike: the prof standing by the Express. Did you say, professor, you thought the Express was the coming heavyweight champ?"

"I said nothing—nothing whatever," articulated Christopher in a strangled voice. "Leave the house at once."

"Righto," said the reporter. "You want to be judged by results. That's the correct slant. By-by, Express. You've got a new manager, and a good one."

It was eight thirty that evening. The lantern-jawed smile which President Brink reserved for wealthy benefactors of Guilfoyle University was not in evidence. His red hair bristled as he glared across the ten-acre rosewood desk at the Department of Semitic Languages while his voice rose in the song of the buzz saw.

"An hour ago I returned from the week-end to find that sixty-seven individuals had mailed me this extract from yesterday's edition of the Sunday Mail." He reached into a drawer and brought out a folded page of newspaper. "Look at it! Look at it, Professor Christopher."

Though not a reader of the daily press, Christopher was aware that for the past twenty-four hours something unusual had been occupying the attention of the campus. That day his class in Arabic Life and Letters had greeted him with hand clapping and even cheers. The answer was before his eyes.

If you like to be thrilled, chilled, and mystified, read

THE PHANTOM LADY

By William Irish

the story of Scott Henderson and the strange woman in the orange hat whom he met in a bar. He dined with her, took her to the theater. Then, when he needed her to alibi him for a murder he didn't commit, she had vanished into thin air! Everybody—bartender, taxi-driver, waiter, theater doorman—denied having seen him with her. All swore he had been alone!

Liberty has abridged this new and different mystery novel to one evening's reading time in

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Nestled in a striking design which occupied three fourths of the page was his own enlarged photographic likeness. Below, a gentleman in desert costume whose face much resembled that of the photograph was auctioning off a pair of pearl-clad beauties to an interested sheik. Across the page ran the block-print title: SAVANT AT GUILFOYLE RECALLS EXPERIENCE AS AFRICAN SLAVE TRADER.

Christopher roused himself. "But this is entirely misleading, Dr. Brink. Utterly garbled. Fourteen years ago, when leaving Timbuktu, I was obliged to purchase necessary porters for my expedition. At the conclusion of the trip they refused my offer to set them free and insisted on being sold to some one else." He added firmly, "That is my only experience in such a matter. There were only two of them and—ah—neither one was female."

President Brink's frown deepened. "Why did you feel obliged to mention these matters at all? You know my attitude toward unofficial interviews."

"But I—I had given the young man my word."

"And in the case today I suppose you gave your word also. Look."

Christopher stared unhappily at the first page of the sports section of the afternoon's Mail. It was all there, including photographs, plus a reproduction of the contract binding Henry Jackson, known as the Dixie Express, and Beecher Jones, known as the Dynamite Kid, to box ten rounds to a decision. For this the Express would receive five hundred dollars for winning and twenty-five dollars and expenses in case he lost. It was further stipulated that he was to fight under the exclusive management of Professor Varney Christopher of Guilfoyle University.

"I am delighted to learn," the professor was quoted, "that because of the USO angle the State Boxing Commission has given me a special license for tonight to act as manager and second. I will be in the corner of the Express and I confidently predict that my boy will win by a knockout."

The headlines ran: GUILFOYLE'S PROF. CHRISTOPHER STARTS FIGHT STABLE: SLAVE-SWAPPING SAVANT ACQUIRES DIXIE EXPRESS.

PRESIDENT BRINK leaned forward across the desk, crumpling the two newspaper pages in his right hand. "Have you or have you not stated that you will aid this colored boxer in his match tonight?"

Christopher caught his breath. He felt much the same sensation as once at Tel el Kebir when he had been temporarily engulfed in a sand slip. Already his standing at Guilfoyle was precarious. Since the removal of the theological seminary only two students had shown any interest in Hebrew and nobody at all had signed up for Arabic. His lecture course, Arabic Life and Letters, was, in campus language, "a pipe," patronized almost exclusively by bored athletes and wasters looking for easy credits.

"At the time, Dr. Brink, I labored under a slight misapprehension. But," he ended firmly, "I gave him my word."

The lantern jaw thrust forward. "If tomorrow's press does not carry your signed statement that in both these cases you have instituted libel suits against the Mail, if you do not publicly repudiate the report that you have promised aid of any sort to this blackamoor gladiator, then, Professor Christopher, you may consider your connection with Guilfoyle

(Continued on page 72)

EXCHANGE SHIP

By

MAX HILL

Former Chief of Bureau,
Associated Press, Tokyo

"Know your enemies," we are cautioned. In these columns two books have already appeared, giving Liberty readers an inside look at two enemies, Germany and Italy.

This book reveals our most bitter enemy, Japan. Here is the Japanese of today, the soldier, the politician, the civilian, the policeman — here are his works in the stories, true and authentic, of rape, murder, torture, and deliberate cruelty—here, too, is a gauge of his strength and weakness, of what we must fight — here is our enemy as he was known to a man who lived with him and whose business was to report his doings.

ABRIDGED TO ONE A Liberty BOOK EVENING'S READING TIME

I WAS going home—after almost seven months in a Japanese prison!

It was June 17, 1942. The Japanese had interned us on December 8, 1941—newspapermen, diplomats, missionaries, business men and their families—Americans of every description who happened to be in Japan on that fateful day.

Now we were to be exchanged for Japanese nationals who had been interned in the United States.

I had been Chief of Bureau of the Associated Press in Tokyo until war was declared. Then I was thrown into prison. In the eyes of the Japanese I became a convict, a man under sentence for sending stories "detrimental to Japan's diplomacy."

Seven months in a Japanese jail for being a newspaperman doing a newsman's job—while in my own country Japanese reporters were cozily interned in luxury hotels in West Virginia or New York. Then, taken from prison, I was given a mock trial, sentenced to eighteen months, and my sentence was suspended so that I could serve as an exchange prisoner.

But now, at last, I was aboard the Asama Maru—a ship I had known when she was one of the celebrated Nippon Yusen Kaisha line. She was a good ship, the Asama Maru. Or had been, before the war.

We were on our way! Nine hundred Americans, free of Japan at last! The tugs had already pulled the Asama around and headed her out to sea and we were on our own, churning through the murky bay toward the breakwater. The harbor was dotted with its usual assortment of freighters, battered and rusty but efficient. Several times we passed fishing boats, long and flat and low in the water and powered by charcoal engines. They had sails, too, all patched and some tattered.

The irregular *put-put* of the charcoal engine faded into the distance, and we kept a steady course out of the harbor, the grim little navy patrol boat with guns mounted fore and aft our only companion. This was the start.

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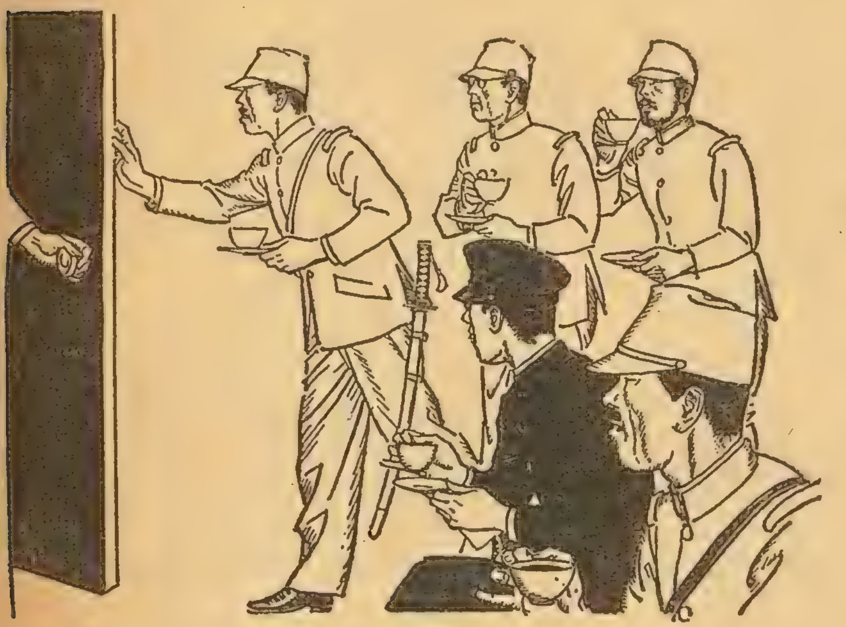
Ahead of us were 18,000 miles of travel at sea, three quarters of the world's circumference. We would touch four major continents—Asia, Africa, South America, and finally North America, our homeland.

Suddenly I was jerked from the future back to the present. We weren't moving as we had been. The Asama was just coasting. Ambassador Joseph Clark Grew, who had been pacing the deck behind us, puffing hard at his pipe, came up and joined us at the rail. His face was tight with worry.

"We're not sailing today," he said tersely. He made no attempt to explain.

The anchor chain rattled with an ominous finality. We had settled down, for some reason, to wait things out in the bay. Off to the portside the smokestacks of Kawasaki, the great industrial area between Yokohama and Tokyo, breathed thin but black clouds of smoke into the sky. Our constant companion, the patrol boat, kept vigilant watch to the starboard. We aren't out of the Japs' hands yet, I thought, and God help us if we ever go back.



That night, after dark, I went up on deck with Thomas Davis, who had worked for the National City Bank in Tokyo, and Charles E. ("Chief") Meyer, top man for Socony-Vacuum in all of Japan. We sprawled in chairs, talking over what had happened to us since December 8.

"Five gendarmes broke into my house at five in the morning," Tom said. "They had their pistols out, and I got a couple of pokes in the ribs."

Chief Meyer chuckled.

"They weren't quite that rough with me," he said. "There were five men, all right, but they were police and they just hustled me off to jail. Fact is, they didn't let me out until yesterday—that would be June sixteenth—and I didn't believe them when they yanked me out of the cell and told me to go to my house and pack; that I was going home. I still don't believe it. They might come on board any time and pull me off.

"I haven't been tried yet. You have. You have been sentenced to eighteen months in prison. They might come back and give me ten years. How can I know what they're going to do?"

Tom Davis broke in. "Ten years?" he said. "What's that? Why, one day they came to my cell in the Yokohama Kochisho and told me I would be executed the next day. I was to have my head cut off with a sword.

"I thought sure I was spending my last day on earth, but they didn't come around."

We sat quiet, looking at the yellow lights of Kawasaki, each of us deep in his own thoughts. Back behind those lights was the Sugamo prison, where I had been in solitary confinement for six months. It was easy to remember every detail of what happened that first day, December 8 (which was December 7 in the United States), minute by minute, and I went over it in my mind.

Back on that eighth day of December, 1941, war had come while I was asleep. I rolled over, only half awake, and dug deeper into the blankets, the way a sleepy person does in trying to dodge a disturbing noise. I buried my face in the pillow. The knock on the door had been faint and hesitating at first. It was firm now.

"Donna-san," my patient cook said, "Domei." Kin-san didn't sound surprised. Her voice was drowsy. She was used to telephone calls like this one from Domei, the Japanese News Agency. The jangle of the bell at any hour—midnight, or two in the morning, or at six, the present hour—was part of her routine. There was no escape. I had to answer the call.

I muttered irritably to myself about what sort of message Domei could have so early. The receiver was silent a measured moment, then a voice said:

"This is Domei, English Translation Department. We have sent the following telegram to New York for you: 'Imperial Headquarters announced at 6 A. M. that a state of war exists between the Anglo-American Powers and Japan in the far Pacific.' "

My astonishment rasped from my quickly dry throat. The Domei man waited. I kept repeating to myself, "It's come, it's come, it's come."

I thought, suddenly, This can't be right. I'd better check that call with Hagiwara. He runs Domei's cable desk and should know.

"Something very bad has happened," he said soberly.

Word of Pearl Harbor

YES, the information was correct. Also, he added, Domei had heard Pearl Harbor was being bombed. He wasn't trying any longer to conceal his excitement. Of course, he said, my message had been sent urgent rate, and so would all the others till I got there.

"I'll never make it," I said.

Japanese caution came to the surface.

"Why?" he asked doubtfully. "Are there—er—people waiting outside?" He wouldn't say police.

"Not yet, but it's a cinch they will be damn soon."

I had a cold, lost feeling. I called for my assistant.

"Joe!" I shouted. No answer. "Joe!" His rumpled bed was empty. Then I remembered. Joe Dynan had gone to a special Mass. The police had probably nabbed him at the compound entrance, the only way we had of getting in and out, where there was a police box, or *koban*. They had a twenty-four-hour watch on our arrivals and departures.

My thoughts couldn't have been more confused if I had made a deliberate effort to spill them out in disorder. Should I go to the office in the Dentsu Building? What good would that do? Communication with the United States certainly was cut off. Yet I've got to file what's happening in Tokyo to our New York office somehow. How?

What about the embassy? Probably double lines of soldiers there already. I might be able to crawl over the back wall. What about staying where I was? No. Domei's the best bet. They have the best chance of shoving copy through. There must be some sort of formal declaration of war, a rescript or edict from Emperor Hirohito, the stiff-legged little chap the Japanese revere. (We always used to call him "Charlie" in private.)

I started pulling on my clothes.

Bob Bellaire (United Press) and Max Stewart (Canadian Legation) lived next door. First of all, talk with them. Stewart had an automobile. We might be able to make the Dentsu Building in that.

I sprinted for their house, burst through the kitchen and past Yai-san, the cook, and the other sleepy, astonished servants just as the telephone started ringing.

"Wake up!" I shouted in the hall. "Bob—Max!"

I hammered on Bob's door.

"War's been declared!"

Bob's door swung open. Stewart came grumbling out of his bedroom.

"Quit your bloody fooling," he growled.

"It's war," I said more quietly.

Bellaire knew I wasn't, as Stewart put it, fooling. You don't go around making practical jokes about war.

Stewart, a blond hulk of a man, stood rubbing his hairy chest and arms.

"The bloody ——s," he said. "The bloody—"

"Let's get moving," I broke in. "The embassy's our best bet, if we can get inside. We can file from there, maybe, or at least keep in touch with Domei. I'll dress and be back in ten minutes."

At home I put in a call for Eugene Dooman, counselor of the embassy, at his residence, after I found the embassy switchboard dead. Kin-san, my cook, was caught up in the swirl of excitement. She chattered away at the operator in Japanese, vigorously demanding Dooman's number. I paced the corridor, drank coffee, did a thorough job of useless fretting.

My amah pattered in with more coffee. I gulped it down. Stewart called from the roadway outside.

"Seems to me," he said, "we'd better stay put till they come and get us."

Bellaire joined him.

"I've got a call in for Dooman," I said. "Let's see what he says." Stewart nodded.

"O. K.," Bob said. "Anyhow, I'm going to have breakfast first. We won't eat again until night, if then."

Kin-san's sharp arguing with the operator was the only sound until the doorbell rang, long and loud. It rang again. I bolted downstairs. Five solemn Japanese clustered around the entrance.

"Come in, gentlemen," I said. "I've been expecting you."

The leader, an owl-faced little fellow, looked at me suspiciously.

"We are policemen," he announced grandly, in the manner of one who has memorized words but doesn't know exactly what they mean.

I was polite in the best Japanese fashion. I bowed. None of them offered to shake hands.

"I know," I said, "I know. Come in."

They circled me with quiet authority, just to let me know who was boss. I backed into the living room without speaking. They followed me. The leader kept looking at me. I could almost see his brain working to form the words he wanted to speak. They took shape slowly.

"You are under arrest," he said haltingly.

I waited for him to continue, bowed with elaborate politeness, stalling for time.

"Sit down," I said, "and I'll order coffee."

The amah sidled into the room, summoned by the ring, but kept a cautious distance between herself and the officers.

"Katsu-san," I said, "coffee for the gentlemen."

We exchanged glances. She knew who the gentlemen were.

A Shout to the Embassy

THIS, I thought, is a strange way to play host. We waited in uneasy silence. The officers were as perplexed as I was. I didn't know what was coming. They did, but they weren't sure how to take the next step. After all, Dynan was supposed to be there to be taken in with me and he wasn't. That upset their routine, the detailed orders they had down on paper.

Katsu-san returned with a tray of steaming cups. Japanese express their appreciation of foods and liquids audibly, so the officers sipped the hot liquid in a series of swooshing sounds, polite to the last swish. There was no mistaking their pleasure. Coffee can't be bought in Japan; by law it's mostly browned and ground soybeans from Manchuria, a bitter and black stuff that tastes burnt no matter how expertly it is prepared. Only foreigners, with their small and jealously guarded hoards, had coffee.

"Pardon me," I said, still trying to mark time till Dooman's telephone call came through. "I'll order more."

Before any one could object, I was out in the corridor. The kitchen door swung open and Kin-san said:

"Dooman-san."

The officer in charge, later identified as Kawasaki-san, was at my elbow. He squeezed past me. I couldn't make a break for the phone. But I could shout. I did.

"I'll have to ask the police if I can talk with him," I called loudly.

I raised my voice to a bellow:

"War has been declared!"

Kawasaki was at the telephone, slight and agile. He grabbed the receiver from Kin-san, slapped one palm over the mouthpiece. He glared at her in perturbed silence. Telephone calls to the embassy weren't on the schedule either. He said sharply in Japanese:

"Tell Dooman-san [he knew quite well, naturally, who Mr. Dooman was] that Hill-san has left the house."

Kin-san understood. She obeyed orders. That whispering cluster of officers around her had more than one unpleasant way of making her pay for any attempt at loyalty to me.

Dooman's voice came back faintly in response to her inadequate explanation:

"I understand perfectly."

Well, I had got my message across to the embassy. They would at least know I was in prison. They might even be able to let my family and the AP know what had happened.

Kawasaki was becoming impatient.

"Eat your breakfast," he ordered.

I did. Then he and a slender, genial detective went out with me. The streets were quiet. Nobody seemed to know war had been declared. The buses were filled with people going to work. So were the streetcars.

We walked out of the compound and over a bridge where the subway went underground after leaving the Shibuya terminal. A three-car train rumbled past, bound for downtown Tokyo, so crowded that the men and women looked as though they had been wedged in by the expert knee of a platform attendant, just as they do after a subway guard goes to work on a Broadway-Seventh Avenue express in Times Square during rush hours.

They were the identical people they had been yesterday and the day before that and a week ago, but they looked different to me. Of course they were the same stolid complacent creatures, willing to accept the crumbs a war-hungry government gave them. But to me they had become the enemies whose ignorance had made such a war possible.

The Lock-up—and the Charge

THE Shibuya police station was swarming with officers; it was the time to change shifts. The men who were to be on duty at the compound koban were present. They ignored me. It wasn't any place to be seen speaking to a foreigner, even though you had been sneaking off duty day after day for months and slipping into his kitchen for a warming cup of coffee.

I was told to sit down. The one big radio station in Tokyo was on and an emphatic voice boomed announcements between short periods of martial music. The voice mentioned Pearl Harbor and Manila and Singapore. What, I asked, is happening? Several frowns were the only response.

It was midafternoon before Kawasaki and the other detective returned. They had gone to my house to search the premises. They led me off into a side room.

"We want to treat you as a gentleman," Kawasaki said. "You must tell us the truth."

I asked him what I was accused of.

"You are suspected of sending stories detrimental to Japan's diplomacy," he answered.

That was the best answer I could get. The charge made me a convict with an eighteen-month prison sentence hanging over my head.

The long winter afternoon dragged on toward twilight. Still no word as to what to do with me. The officers guarding me, especially Kawasaki, whose wife was ill, kept looking at their watches. They were impatient to get home.

Through the window, across a walled path, I could see a mother, her baby strapped to her back in Japanese fashion, preparing the evening meal, tidying her house so that it would be neat for the return of her husband. The lights of the city went on. War hadn't really come to Tokyo, I decided; the city was quiet and calm.

A siren whined; then another; and after that a full chorus of them from all sides. Air-raid wardens pedaled madly through the streets on bicycles, shouting frantic warnings into cardboard megaphones. Kawasaki g busy. He pulled a blackout curtain from a drawer and together we covered the window.

I thought, Thank God, the Russians are in this thing too, and they are raiding from Vladivostok. I hope they blast this place off the map. And I thought of my cook, Kin-san, who was in charge of the fire-prevention squad in the compound, and of her grotesque but efficient uniform, which I had paid for. Women in kimonos aren't of much use in fighting fires, but women in trousers and blouses and with their long black hair tucked securely under a cap can do the job, no matter how laugh-provoking their baggy and ill-fitting suits may be. Kin-san had bought the outfit in September.

That same day two buckets of water and two boxes of sand had been placed at the entrance to my home. They appeared on the streets too, in front of every shop and dwelling, and they were still there ready for use when we left in June.

But it wasn't a raid. The alarm on December 8 was only to prepare the Japanese for what might come.

Finally the messenger arrived with the papers on my case. We left the police station and went out on the street, where a charcoal-burning taxi was waiting for us. It had taken more than half an hour to find one. Even the police don't have motor transportation in wartime Tokyo. They walk, or ride the streetcars.

The street was black. The few shops still open had only a small light in the rear, one which wouldn't reflect on the sidewalk.

We drove four miles through the darkened streets. Not a word was said. Then we swung into a courtyard and stopped in front of a high cement wall. The driver flashed his lights on, then off again. Three times he did this. Kawasaki went over to a gate in the wall and rapped smartly. It budged an inch or two. He whispered to the man inside.

"Get out," he said to me.

A guard in uniform lighted our way with a flashlight, snapping it on and then off. We went along a board walk, stepping gingerly in the dark. Again we stopped, this time before a door, the upper half of which was frosted glass. You could see the shadows of the iron bars inside.

Kawasaki's delight with the surprise he had for me couldn't be concealed. He smiled arrogantly.

"See anybody you know?" he asked. I did. The room was filled with British and American men, some in their own clothes, some in the thin blue-cotton prison kimonos, and others with nothing more warming than their skins to protect them from the damp cold.

Jap Prison "Sanitation"

WE elbowed our way through the crowd, and I registered. Kawasaki handed me a prison robe and a pair of rice-straw prison zori.

"They want to examine your clothes," he said.

I went into a cubicle and undressed.

"Take a bath," Kawasaki ordered.

In an adjoining room I could hear other prisoners splashing in a Japanese bath. The water was covered with white scum; it looked like dirty dishwater. The water wasn't more than eighteen inches deep, but you couldn't see the bottom. I was chary about stepping in. A guard gave me a shove. A rough guess would be that at least fifty men had bathed in that water before I started to scrub off the dirt of the outside world.

I wasn't alone long. A Japanese joined me. It was Okuyama-san, whose job was the preparation of a translation service for all the foreign correspondents. He gave us stories out of the Japanese press.

I was startled.

"What in hell are you doing here?" I exclaimed.

A guard growled.

Only by his eyes did Okuyama give any sign of recognition. We left the tub and dried ourselves with prison towels about the size of a woman's handkerchief. We were off in a corner and I tried to speak again.

The same guard barked, "Da-me"—a vulgar Japanese expression meaning "bad." That was enough. I wasn't supposed to talk.

My chance meeting with Okuyama was the finishing touch. I had been trying for hours to convince Kawasaki and the others that my stories had been fair and factual. And here was Okuyama, who had done nothing more than translate articles in the vernacular press and deliver them to us in English. I accepted my plight with what I hoped was cavalier amusement. What chance did I have with a man like Okuyama in the same fix?

Back in the main room, where half a dozen men were being pawed over by zealous guards, I came upon Otto Tolischus of the New York Times, his stolid German face flaming with anger. We were only four or five feet from each other, but we couldn't speak. I smiled and winked at him. I wondered whether he even knew about the war; possibly the police had arrived at his home before he had a chance to receive his telephone call from Domei.

They were about ready to make me a number instead of a person. The papers and pencils I had in my pockets and my few articles of jewelry—a watch and a fountain pen—were on a long, unpainted table which ran through the center of the room.

I tried to get a receipt for my possessions. The guard grinned at me. The best I could make out of what he said was that I wouldn't need them for a long time, if ever, and to quit bothering him. He was right. I didn't need them for a long time.

Rations of Hatred

A YOUNG prisoner came up and sewed a tag on my coat. It had three Japanese characters on it. My number was happyaku-rokuju-mana-ban, or 867. Another prisoner shoved a battered and dented bowl of paper-thin aluminum into my hands. It was filled with rice and barley. On top was a small slice of yellow daicon, or pickled radish, the favorite food of millions of Japanese working-men. The smell—stink is the word I should use—is so offensive to a foreigner that he never becomes accustomed to it, even after sitting for months in streetcars next to people who carry a few slices around in their pockets to make their lunches more tasty. I received also a pair of chopsticks.

Kawasaki bowed.

"Sayronara," he said.

That means good-by.

I bowed too.

"Sayronara," I responded.

A guard jammed a prison hat of straw on my head. Another led me to my cell. I stumbled inside, lugging the prison blankets, my clothing, and the bowl of barley and rice. I dropped everything on the floor and looked around. It was just a bare space, about five and a half feet by nine, with a washbasin and a toilet. A light burned over my head, dropped down by a cord from the ceiling. I noticed there was no switch to turn it off. That light was meant to burn from sunset until dawn.

Several times during my stay in prison the current went off before the time we were ordered to bed. We brooded and wondered in silence. Not a single complaint could be heard, not even from the foreigners. In an American prison the inmates have no such docile attitude. But the Japanese and the harassed foreigners accepted what they got with no questions asked. We merely waited until the lights went on again. We didn't pound on the locked doors, nor did we howl indignant protests. Perhaps the simplest way to put it is this: Take what you get, be thankful you got that much, and like it.

Before slamming the door shut with an awful finality, the corridor guard had told me how I was to sleep on the tatami, according to Japanese custom.

"Lie under the light in the center of the room where I can watch you," he brusquely ordered in Japanese.

(Five days later an iron cot was brought into the cell and bolted to the floor. I knew then that my stay wasn't temporary; I was expected to be there for a long time.)

It had been cold in the corridor; it was colder in the cell. I still had my overcoat on. I spread my blankets on the rice-straw matting and tried to double myself up so that I would be entirely covered by the overcoat. Then, with the ceiling light glaring down into my eyes, I tried to sleep.

I heard a faint noise in the corridor. Then a voice, drenched in hatred, came through the peephole. It wasn't a human sound hardly; it was a hiss.

"American," it warned, "this is Japan."

After that, quiet.

Many times later I tried vainly to identify that voice. It might have been, and very probably was, the rude and peevish officer who stopped me some days afterward in the corridor. He was flat-nosed and of sallow complexion, a small chip-on-the-shoulder man.

He flipped up my rice-straw prison hat, stood looking at me with his hands on his hips in what was meant to be a swaggering attitude. I said nothing. Prisoners who talked out of turn were slapped and beaten.

Then, obviously repeating something he had learned by rote, he said like a parrot:

"Rosafelt is a son of a ——."

I jerked my hat down over my face again and returned to my cell. He stood in the corridor smirking, his arms still akimbo, the epitome of the hatred the Japanese have for the white man.

The police had completed their case against me on March 7. But it was May before we went through the formality of a trial, and I was then remanded back to another jail. It was June 2 before they marched me to the Sumire internment camp and told about the exchange ship.

The internment camp was comparative luxury. I had the freedom of the camp, which contrasted sharply with the five-and-a-half-by-nine cell. I had not been at the camp long, however, when I had another chance to learn how the Japanese work. Kikuchi, boss of the camp, sent for me to tell me that the Japanese Home Office was entertaining eight Americans at the Sanno Hotel in Tokyo.

The Home Office is the fountainhead of every domestic evil which exists in present-day Japan. It administers internal affairs, bullies foreigners its personnel doesn't happen to like, and keeps Japan's millions of ordinary subjects in a constant state of terror.

The Home Office had invited me to its luncheon.

I had no desire to go anywhere. I wanted to stay where I was. Kikuchi became annoyed. He didn't like to have guests refuse such cordial invitations. We stood in the entrance to the girls' school which had been turned into the internment camp.

"No," I insisted, shaking my head; "I've got things to do here. I'd rather not go."

Kikuchi persisted, explaining irritably that I was to be a guest of honor. Perhaps I'm not very quick to catch on. Anyhow, I still refused. The other guests, who had also been interned—Robert Bellaire, Joe Dynan, Otto Tolischus, Richard Tenelly, C. M. Crichton, Leo W. Chamberlain of the National City Bank, and the Rev. Dr. Theodore F. Walser, Presbyterian missionary—waited uneasily.

Bellaire nudged me.

"What the hell?" he said. "Why not?"

Kikuchi fumed at the delay. He had received orders to produce us. Probably it was deliver, or else. His thin sloping shoulders were taut under his worn gray coat. His eyes glittered their antagonism.

Home Office "Hospitality"

I ACCEPTED the invitation, not too graciously. The others had had no chance to refuse. We were taken in automobiles—all American-made—to the hotel.

Most of our hosts were Nisei (American-born Japanese) who had come to Japan to live. We sat around trying to make conversation for half an hour or so, and then one of them said:

"We are ready to show the pictures."

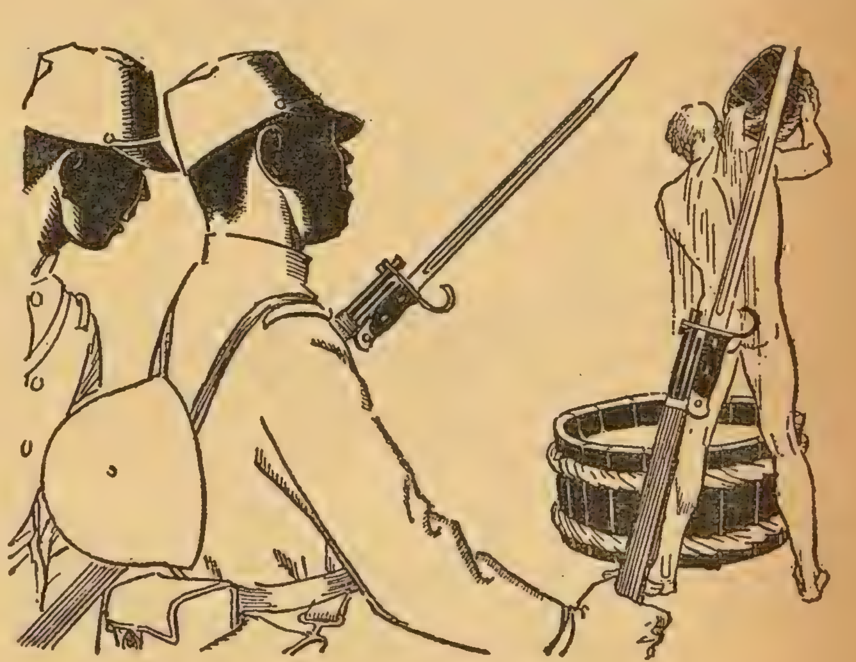
One of the dining rooms had been darkened and a motion-picture camera set up in the rear, with an emergency screen dropped from the ceiling. The newsreels weren't bad. They showed us the capture of Hong Kong, the campaign in the Netherlands East Indies, the surrender of Singapore, the fighting in the Philippines, battles at sea.

A Nisei sat beside each guest and translated the Japanese titles. It was the first real knowledge we had of the war. I was proud when they came to the pictures of the Philippines. Those soldiers, both the Americans and the Japanese, looked as though they had been through a fight. Afterward we had a glass of beer. Silence rather than conversation was the rule. Then we had lunch. It was better than I had eaten in months. The beef was tender and good; the potatoes well fried. Even the coffee tasted like coffee.

The chairman, who spoke just as good English as you or I, rapped for order. He made his remarks in Japanese. Another Nisei translated them into English. I merely will report what he said; you can decide for yourself what he had in mind.

"We have organized the East Asia War Relief Committee to aid American, British, and Canadian subjects who are destitute because of the war," he said. "You men are not in need, but you can help your destitute friends. Japan has no hostility toward Americans as individuals, and friendships will continue despite the war. This organization of ours is an example of how we feel.

"One of the main purposes of our group is to enable Americans to communicate with their families and friends. We want you to broadcast for us, and the messages will be sent to the United States by radio."



We had wondered what the microphones were doing on the table. I decided to object. I stood up.

"No," I said; "no, I won't do it. I was released from prison only yesterday and I'm not going to do anything like that which the police department doesn't O. K. first."

A monkey-faced Japanese sitting next to me turned savagely and informed me with emphasis:

"You don't need to ask the police. I will give you permission."

I still wouldn't broadcast. I didn't. Nor did Tolischus, Bellaire, or Dynan. The Rev. Dr. Theodore F. Walser did. He went out of the room and sat down at a desk and wrote his message, which he then read over the recording apparatus.

The broadcast was a flop. They had a statement from one missionary and a few casual remarks from three other people. Representatives of the big American news-gathering organizations were missing from the roll.

We might as well have been sitting in an icebox. The friendly stuff was out. Nisei and Japanese sat rigidly beside us. The chairman resumed his monologue.

"We know you Americans fortunate enough to be leaving on the first exchange ship are willing to do all you can to aid those who are left behind and who may not have funds," he said with the glib assurance of one who has memorized his words. Of course he had; they were written for him by the Home Office.

"Our relief organization [of which nobody had ever heard before] is trying to care for these Americans, Canadians, and British subjects. Those of you present can assist. We have arranged with the five English-language newspapers in Japan and the occupied areas to publish articles written by you. This will raise four thousand yen."

Bellaire scowled, looked at me across the table. We were in complete agreement, yet we hadn't said a word. Tolischus and Dynan joined in the exchange of angry glances. Bellaire stood up.

"I am sure," he said, "all those present will be glad to make up the sum of four thousand yen. We would prefer making the contribution in this way, rather than to write articles."

I already had my yen out of my pocket. There were eight of us on hand. A contribution of five hundred yen from each person would solve the problem.

The chairman stuttered an embarrassed explanation that this wouldn't be feasible. It wasn't our money that was wanted, he pointed out, but articles. The monkey-faced Japanese beside me sat in insolent silence, his face flushed. We then were told private rooms had been provided for us in the hotel so that we might take a bath.

The Nisei and Japanese attached themselves firmly to us, giving each guest an escort. In my room I found a shiny new American-made typewriter and a pad of paper. My companion departed to receive further instructions.

"Please to Write for Us—or Else!"

IN a few moments, while I was pacing back and forth in the room, just as I had done for months in my prison cell, Monkey-face bustled in, attended by two servile companions.

"You had better write," he warned, "if you want to go home."

I was given a choice of three subjects and said I would be glad to write all they wanted about one of them. It was: How have you been treated by the Japanese since the outbreak of war?

"I've been in prison," I said. "I can write the whole story of my arrest, trial, and conviction."

They took that subject away from me. That left two. I decided to write on the responsibilities of the United States, Great Britain, and Japan in the Pacific. I had already done that in an essay for the police; it would do no harm to repeat what I had already written.

It was four thirty in the afternoon when I finally returned to the lobby. Bellaire already was there.

"Did you write a story?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "after Monkey-face and a couple of his friends yanked me around the room by pulling on my necktie."

We went outside to wait for the Foreign Office and Home Office automobiles which were to return us to the internment camp, by this time a haven of refuge for all of us.

Dynan said, "They smacked me in the mouth. They knocked out a bridge. It was that Home Office guy."

I turned around. He stood only a few feet away, grinning at us. He understood, but he was so pleased at carrying out his assignment that what we said didn't matter.

Two of the men instrumental in arranging the luncheon and the bulldozing program afterward were the ones who brought me a farewell gift of propaganda pictures at Tokyo station as we left for Yokohama to sail on the Asama.

We had been more than a little puzzled when we read pro-Japanese statements from army officers in the Philippines and from internees in Shanghai and Hong Kong. We understood now. After we boarded the ship, so did Ambassador Grew and the State Department members. The luncheon disclosed the Japanese as believing that the end justifies the means; that they would gladly pose in a benevolent role like a relief organization to get what they wanted.

Should the soft approach fail, as it did in our case, force is the weapon, such as the threat that our names would be struck off the list of persons departing and we would be turned over to the gendarmes for trial on political charges.

As I sat on the deck of the boat that was to take us back to America, looking at the yellow lights of Kawasaki, my thoughts could not help but turn back to the recent history of our island enemy—how she came to power, how she joined the Axis.

Japan was an aggressor in the family of nations years before Hitler's dream of world conquest was anything more than sentences in a book. Her way of getting what she wanted, from the first, has been a resort to force. She knows no other weapon, and so to crush her—as we must if we are to keep our freedom—her military masters and her designing superpatriots, whose credo is hatred of the white race (including the Germans and Italians), must be liquidated.

I could go back forty years or more in tracing Japan's efforts to swallow all of Asia she could and digest it for her own good. I could start with the invasion of Manchuria a decade ago and Japan's subsequent and insolent withdrawal from the League of Nations when her aggression was challenged. I could trace the degradation of these people and of the Koreans at the hands of the Japanese until today their lives are shadowed by horror and death at every turn.

But there are two more recent, and more important, keystones in the arch of Japan's violence. First, the Tripartite Pact, which aligned her openly with Germany and Italy; second, her attempt to establish what she describes as the Co-Prosperity Sphere, the extent of which nobody knows, not even today.

The real turning point, however, in Japan's short history as a major Power came in March of 1941, I believe. It was then she decided to talk peace with the United States, on the one hand, and at the same time, should she fail to sell us her self-seeking policy in the Pacific, be ready for war. Many of the things I am writing here were learned in prison from officers who thought I would never leave Japan alive; therefore they talked freely.

Officer Okada was graduated from Northwestern University and returned to Japan, his pinched soul filled with enmity for the white race. He had a sulky, hard mouth, high cheekbones which made me think of an American Indian, and steady relentless eyes. One morning, a cold drab day it was, he put to me what is described in court as a leading question—that is to say, a question in which you suggest by inference the answer. (Perhaps I should quit talking about cold days in prison; all of them were cold; we had no heat in a climate comparable to Washington and Baltimore.)

Okada had been boasting about his conquests of American co-eds while in Northwestern. He had his purpose there, too. He was trying to get me to admit intimacy with any one of a number of Japanese girls; then he and his henchmen could bully the girl into telling them what we talked about.

Finally he changed the subject, turned to the business at hand.

"Of course you know," he said, "that before Kurusu-san went to Washington as a special envoy, President Roosevelt almost sent Murphy to Tokyo."

"Murphy?" I questioned.

"Yes, Justice Murphy of the Supreme Court."

"Oh," I said. "That's something I never heard of."

I never had, either, but I tucked the information away in my memory and let him ramble on. And a clergyman had come to Japan from America in the spring of 1941, he continued, to make a formal but unofficial inquiry into what could be done about patching up relations.

Inspector Takehara arrived at that moment and we turned to the business at hand; that of questioning me about the stories I had written. Subsequently I made casual inquiries and filled in more gaps. Then on the Asama I was able to complete the picture.

In March a select group in Premier Konoye's Cabinet decided it was time to convince the United States that Japan intended to mend her ways. The move had the devout backing of the business and financial communities, whose life really depended upon continuation of trade with North and South America. The first discussions were outside the formal realms of the State Department and the Foreign Office. I am sure Matsuoka didn't even know they had started, for he was in Europe talking with Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin at that time; besides, he and the army were the spigot from which Axis support flowed in Japan.

I do not know the circumstances under which the first talks were held; but Japanese in the United States cautiously conferred with Justice Murphy and Postmaster General Frank Walker. I have no doubt but that the gist of these conversations came to the attention of President Roosevelt.

Then, one day, Domei carried a brief item about an army officer, Colonel Takeo Iwakuro, obscure to us but actually almost a man Friday to War Minister Tojo, now premier. He was going, the announcement said, to the United States to become a special military adviser to Admiral Nomura, the ambassador. That was all. He carried assurances from General Tojo and Admiral Oikawa, the Navy Minister, that the military was willing to stand aside, even co-operate, while these preliminary discussions went on.

A slight spare Japanese named Tetsuma Hashimoto and two other members of an economic mission had just returned from the United States. Hashimoto is the leader of the Shiunso, a resolute right-wing group nurtured by the Black Dragon Society and the white-bearded patriarch, Mitsuru Toyama.

The Japs We Were "Babying"

CHUGAI, an industrial and business paper whose circulation and readers are comparable to the Wall Street Journal and its subscribers, printed a series of articles by Hashimoto in which he hinted at, rather than disclosed, the identity of the Americans he had talked with. At the time I wrote in an article for the Associated Press:

"It is not as though Hashimoto was a member of the Japan-America Society, a man friendly to the United States. Instead he directs the activities of the Shiunso, a bigoted right-wing group, and the mere fact that these articles are appearing in print, let alone being written, is a straw in the wind of what apparently is happening in Tokyo.

"Hashimoto spent many weeks touring the United States from coast to coast, and from north to south, as the leader of a three-man economic group. During the late months of 1940 and in the early part of 1941 the vernaculars have been beating the drums of antagonism. A significant change has taken place within the month, of which Hashimoto's analysis is typical."

What we didn't realize was that the Black Dragon Society and Toyama had made a thorough examination of conditions in America and had now reached a decision: it was to go ahead and talk with America, but at the same time prepare for war.

Toyama, backed by all the dreadful power of his secret organizations, undoubtedly conferred with Tojo and with other government officials, including Premier Konoye. He said, go ahead. That was when Colonel Iwakuro set out on his mission of deceit. He knew that with one ostensibly friendly hand extended the military were willing to talk. But the other and more important hand was busy with other things, such as diverting all possible men and supplies from Manchuria and China to the South Seas. It was a parallel program; that is, to talk peace and prepare for war. Japan wanted the tin and rubber and rice that were abundant there; so she faced south.

Matsuoka had come back from Moscow with a neutrality pact in his pocket, and with his customary arrogance he took full credit. Prior to his stop in Russia he had been in Berlin and Rome, and in Berlin it is certain he didn't get along well with Hitler. Matsuoka is a small man. Hitler surrounded him with an imposing retinue of six-foot soldiers. He may have been impressed by being made to resemble a dwarf, but he was offended too.

Besides, Hitler and Matsuoka had an unhappy conference which, through some loophole in Japanese censorship, was described by Colonel Nagai, a member of the party, in the Tokyo newspaper Asahi. Matsuoka as good as said Hitler was a madman who screamed and pounded with his clenched fist on a table to emphasize his demands. The Germans in Tokyo were furious, just as they were when Japanese newspapermen left Berlin on home leave and described the butter, the meat, and the bread they found in Russia. Was this, they demanded, the sort of thing an ally should print?

And might not the quarrel between Matsuoka and Hitler have been over when Japan should strike in the Pacific against the Anglo-American Powers? Hitler had his own ideas, but so did Japan; and she waited until she thought she was ready. As a special concession to foreign correspondents, Matsuoka scheduled a press conference when he returned. It was held in the official residence even before he reported to Emperor Hirohito and Premier Konoye—a move typical of Matsuoka's vanity.

Hitler's Offended Ape

WE crowded into a small anteroom and waited. Most of us were there before the hour set, five in the afternoon. At six we were still waiting. Matsuoka hurried in at six thirty, gray and tired but immaculate in formal attire, his tea-colored face drawn and drained of its usual color. He sat down and stiffly announced he could give us five minutes. The first question involved the United States and our complicated relations with Japan. Matsuoka wearily responded that this was in the realm of diplomacy: thus he could not answer.

One correspondent asked: "Does the neutrality pact with Russia mean that the Soviets now will withdraw troops from Siberia, reduce their strength in the Far East?"

Matsuoka bridled; he glared at the questioner, an American, and nervously fingered his gray-and-black-striped tie.

"That's something you should ask Stalin," he snapped.

He stood up. The conference was over. Matsuoka was on his way to have an audience with the emperor. Afterward he was to see Premier Konoye and report to him. But in the meantime he started nipping at a bottle of his favorite whisky.

He was, to put it charitably, on the tipsy side when he tried to outline his activities to the premier. Konoye, in anger, ordered him from the residence. But Matsuoka at least had arranged a temporary truce between Japan and her traditional enemy to the north, Russia. I once had a Japanese friend tell me:

"You Americans who have a continent to yourselves with friendly nations on the north and the south have no idea what it means to always have a bear clawing at your door."

Japan's pact with Russia was signed to help Japan, not Germany. I have been asked one question many times since I returned to the United States: When will Japan attack Russia? My answer has always been the same: that in my opinion she will strike when it is to her own selfish advantage. Germany can go whistling up a blind alley until the end of time for all Japan cares. She doesn't want Germany and Italy meddling in the Far East any more than she did other white men.

Japanese sources which usually had the right answer told me early in July that the Cabinet of Premier Prince Konoye would fall. What they didn't mention was the reason—the brash, loud, and too talkative Foreign Minister, Matsuoka, Hitler's henchman for the Orient.

A meeting of the Cabinet was hastily summoned. Matsuoka had a convenient cold, and stayed at home to sulk in his bed. But Konoye had Matsuoka's resignation as Foreign Minister safe in his pocket. Then the rest of the Cabinet stepped out. The emperor announced vaguely that this move would strengthen Japan's internal structure.

The resignation of the Cabinet was tantamount to Japan telling Germany that henceforth she was an equal partner in the Axis, not just a pawn to be shoved about by Hitler at his personal whim. But we didn't realize this until much later. We knew that the stanch nationalist, Baron Hiranuma, and Premier Prince Konoye were at odds with Matsuoka; that they were determined to get rid of him even if it meant the sacrifice of their own positions in the Cabinet; but we thought, also, that the time had come for a military dictatorship. We were three months ahead of schedule.

Konoye was to have another chance with a Foreign Minister who wasn't *persona non grata,* with good reason, to the United States.

The next day Konoye marched back into power along with Baron Hiranuma, General Tojo, and Admiral Oikawa. Matsuoka was conspicuous only by his absence, and in his place was Admiral Toyama, whose sole job was to talk the United States into swallowing Japan's program of aggression in Asia. Matsuoka's loose talk, suggested by Hitler during Matsuoka's spring visit to Berlin, that Japan considered the Tripartite Pact was an offensive instrument, had cost him his career. Konoye still preferred to believe it was defensive.

In prison Inspector Takehara questioned me at length about this Cabinet change. He knew about several phases of the situation which were new to me. One day, after long hours of serious questioning, he unbent and we sat for a few moments exchanging ideas.

"Did you know," he asked, "that Japan once was almost out of the Axis?"

I didn't know, and told him so.

"When was it?" I asked.

He didn't answer. He had decided he had told me too much already, and ordered me back to my cell for the night. But the time was mid-July, 1941, when Konoye grabbed Matsuoka by his diplomatic coat collar and shoved him into obscurity to puff on his pipes, reflect on his gardens, and write Japanese poetry. Two months later he tried to climb back on the stage when a fanatic attempted to assassinate Baron Hiranuma, his implacable enemy, but it was an abortive effort.

All Set—for Pearl Harbor

AT this point I want to give you a condensed picture of Japan as she was geared for war in the summer of 1941, since it was only a few days later that both the United States and Japan took the steps which brought about the war. They were Japan's unnecessary aggression in Indo-China; and the American and British freezing of all Japanese assets in retaliation.

Industry has been manipulated by the military of Japan on a totalitarian basis since February, 1941, when its satellites, with absolute control over the Diet, forced the National Mobilization Act down the throats of the few remaining liberals. There is no private industry in Japan. All industry is subject to the whims of the military. The government controls production.

This is a natural development in a newly industrialized country which had to funnel huge supplies into China to support an army of perhaps three quarters of a million men and put virtually everything else aside to prepare for a war with the United States.

For years Japan has been swapping nonessential products with the United States and other countries in the United Nations' front for scrap steel and other metals, oil and wool and cotton.

Men have been frozen into jobs where they are needed; they are not permitted to move about at will; and even in the case of basic industries the army and navy step in and take the men they want.

During the spring mobilization of 1941, the amah in my home told me she was going to leave. She was a young girl of about twenty whose parents lived on a farm in the interior of Japan.

"I am sorry to quit," she said, "but I must. I can make twice as much working in a munitions factory. Besides, my family has told the owner I will come to work for him."

It was just another indication of the decentralization of such industries—the plant was in her home village.

Never once during my stay was I permitted to get anywhere near an industrial plant, and many Americans who worked for manufacturing firms were virtual prisoners in their offices and never visited the operating divisions. They seldom knew the production figures of their own plants.

Some years ago an American aircraft firm sold the Japanese several planes for commercial use between Tokyo and Shanghai. The Japanese bought only a few of the planes because they knew they could steal the design and produce their own. The Japanese assembled the planes themselves, leaving the American engineers to their leisure and the pleasures of the then brighter city of Tokyo. An embarrassed Japanese paid them a visit one day, stammered his insincere apologies.

Something had gone wrong, he admitted, and they were needed at the factory. They rode in an automobile carrying a War Ministry tag to the plant outside of Tokyo, on the way to Yokohama. The driver looked about as much like a chauffeur as the average New York policeman.

Once there, they were surrounded by nervous Japanese and taken by a roundabout way to a separate building. A plane rested in the center of the room, covered with canvas. It was, of course, the plane the American engineers had brought to Japan in crates; identical with hundreds they had assembled at home. But they were not permitted to see their own plane and were forced to work blind through slits in the canvas to correct the trouble. Afterward they were thanked profusely and sent on their way.

Power Rationed, Silk Scrapped

ONE September morning in 1941 a supervisor for the electric company which supplies power in Tokyo paid me a visit. He counted the outlets, made some puzzling marks on a pad, and told me that henceforth I would not be permitted to use more than thirty yen worth of electricity a month. That would be about seven dollars in American money; but electricity was high in Japan and the amount of power could have been purchased for two dollars or less in the United States.

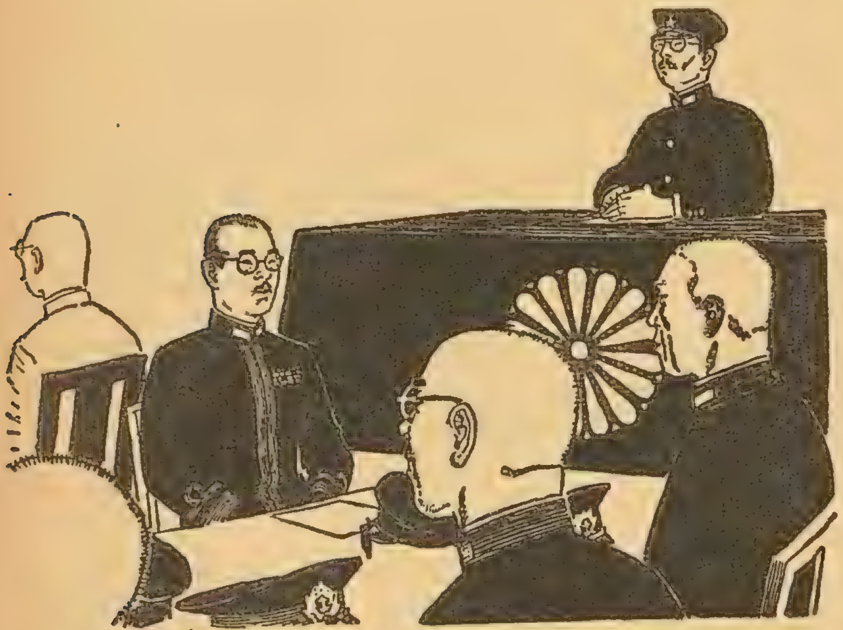
I was warned that if I used more than my allotment the company would send a man to pull the switch. He didn't mention that I wasn't supposed to toast bread for breakfast, use electricity for reading in bed late into the night, or play my phonograph more than necessary, because most of Japan's power comes from hydroelectric plants and the war industries were hungry for all they could get. They had first call.

Japan's once lucrative silk industry—she traded this luxury product for dollars to buy scrap and oil which today are taking American lives—is another example of the ruthless efficiency of the military. Huge plants were shut down by no more than a gruff and abrupt order; mulberry bushes, on which the silkworms fed, were ripped up by the roots on thousands of acres and the land turned to other and more important agricultural uses, such as growing potatoes to convert into industrial alcohol or to augment the dwindling supply of home-grown rice.

More than half of Japan's industry and shipping is in the hands of five great families, the best known of which are the Mitsui, Mitsubishi, and Sumitomo interests. We have nothing in the United States to compare to the extent and diversity of their holdings. The Mitsuis are bankers, owners of shipping lines which once had liners in every part of the world, builders of airplanes and automobiles and bicycles, and in control of many other great industries.

These profit-hungry clans, whose purses are fat from the poverty of millions of Japanese, may have opposed war with the United Nations at one time, but through the China Affair they had a taste of the quick profits which could come from conflict, and now their fingers are sticky with the wealth they hope to control in the South Seas. The army had a canny eye on their eventual co-operation from the start and wisely permitted them to make a profit on munitions and tanks and planes. Now the once liberal capitalists are marching down the same blood-drenched highway of aggression, goose-stepping in unison with the military.

The China Affair for five long years has been nothing but a headache and a heartache for the little man in Japan. It has been a constant chance to plunder and loot for the entrenched military. Once in China, a Japanese didn't want to come back; everything good in his homeland flowed in a steady stream into occupied China for his use. Besides, he had frequent opportunities for shady side deals with the Chinese. He was fighting them in public, but in private a few bribes would enable him to enjoy the company of a geisha girl more frequently; noisily swill his *sake* without thinking of the cost. The army found out early that it had a good thing in the China Affair; that is, for itself—the home folk had to grub all the harder and were reduced to a level of poverty they never before had known.



When a foreigner in Japan thinks of yen, he values his Japanese money on the basis of a dollar exchange rate. Each yen costs him less than twenty-five cents. But to the Japanese who works for yen each yen is worth the same amount as a dollar is to an American. Therefore, in speaking of the costs of necessities, I am going to stick to yen and not translate these values into dollars. It isn't a fair comparison.

You are a Japanese whose shabby suit has lasted to its final threadbare day. You must replace it, and the patriotic thing to do is to buy a national uniform. It will be made out of wool and cotton and sufu; it won't fit, and it will be an unpleasant yellow-green color, something like khaki. It will cost you between 100 and 150 yen, and probably the first time you have it cleaned the sufu will dissolve.

Your shoes, perhaps, are coming apart at the seams. Well, the shoe stores on the Ginza will be glad to sell you a pair made of whaleskin with paper soles for forty to fifty yen, but wait until the first time you wear them in the rain before thinking you have made a good buy! Oh, yes, and a pair of socks.

"Four yen, please," is the answer, and the sufu in them dissolves too after one or two washings.

If you have paused to turn to your dictionary to determine what sufu means, you haven't found out. There is no such word in English. It is a contraction of staple fiber, a wood-pulp product; every article of cotton or wool made in Japan for domestic use must contain 20 to 30 per cent of sufu.

The Japanese language, written and oral, is rigid. It has no flexibility. When the government turned to staple fiber as an adulterant, there were no words or sounds in their own language to fit the situation. The closest they could come to staple fiber was staperu fiberu. That eventually was contracted to sufu, and its derisive use extended to any product which wasn't honto, or honest.

Not all Japanese abide by the regulations; in fact, not all government officials. One day I was talking with a high-ranking member of the Foreign Office. He was more interested in his national uniform than in what we were talking about. Finally he told me how he had bought it.

"I went out on the black market," he explained, "and bought the cloth. Then I had it tailored. It hasn't any sufu in it. It's all wool."

He was patriotic enough to wear the national uniform, which cut down on tailoring and labor because of its simplicity, but he wasn't patriotic enough to accept cloth with sufu. Nor was the manufacturer. He had a slick trick to get around the government regulation which usually worked when tried with prudent palm-greasing of the inspectors. He was permitted, as were many others, to make good wool cloth for export. It was a simple thing for the machines to be slightly off every yard or so and thus do defective weaving.

The nonchalant inspector, one eye on his pocketbook and the other on the imperfections, which sometimes couldn't be detected without a magnifying glass, would refuse to pass the bolt for export. Tokyo's greedy black market has a use for it, including sale to government officials. That is how my official friend bought his non-sufu suiting.

Tightened Belts

FOOD is scarce in Japan, but don't be too encouraged by that. Man, woman, or child, a Japanese can and does get along on a bowl of rice and a scrap of fish day after day. What is more important, the average Japanese accept these meager meals without complaint. It isn't that they don't want more, but they realize that to have plenty they first must be satisfied with a little.

Feeding the family, keeping the children in clothes that won't dissolve in water because of the sufu, and at least taking some of the chill off of her home in winter are more than ordinarily depressing problems to the average Japanese housewife.

She must be well fortified with patience; she must meekly spend half her day in long lines that never seem to move to buy her ration of rice or doughy gray-colored bread—not both—her matches and her charcoal, her few tasteless vegetables sorted out of skimpy piles, and her small piece of fish, if she is lucky enough to be in line before the supply is gone.

In Japan there is enough, if not plenty, to keep the Japanese living on as much as they ever have been able to buy.

The reason housewives of Tokyo couldn't buy as much fish as before wasn't that there were fewer fish in the ocean; it was gasoline, which one violent right-wing leader described as "precious as a drop of blood" to Japan. The fishing boats, until they were converted into charcoal burners, used gasoline.

Ten miles from Tokyo piles of vegetables were rotting on the ground; but the army wouldn't permit transportation facilities and power to be used to move them into the city. The railroads were busy with men and munitions.

Japan's shortage of rice is due to other factors. First of all, the militarists believe in the old but proved theory that an army fights on its stomach. The men who are fighting get the native white polished rice. The people at home get a mixture of native and imported rice and oats or barley. They don't like it, but it is the best they can get.

But even more fundamental to the shortage is Japan's exhausted volcanic soil, which has been tilled intensively for two thousand years; it won't grow even weeds any more without fertilizer. Before the war the Japanese used two types, chemical and human.

It may be slightly revolting to an American to think that his own excrement fertilized the vegetables he would eat in Japan; but that is the case. This supply dwindles steadily as more and more soldiers move out of the empire proper to the fighting fronts. The two sources of was walking home from school with his niece, a complacent little girl of about twelve, his own age, when he became infuriated over something she did. He choked her, threw her down on the street, and then deliberately urinated on her, screaming his scorn.

Toyama is the heart that pumps lifeblood into all the many secret societies. He has been for sixty-five years. His many and varied organizations have taken the government by the nose, much as a farmer grasps the nose ring of an obstinate bull, and led it into the course he wished.

Toyama's power over his followers is absolute. This has been true since he first organized the Yoshisha, surrounding himself with men whose chief weapon was violence. After that, in 1879, he fostered the Gen-Yosha, an older secret society, which smoothed the way for the present Black Dragon Society. I may explain that Japanese secret societies are political tools, frequently employed for assassination, or any other crimes for which their leader finds them useful.

It will pay us to know the basic creed of the Gen-Yosha, for Toyama still works the same racket. First of all came veneration of the imperial family. That was the escape valve Toyama rigged up to prevent any change in Japan's form of government. The emperor could be controlled; he always had been. After that came loyalty to the empire.

Toyama has never been the head of anything officially. He is a realist. The ten thousand eager young men who hurried into the ranks of the Gen-Yosha once demanded that he become its president. He scoffed at them. He preferred to tell the president what to do. Through the secret societies, to which army and navy men are eager adherents, Toyama exerts his control. Tojo is one of his "young men"—trained early by Toyama for what he knew lay ahead.

The secret societies form the rope to the noose which strangles Japan; the army and navy are the noose itself. The secret societies are now in the open. Their undercover work is done.

Tojo, Lone Wolf—and Rabid

PREMIER GENERAL TOJO, the lone wolf of the Japanese Army, is trying to run a one-man show. He is not only premier; he is War Minister and Home Minister too, and after the recent resignation of Foreign Minister Togo he took over his duties.

There is no precedent in Japan for Hideki Tojo. He has concentrated all military, civil, and diplomatic powers within his own hands, and his drawn scowling face is the trade-mark of the Japan we must destroy with methods as ruthless as their own or suffer a bondage worse than that endured by the Jews in Egypt.

We talk glibly of madmen in Europe—Hitler and Mussolini. The real fanatics of this world rule Japan. Hitler delegates his powers and active control of the Gestapo to Himmler. Tojo doesn't. He wouldn't deprive himself of the sadistic pleasure of watching his victims writhe under the torture he personally supervises.

Earlier in his career he was commander of the gendarmerie headquarters, the Japanese Gestapo. Then he became head of the military police of the Kwantung Army, and his agents made copious notes on what happened in every bar and brothel. Tojo is an astute judge of men; he has picked his commanders carefully, and there is little he doesn't know personally about their ability and personal habits. He didn't spend hours reading the secret files in gendarmerie headquarters for nothing.

The efficient military machine Tojo directs is not complex, nor is it burdened with unnecessary red tape in making decisions. That was an important factor in the swift Japanese thrusts in the early days of the war.

At the top is the Supreme War Council, of which Emperor Hirohito is chairman. It meets in the palace, and the emperor sits alone and aloof at a table in the front of the room. The table is on a dais; thus he looks down, as vays, on his subjects. Before him are two tables, separated by an aisle. The admirals gather at one; the generals at the other.

Despite the legend that the only man in Japan who is privileged to sit in the imperial presence is Prince Konoye, members of the Supreme War Council always sit. They place their blue and khaki caps in front of them on the tables with pompous dignity.

They make the decisions; the emperor announces them. Tojo, as War Minister, and Admiral Shimada, as Navy Minister, are members, and the chiefs of staff, General Sugiyama and Admiral Nagano.

Even though most of the emperor's motions are automatic, he is a salutary influence, and hints of discipline by him have brought many a recalcitrant general and admiral back into line.

The membership of the council changes. For instance, if Admiral Yamamoto, who is credited with planning the major part of the attack on Pearl Harbor, was in Tokyo he would sit at the sessions; but he is at sea with the fleet. Therefore, for the moment he is not a member. Admiral Yamamoto some years ago awakened the Japanese Navy to the importance of aircraft. He did not discount the value of cruisers and battleships. He said:

"Many ants can kill a scorpion."

Admiral Suetsugu, the Fascist-minded sponsor of Japan's submarine fleet, is another council member.

The Kwantung generals dominate the army table—Nishio, Doihara, who commands the air arm of the army, and Itagaki.

Presumably Prince Higashikuni, a member of the imperial family who recently took command of Home Defense, also attends the sessions.

Blind Obedience vs. Initiative

JAPAN has two high commands with separate headquarters, one for the army and one for the navy. She has no air force under its own officers. The army has an air wing; so does the navy. Yet seldom do we hear rumbles of discontent and bickering over a division of authority such as have prevailed in the United States for the last several months.

Why?

Because the Supreme War Council irons out any differences of opinion or troubles between the commands or at imperial headquarters, and its decision is final and made inviolate by the mystic power of Emperor Hirohito.

The army and navy have a precise routine for their operations and there is no chance for confusion. In establishing a beachhead, the navy runs the show until the soldiers actually have landed; then the army takes over.

I said there is no chance for confusion. That is too broad a statement. The Japanese have a tremendous capacity for detail. They study and plot their maneuvers with the patience of a chess player; but many competent military observers believe her forces must operate from a blueprint, and that in the future they may not be able to cope with the varied emergency situations which are sure to arise.

Both officers and men are trained to obey; not to question. This is an advantage in a surprise attack which comes off on schedule, or in a mass assault against weakly held points, such as Hong Kong and Malaya. But initiative, so vital in an unexpected crisis, must be smothered in a training grind of this type. The rut of blind obedience has its drawbacks.

Perhaps the most encouraging part of the mid-November communiqué of the United States Navy of the sea battle off the Solomon Islands was this:

"As they [the Japanese] approached the bombardment area they were engaged by units of our fleet, and the ensuing battle was fought at close range. . . . During this furious night engagement the Japanese seemed confused, and during the latter part of the battle two of the three Japanese groups were firing at each other."

Military and naval attachés of many nations who have been stationed in Japan have long insisted Japanese forces would bog down once they met with unexpected resistance and couldn't follow the routine prepared for them in advance; but until recently there has been little indication that their diagnosis was correct.

These, then, were the reminiscences of Japan as I had known her that filled my mind as I sat on the deck of the Asama Maru, baking in the sun in Yokohama harbor.

The ship lay at anchor for a week. Then she set her course for Hong Kong, a four days' journey.

Four days later we dropped anchor several miles off Hong Kong. Men of a past era spoke of Calcutta as the hellhole of the Orient. We have a new one now—Hong Kong. A launch captured from the British, its polished brass shining in the sun, drew up alongside and a score of Japanese gendarmes and army officers clambered stiffly up the ladder.

They were still conferring with the captain when a faded old green-and-white ferry, the paint peeling from its sides, put out from the Stanley Internment Camp. It was one of the Kowloon ferries which once plied between Hong Kong and the mainland, and was so heavily loaded she might have capsized had the sea suddenly become rough.

The Hell That Was Hong Kong

MEN and women who were mostly skin and bone straggled onto the Asama. I was looking for Vaughn Meisling, who was correspondent for the Associated Press in Hong Kong. Meisling is a tall sandy-haired chap. I found him. He was stooped, and so weak he could hardly walk.

"I'll show you your cabin," I said.

He shook his head.

"I'll have to sit down and rest first," he said. "I'm afraid I can't make it. You see, I've had dysentery twice and beriberi."

We sat in deck chairs and watched the rest of the deportees come aboard. Stanley Healey passed—a once husky Irishman whom I had known in Yokohama. He was a skeleton.

"What happened after Hong Kong surrendered?" I asked Meisling.

"They wanted to humiliate us," he said, "and they rubbed it in. They marched us through the streets and locked us up in the cheap Chinese brothels. Sixty of us—men, women, and children—had one toilet. We used to line up in the morning and wait our turn.

"We were there seventeen days. Some of us got bunks built for opium smokers, others slept on the floor, and the rest crawled into the cubicles where the women had carried on their business. There were no windows in most of the rooms. The Japanese guards wouldn't let us turn the lights on.

"For thirty hours we didn't have any food. Then we got some rice. The Chinese servants stole all they could. The Japanese didn't guard the hotel themselves. They let turncoat Indians do that job. They marched up and down in front of the locked doors twenty-four hours a day. I'll tell you about Stanley later. It wasn't much better. I'm strong enough now, I guess, to go on to my cabin."

Several of us suggested that we weren't out of Japan's cage yet, and that until we sailed from Singapore and were in the Indian Ocean we could be yanked off the Asama at any time the Japanese army or navy felt in the mood. All of us had crammed our memories with facts, but had put nothing down on paper. We agreed it would not be wise to take notes until we left Singapore behind; then we would go to work.

The next morning Repulse Bay was a heat trap; the steerage cabins became oversized ovens, and no wonder, for we were near the equator, where the only kind of weather is hot. The decks weren't much better, but at least the air didn't smell of dirty clothes and of men who couldn't wash because there wasn't any water. In our cabin we had arrived at a temporary solution of the water problem by drenching ourselves with a cheap bay rum which we bought in the steerage barbershop.

I was born in Colorado and I have visited the ghost towns of the West, Creede and Central City and others. They were villages abandoned after a brief, if spectacular, boom. Hong Kong is on its way toward becoming the greatest ghost city of modern times. The Riviera of the Orient is a city of empty streets where famine and pestilence have forced thousands of starving Chinese to become cannibals.

Hong Kong was a stopgap city. It couldn't be defended for long and was doomed from the start, but Japanese troops in action there were not available for other offensives in the Orient. Even so, the surrender of the crown colony after eighteen days of fighting was at least two weeks ahead of Japan's timetable of conquest.

A major factor was the failure of some of the Indian troops to fight. They had been corrupted long before by Japanese money and Japanese guile. The Canadian troops, brave lads all of them and the last to surrender, were inexperienced and all their equipment hadn't arrived when the war started.

Hong Kong's place in the peacetime scheme of things was as a commercial city. The Japanese now hold it for its strategic value. Hong Kong is a garrison for troops and not a center for trade. The Japanese are realists. The quickest way to get rid of the million and a half Chinese in the city was to cut off their supply of foodstuffs, which was brought from the interior of China via Kowloon.

The starving of these helpless people is deliberate; it has turned many of them into cannibals, and the flesh of children whose parents sold them in the open market has kept many a gaunt Chinese alive. Five hundred thousand Chinese already have fled from this city of death; the remaining million exist on starvation rations of rice which costs them the equivalent of thirty cents in American money per pound, eight times the normal price.

The Japanese are determined to drive those still there, and who don't die of hunger, out of the city and into the country districts of Kwangtung, Kwangsi, and Fukien. No famine or flood in China has ever approached the man-made destruction of the Japanese in Hong Kong.

American and British civilians imprisoned in the vermin-infested brothels left the cockroaches and lice behind late in January to move in with the mosquitoes on Stanley Peninsula. They were marched through the streets by grinning Japanese gendarmes.

Stanley Prison had been badly bombed by the Japanese before the surrender of the city. The buildings, originally built to house the guards, were largely without furniture, bed, bedding, chairs, cooking utensils, and dishes. There were no screens on the windows. Mosquitoes had a free run.

The internees built emergency stoves and burned pieces of wood from fences, sheds, and even furniture to heat their scanty food. For the most part they ate out of tin cans with wooden forks whittled from sticks. The floors were cement. For many days there were no beds or cots; it was a case of roll up in a blanket and sleep there or lean against a cold wall and doze standing up.

Rations issued by the Japanese, chiefly polished rice, were never adequate, and beriberi, pellagra, and other malnutrition diseases, as well as dysentery, enteritis, and malaria, plagued the colony of 400 Americans and 2,500 British subjects. The only barrier a mosquito had to a feast of human blood was the victim's own skin.

Those "Civilized" Japanese

THE Japanese would like the world to think of them as civilized men and women (they aren't; it's just another phase of their inferiority complex), and Tokyo has been dancing around indignantly, trying to deny the unadorned and simple truth of their mistreatment of foreigners. I have had a personal experience with that, and I hope you won't mind if I digress for a moment.

Since returning to New York I have seen Tokyo shortwave broadcasts in English in which Bob Bellaire and I are quoted as having said several months before leaving Japan that the United States should quit fighting Japan, that we were treated with utmost courtesy and had no complaints. Well, they are lies.

Bellaire was locked up in an internment camp and never gave an interview. I was a prisoner in a solitary cell five and a half feet by nine. The Japanese I saw were far more interested in proving I was a spy than in getting statements on how well they were treating me. The only thing that could be misconstrued as "an interview" was the bungling attempt of the Home Office to get a story—about which I told you earlier.

Not far from Stanley Camp was the retreat of th Maryknoll fathers, a Catholic organization. They wer reserved, and it was difficult to get them to talk abou their experiences, especially on what happened to ther

Christmas Day. I had spent a long time with one of them, sitting on the aft deck trying to substitute tan for prison pallor, and all he would talk about was conditions in the camp. Finally he said:

"You can't use my name. The Church doesn't permit it. But this is what happened Christmas Day. Japanese troops swarmed in early in the morning. We had put sandbags around the buildings because there were so many air raids. They didn't like that. It made them suspicious.

"I guess there were about thirty priests. Several British and Canadian soldiers had taken refuge with us. They didn't like that either. It made them all the more suspicious. The Japanese soldiers went through every room. They didn't miss much. They took our watches and things like that, but they missed one. I'll tell you about that later.

"Our resthouse and language school is a big red-brick place with a green-tile roof. It is high up on the hill just back of Stanley Camp. Most of us were sitting around in the hall downstairs. We didn't expect it to be a very happy or festive Christmas.

"Death Gully"

"THEY came in and looked around at the furniture—plain old colonial-type stuff—and the Oriental rugs. One of the soldiers spoke a little English.

"'Take off robes,' he demanded.

"We did. Some of us had cassocks, others wore Chinese robes. Early in the afternoon they ordered us outside and tied us into line. It was a sunny day. Hong Kong is so far south it never snows, you know. They put the soldiers up in front. We walked down a red-clay road and into a gully. Ever since we've called it Death Gully. The grass was dry and brown with just a touch of green here and there.

"The slopes were covered with scrub pine. We could look up the gentle slope and see the blue sky and the sun up above us. We never thought we would leave that gully alive.

"There weren't many soldiers, but there were enough. 'Get over there and stand still,' one of them ordered.

"Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, a tall, well set man with a smooth-shaven face and ruddy complexion and thin gray hair, was solemnly intoning a general absolution.

"His voice was low and steady. All of us were prepared to die.

"One of the Japanese soldiers had a portable radio set on his back. It must have been both sending and receiving. He kept tinkering with it. Some of the British and Canadian soldiers were led off up the gully ahead of us. We didn't see them again. The Japanese came back wiping blood off of their bayonets. I could still hear Bishop O'Gara repeating the absolution. I crossed myself.

"None of us really knows why the Japanese changed their minds. It must have been some message received on the radio set. We were still tied in groups of five or six. They didn't kill us. They marched us back to the house of a Chinese near the resthouse. It was a low concrete building with a one-car garage at the side.

"We were all shoved in there. It had a concrete floor. We were still tied together. We stayed there that way for three days. The door was locked and the guards never came inside. We didn't have a toilet. We decided they were going to starve us to death. You remember the watch I mentioned? That watch purchased a canteen of water. I think it was the second or third day. The man who had it was able to bribe a guard.

"The fourth day we were given a piece of hardtack and a can of condensed milk. They finally had decided we were priests and not soldiers."

The priest rubbed his wrists. I looked at them. They were still scarred, and always will be, from the rope.

"Even now I wake up and hear the dying screams of those soldiers. I'm glad it happened around a bend where I couldn't see them die."

But there was only one person among all the people returning who actually saw men bayoneted. I didn't talk with her until days later, but her story should be told here. I rapped on the door of Eugene Dooman's cabin one morning. I wanted to talk with him about a story on life in the embassy in Tokyo during the internment.

"Come in," he called.

Dooman had a small inside cabin without a porthole. A stocky girl with a plain broad face was sitting cross-legged on the bed. She was smoking a cigarette in a long holder. Her skirt hit just above her knees and I couldn't help noticing her legs. They were heavy strong legs with nothing streamlined about them, built to stand on and work and fight. Dooman sat across the tiny smoke-filled cabin in a chair, smoking a cigarette too.

"Max," he said, "I want you to meet Miss Scott. She has been telling me about what happened to her in Hong Kong."

I sat down on the bunk beside her. The most comfortable way to sit was cross-legged, just as she was, and lean back against the wall. That was what I did.

"I want you to hear Miss Scott's story," Dooman said. "She is the only person on this boat who actually saw the Japanese bayoneting unarmed men."

"Nothing much happened to me," she said carelessly. She really meant it. She is that sort of person. She is tough, in the clean hard sense of that word. "But I do want to go back and cut the hearts out of some of those little yellow ——s for what they did."

Dooman was embarrassed. "She really isn't that rough," he explained.

Miss Scott was a nurse. She also was an ambulance driver. And I hope our army has more nurses like her.

"I was at a first-aid post," she said. "We were working day and night and catching naps between jobs. I'm not going to tell you exactly where the post was. It might get other people in trouble.

"Shells had been dropping all around us. On the morning of the nineteenth—that was six days before Hong Kong surrendered—the shelling suddenly stopped. A Chinese ran in to tell us the Japs were coming. They didn't take long to get there. In a few minutes the building was surrounded by twenty Jap soldiers.

"They came inside. They marched us outside. They stripped the army men there with us and made them take off their shoes, socks, and tunics. I don't think they missed anything in the search. They pushed our Chinese nurses and a Chinese doctor off into a separate group.

"There was another woman with me. We had been working so hard for days and sleeping in our clothes, we must have looked like hell. It didn't matter much what you looked like. A man with a bullet in his guts isn't looking for rouge. He wants some help. They lined everybody up in front of a wall outside. We stood there for an hour with our arms over our heads. You didn't let your arms get tired, either. Either you kept them straight and high, or some Jap was poking a bayonet in your ribs.

"A couple of Jap soldiers asked me how old I was. I told them—thirty-nine. I understand some Japanese. They laughed and jabbered among themselves. I could figure out what they were talking about. They kept looking at the Chinese nurses all the time. They thought we were too old for what they wanted.

"The ——s, the dirty ——s!

"We were still lined up against the wall. They started working on a machine gun, fiddling with the clips and making sure it was in order. These soldiers were Kyushu Island Japs, the worst of the lot. I had a hard time making out what they said.

"Then a major came around. They were all privates, and on their own before that. He stopped them.

"'Come with me,' he ordered.

"He was speaking to us two women. The eight Canadian soldiers and ten ambulance corpsmen were kept behind us and guarded by the soldiers who had come up in the first place. They walked us off down a road. We could see the scared Chinese peeking out at us from windows and from around corners.

Butchery as a Nurse Saw It

"WE hadn't gone far before the Japs turned the men off toward one side. We kept on walking toward a fort. We could see the men climbing a hill, slipping on the grass but going right on ahead. The party stopped. Captain Banfield was taken on alone and over the top of the hill.

"The men stood around. I guess they were talking about what was going to happen to them. The Japs started running them through with bayonets. They were killing them from the rear. All of a sudden snipers started shooting at us. We ducked behind a bank and tried to crawl right into the ground. I could still see what was happening up on the hill.

"Some of our men tried to fight back. They didn't have any weapons, just their hands. That didn't do much good. The Japs shot everybody who tried to run. Dr. Orloff was one who ran. He was shot in the back. Another doctor jumped over a cliff. Later I heard he got away after remaining all crumpled like dead for twenty-four hours.

"We were about two hundred yards away. After it was over the Japs came back, cleaning the blood off their bayonets. We went on to the fort. There were a couple of nurses there already.

"One of the girls was a nurse from the Jockey Club. It had been turned into an emergency hospital. There were about sixteen nurses out there. The Japs tore off their uniforms and threw them down on hospital cots and on the floor. They started out early in the morning. They didn't release them until dawn the next day."

Miss Scott didn't have to say anything more. Her eyes were pin points of hatred. She put out her cigarette with hard angry jabs.

And I had thought *I* knew what terror was.

(Because of certain circumstances in the case I have given this woman a pseudonym.)

One of the things we did on the ship was to compile a chart of what happened to our newspaper correspondents in Japan and conquered territories while Japanese correspondents in America were playing tennis, gorging themselves with food, and enjoying movies.

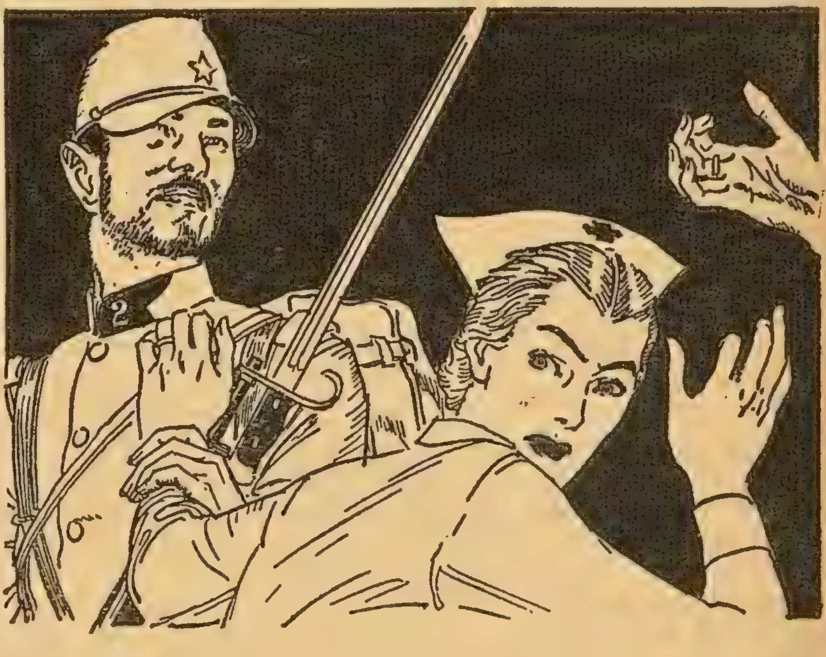
The list is alphabetical:

Name	*Place*	*Imprisoned or Interned*	*Sentence*
Joseph Alsop	Hong Kong	Interned	
Phyllis Argall	Tokyo	Prison	18 months
George Baxter	Hong Kong	Interned	
Robert Bellaire	Tokyo	Interned	
Jasper Bellinger*	Yokohama	Interned	
C. M. Crichton	Tokyo	Interned	
Ray Cromley	Tokyo	Prison	18 months
Gwen Dew	Hong Kong	Interned	
Max Hill	Tokyo	Prison	18 months
Vaughn Meisling	Hong Kong	Interned	
Relman Morin	Saigon	Interned	
Richard Tenelly	Tokyo	Prison	18 months
Otto Tolischus	Tokyo	Prison	18 months
Percy Whiteing	Tokyo	Prison	18 months
W. R. Wills	Tokyo	Prison	2 years

*Bellinger was in prison at Yokohama part of the time.

I deplore the animal brutality of the Japanese—but we won't ever lick them with kindness. We've got to forget the pat-the-dog-on-the-head-and-be-nice-to-him stuff we were taught in school and be tougher than they are. They understand the language of a bayonet, not soft words.

The Indian Ocean finally ran out of water for us to cross. We were so far south of the equator it was early spring, not summer. Lightweight suits were comfortable again. Just after dawn on the morning of July 23, a Portuguese pilot came aboard to guide us into Lourenço Marques harbor, where we were to be transferred to the Gripsholm for the rest of our journey home. The Gripsholm, which had brought the Japanese who were to be exchanged for us, was already there.



The actual exchange of passengers was a simple thing. We had thought it would be complicated with the neutral governments—Switzerland for the United States and Spain for Japan—having representatives at desks who would check off name against name. Instead, the passengers merely walked down the gangplank of the Asama and up that of the Gripsholm.

Ambassador Grew and Admiral Nomura already had been exchanged. Most of the Americans and the Japanese didn't see each other. We were to pass on opposite sides of the flatcars the Negroes had laboriously pushed into place on the tracks. But Grew and Nomura almost brushed shoulders. They nodded with severe formality.

"I received a message later saying Admiral Nomura wished to talk with me," Ambassador Grew said. "I didn't respond. I had nothing to say to him."

After the ceremony of exchanging the ranking diplomats had been observed, the rest of us stepped on the free soil of Portugal for the first time. I went up the gangplank, dropped my luggage on the deck of the Gripsholm, and returned to the wharf. For the first time in two years I didn't have to think about a Japanese policeman snooping at my heels. It was a good feeling.

No meal will ever taste better than the cold buffet lunch served us at noon on the Gripsholm. We wouldn't have been hard to please, but the stewards spruced themselves up in starched white coats and put on a parade. There were big plates of white bread, soft and tasty, not gray and tough; bowls heaped with fresh butter; tender and rare roast beef; chunks of cheese and bottles of beer, and ham from pigs that hadn't been fattened on fish; mounds of potato salad glistening with oil and mayonnaise.

You have seen audiences in theaters rise and with spontaneous enthusiasm cheer and applaud a fine performance by an actor or a singer. Those stewards, with their platters and trays, received that sort of welcome as with accurate toes they pushed open the swinging doors which shut off the kitchen and deposited the tempting array of foods before us on tables.

After packing away my share, I left the ship and walked down the wharf past sweating Negroes working with cargo for freighters and went on into the town.

The Japanese had a two-day start on us in buying clothing and food and books. I tried to find a dictionary, and finally located the last one in Lourenço Marques at an obscure shop near the water front. You may wonder why the Japanese would strip the town of dictionaries. It is because none of the conquered peoples of Asia understand Japanese, and the only language in which they can issue their commands is English.

The Japanese from the Gripsholm were everywhere, scampering around the town in their new American clothes and American shoes and wearing out the leather they can't replace when they get home; but if I know them, they had at least a ton of unattached soles packed away in their luggage. They flattened their pocketbooks and every time they returned to their ships they were loaded down with packages, and many had a half-naked Negro boy trotting behind with additional supplies.

But that was nothing compared to what the Japanese brought with them from the United States. They had sewing machines, metal filing cabinets, typewriters, cameras, electric refrigerators, and phonographs.

"They wouldn't even let me bring my own machine from my home," Ernest Vest said. He had been the Singer representative in Yokohama for many years.

"I tried for two years to buy a metal filing cabinet for the office in Tokyo," I said.

"Only reporters brought their typewriters along," Joe Dynan added. "They were on the prohibited list. And try and get a camera with a good lens out of Japan!"

Ton after ton of possessions which would make their Japanese owners the envy of all of Japan was shifted from the Gripsholm into the holds of the Asama.

A Japanese Diet of Worms

THE Asama was far out in the Indian Ocean, a day's voyage ahead of us, before the Gripsholm sailed on July 29 for Rio de Janeiro, almost two weeks away across the South Atlantic Ocean. The harbor and Delagoa Bay were still crowded with freighters and tankers of the United Nations, some newly arrived, and others which had been waiting for a week for us to get out of the way.

The old intimacy of the Asama was gone. We had been lifted out of the hardships of our equivalent of a backwoods village at sea into a floating hotel where we could have movies, entertainments, dances, bars, magazines and newspapers only two months old, swimming pools and, above all, freedom of speech. On the Asama, I think I saw every passenger at least once a day somewhere on the ship. There were few places for us to go, and not many decks. In the past the Asama had a utilitarian purpose besides serving as a passenger liner. She was honeycombed with huge vaults in which silk was stored for fast transit to the United States. These vaults were waste space on our voyage, except for a few corners piled with delicacies from looted cities for the delight of the returning Japanese. None of it, of course, had been served to us, though the Japanese on the Gripsholm had been given the same kind of food that we had been served on our first meal aboard.

A typical meal for the steerage passengers on the Asama was the breakfast we had on the first morning. And that wasn't too bad compared to the food in prison. We began with oatmeal, but something was wrong with it.

"Try salt," I was advised.

I did. It wasn't much better.

Then, from across the table, a man gasped:

"Look at the dead worms!"

Sure enough, it was filled with grubs, white and still. I pushed the dish aside; never again touched oatmeal or corn-meal mush. Something is lacking in the taste of all Japanese products made from grains. One explanation I have heard is that in making flour they mix a large quantity of other ingredients to conserve their meager supplies—such things as fish meal and potatoes.

Of course conservation of everything in Japan goes to an extent that we in America, even now, would consider fantastic. Literally nothing is wasted, and even before the war Japan had begun to grab what she could of whatever she needs from any source.

Most of the mission property had been taken over before the war, including the million-dollar St. Luke's Hospital in Tokyo, which was built and equipped with modern apparatus by the Episcopal Church. I was taken there in June, 1942, for cholera and typhoid shots, and it was on its way toward becoming as dirty and ill-tended as the prison hospital I have described. The Japanese have no drugs and medicines for civilian use, even such things as ether and iodine and adhesive tape and bandages.

The several hundred hospitals and otherwise unobtainable equipment and medical supplies were one of the richest prizes seized by the Japanese. They found new stocks of radium and drugs and X-ray equipment and microscopes and kit after kit of the finest American surgical instruments. They carted it all off for the Japanese Army and left the patients to shift for themselves, and, in many cases, lie helpless on the floors because the authorities wanted the beds in which they had been confined.

"My Native Land!"

EIGHTEEN thousand miles of travel, three continents and four oceans were behind us early the morning of August 25, when we arrived in the Lower Bay off New York. The fourth continent, North America, was so close we would be able to see the shore lights in a short time. We had crossed the equator twice. It was summer when we left Yokohama. Then we drooped in the heat of the tropics. After that we enjoyed the mild weather of Lourenço Marques, followed by cold around the Cape of Good Hope. It was spring in Rio, and the equator off South America was just as hot as it had been at Singapore. Now it was summer again. The only season we missed somewhere along the route was autumn.

Ambassador Grew said that among the traditional rites observed by his family was one which he thought would be helpful to the adults before him, since they had been long absent from the United States, and to the children who in a few days would set foot on American soil for the first time.

Each time he sailed into New York harbor after a term of duty in a foreign land and first saw the Statue of Liberty, he said, he repeated:

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

I got out my typewriter and set it up on a near-by table. I went to work. The story I wrote then, on the spot, for the Associated Press follows:

New York Harbor, Aug. 25 (AP)—Thirteen Coast Guardsmen boarded the M.S. Gripsholm at 4 a.m. Tuesday, and were welcomed by a small but happy group o repatriates who had remained up throughout the nigh for their first glimpse of the lights of New York harbor.

More than fifteen hundred men, women, and children were aboard the Swedish exchange liner, all from Japan or Japanese-occupied territory in the Far East.

Stout curly-headed Emil Gassie, who was on the gunboat Panay, which was bombed off Nanking some years ago by the Japanese, was among those who warmly returned the handclasps of the coastguardsmen who boarded the Gripsholm.

Mrs. Herman Scholtz of Louisville, Kentucky, and Bangkok, Thailand, awakened by the noise, hurriedly slipped on the evening gown she had taken off a few hours earlier and started toward the promenade deck. A coastguardsman watched the stairway. She paused, and dabbed at the tears in her eyes when she saw the eagle on his cap.

"Are you—are you an American?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "We came on to take care of you from here on in."

Off the port side of the Gripsholm, which started moving slowly toward the Narrows after the coastguardsmen boarded her, the red and white lights of a patrol boat blinked a bright message. It was not yet dawn. The sky was still black.

Soon the deck was thronged with early risers, one of whom approached a guard with the remark:

"Boy! Am I glad to see you!"

The coastguardsman grinned.

"I don't doubt it," he said.

Children who had never seen the United States joined the impatient group pacing the deck. Then, out of the night, the dim yellow lights of Staten Island provided a welcome sight for the tired voyagers—they were safe at last in the greatest harbor of their homeland.

Nuns in severe habits mingled with women still in nightgowns and pajamas covered only by coats, and others wrapped in blankets for warmth against the chill of the harbor night, even though it was August. Always the rail was lined with eager men and women and children talking about the lights they saw—the lights of America, the land to which they had been returning since June 17.

A Presbyterian pastor, one of the most devout on board came up to my table and watched me write. Finally he said: "Pardon me, but don't forget to say how damn good those boys in uniform looked to us."

He was one of the men who had been tortured by Japanese gendarmes, beaten and bullied in a desperate effort to make him confess to a crime of which he was not guilty—espionage.

Without delay, the Gripsholm kept to her slow course toward Quarantine, with a low orange moon almost down to the horizon on the port side. Some of the women laughed; others cried. Men did impromptu little jigs. They were carefree and really happy for the first time in many long months. Fathers lifted their sons and daughters up so they could peer over the rail and see—dimly, to be sure, in the first light of the dawn—the America they had been told about but had never visited.

A score or more of passengers didn't depend upon the stewards for food. They had taken sandwiches and hot coffee in thermos bottles to their cabins with them the night before.

Four motorboats which bounced along, throwing up a white spray, joined us for the rest of the way up the harbor, two on each side.

It was long after sunrise before we saw the Statue of Liberty, big and bold and impressive. We were home, and we had a job to do.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead—

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

OUT of this war thus far has come no book which has been able to compress the vast pattern of action into one story and throw the whole into a perspective clear to the average man.

There has been no Red Badge of Courage, no Sergeant Grischa, not even a For Whom the Bell Tolls of World War II. Perhaps global war is too far-ranging and varying, or, what is more likely, we shall have to wait until the men near it now can see it in perspective.

Until then, for a sharp, clear picture of how America is fighting, we can thank the reporters who go out to the battles and stay close enough to give us truly eyewitness accounts.

Three such accounts have reached us recently. **Guadalcanal Diary**, by **Richard Tregaskis** (Random House, New York, $2.50), is a tense, factual, day-by-day story of what the United States Marines did on Guadalcanal, from the landing, which was anticlimactic and easy, to the bitter personal fighting, which soon showed that valor is the word for the marines. It is sharp, vivid reporting of the toughest job men ever do, fighting a war at the front.

Richard Tregaskis

IRA WOLFERT'S **Battle for the Solomons** (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, $2) is more alert with action, contains several fine battle pieces, one minor epic in the description of a very personal mortal skirmish between a Flying Fortress (which the boys have evidently shortened to "a Fort") and a Jap Kawanishi 97—a sharp vignette of action that ranks high in war literature.

Wolfert manages, too, with more subjective reporting, to present a better perspective of what Guadalcanal means in relation to the war as a whole, and he reveals just how much we have won in the Battle of the Solomons.

To him, for his exciting picture of it, go several laurels: One for writing attuned to battle tempo; one for sharp perception; and likely another for blasting a censorship which brings us news of what America's fighting forces are achieving so late that the action itself seems almost to have historical significance only. England learned more quickly of Trafalgar than America did of the Solomons and Midway.

A THIRD account of Guadalcanal is even more microscopic, but etched sharply and pointed up by clean, swift writing. **Into the Valley**, by **John Hersey** (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, $2), is a factual book with a possibly symbolic title. It is the story of Captain Rigaud of the United States Marines and the men who went into a Guadalcanal valley with him on a mission. That the mission failed was not their fault; the captain and his men did not fail.

John Hersey

And in describing this magnificent failure of a mission, Hersey pays one of the finest tributes of the war to gallant men whose bravery is never showy but who know, as Mr. Hersey discovers, just what they are fighting for and how to fight for it.

FOR another picture of the war and another foe, read **The Mermaid and the Messerschmitt**, by **Rulka Langer** (Roy, Publishers, New York, $2.75), the story of how the Germans pulverized Poland, and especially Warsaw. This is a very personal account of the curtain raiser to World War II and the first occupation of a fighting country by the Germans.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

ANY man who writes for publication (and gets his stuff published, which is something else again) must expect to dodge bricks as well as catch floral offerings. Me, I open each letter at arm's length, not being sure whether it contains a mousetrap or a pat on the back.

One letter will make me wonder if it's all worth while; the next tells me that it is. A while ago a letter came in from two A. A. F. Administrative sergeants which started out with, "Many inconsistencies and errors have cropped up in your column," and went on for twenty-seven lines of abuse with only one specific charge, which didn't happen to be true. The same mail brought a letter from a colonel in the I. G. D., with over thirty years' service, which said, "Your page has been of great help to me and I have always found your answers to be correct and now accept them without verification." Well, the colonel was a little too kind. I've made a few mistakes, but I will say for myself that I've always acknowledged and corrected them in the first possible issue. Anyway, you see what I mean about cabbages and roses.

No pay

Now here's a letter that makes me feel fine. When you read it you'll know why.

Eight years in the Marines and thirteen years of running a factory have taught me that morale is more than a four-bit word that vaguely signifies a state of contentment.

We had a wonderful group of young men in our factory. As the boys left, they wrote to me, and finally I found myself writing many letters each month. This became quite a chore, although a labor of love and to me important. While reading your column in Liberty the idea came to me that I could write one letter to all of them, with news about one another, about the factory, and about their relatives that are in our employ. My first "Topics" was somewhat apologetic, but the response was more than I had looked for. It is now a monthly issue, and I believe it is of some value to the morale of the forty boys on the list.

We have also placed coin boxes in the plant for employees to contribute small change for "Our Army." The company matches these contributions dollar for dollar, and in less than a year we sent the boys almost $1,000 in cash. No gifts other than money are sent, and no strings attached. If a fellow wants to throw a binge with his remittance from us, well and good! But you would be surprised at the money they send back home for War Bonds.

The purpose of this letter has been to thank you for giving us the idea and to express our appreciation of your fine column. We have also had the thought that others could do what we are doing.

Cordially yours,
Reliance Pencil Corp.,
By: L. D. Reid, Vice-President,
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

No thanks necessary, Mr. Reid, but I appreciate them just the same. And I hope that many other executives adopt your ideas. I know of some who have already.

* * *

Will you please enlighten me about the wearing of "service pins" and the display of "service flags"? Are they official, as they were in the last war? Can service pins be worn by relatives other than next of kin? Should service flags be shown, except at the home the soldier left or his civilian place of business? Thanks in advance for settling these perplexing questions.

M. O. S., Hammonton, N. J.

Service flags and pins were never "official" in the last war, since they were never sponsored by the War Department, although accepted as "official" by the public. Until recently they were not officially sponsored in this war, but in February, 1943, the Secretary of War approved designs for a standard service flag and lapel button. This action was taken under legislative authority, passed by Congress, and signed by the President last October.

The design corresponds to that already generally accepted by our citizens: blue or gold star(s) in a white rectangular field within a red border. A blue star symbolizes a member of the "immediate family" serving in the armed forces, while a gold star, superimposed on a larger blue star, stands for an individual killed while serving honorably.

By "immediate family" is meant mother, father, wife, husband, daughter, son, sister, and brother. (I would also include a fiancée, but that is my personal opinion.) Organizations of which the soldier or sailor was a member may also display a service flag, and these are defined as: places of business or employment, churches, schools, colleges, fraternities, sororities, and societies.

Some months ago the War Shipping Administrator, Vice-Admiral Emory S. Land, announced that merchant seamen might be similarly honored.

* * *

I have been in the service approximately two years. I have always taken the utmost pride in my uniform, and have tried to honor it to the best of my ability. Lady Luck has been against my career, because I have spent the greater part of my time overseas. By this I mean that a commission has always been my goal, but the station where I serve is not allowed to send men to O. C. S. If I could tell you where I am, you would understand. Assuming that I am officer material by virtue of my record and background, my question is, why cannot I and men like me be given greater opportunity to try for a commission? I have had combat experience and I know the score.

Going out

G. B. M., c/o Postmaster,
Seattle, Wash.

Not only have some overseas Officer Candidate Schools been established, but I understood that full provision had been made for qualified men on overseas duty to attend them, either over there or back here. Are you *sure* your post is not permitted to recommend candidates? I'd have another talk with my C. O. if I were you.

I have just reported in from furlough, and haven't been paid for almost two months. The finance office here informs me that soldiers with individual pay records must wait. Will you tell me why they can't or won't pay me?

A. S., Fort Snelling, Minn.

More facts are needed before I can give a specific answer in your case, but here's the situation in general. A soldier absent from his own organization or whose service record cannot be consulted must submit a voucher. If he cannot get the voucher from his C. O., he usually must wait until the next regular pay roll is prepared and his signature affixed.

* * *

Perhaps you can help me out with this one. I've heard about it from various officers, including the flight surgeon, who believes it, but whether it's a rumor or a fact I haven't been able to ascertain. Are gents naturally nearsighted eligible for flying jobs if their vision is corrected to 20/20 with *contact* lenses?

S/Sgt. G. H., Great Falls, Mont.

According to present regulations, Sarge, it's a rumor. AR 40-110 says, *in re* flying requirements, that the minimum visual acuity for each eye is 20/20 *without correction*. So, granting all the advantages of contact lenses, they are still a method of correction.

* * *

You may have answered this question before, but it is bothering us. May enlisted men "go out" with members of the Army Nurse Corps? And may aviation cadets do so?

D. T. C., Ellington Field, Tex.

The shoe is on the other foot: Army nurses are classed as commissioned officers and therefore may not "go out" with enlisted men, because the Army does not authorize, let alone encourage, social relations between officers and men. An aviation cadet is a prospective officer and therefore is not bound strictly by this rule.

* * *

We've been having a lot of discussion about the I. Q. test given to all Army recruits. Can you tell us what is the highest mark theoretically attainable and the highest mark actually made?

Pvt. W. C., Camp Barkeley, Tex.

The highest possible score is 163, but the time element would invariably prevent a "possible." The best score I've ever heard of was 161. If any recruit *should* make 163, he ought to be put on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

THE COMING SHOW-DOWN IN SUBMARINE WARFARE

Continued from Page 13

his U-boats as fast as they came from the builders. The United Nations are now sinking three a week. The Germany of Hitler, however, has set its every shipyard to work on submarines, and punches out six or seven in that time.

Our anti-U-boat campaign has naturally grown with the Nazi building program. But it has not kept pace in results. Admiral Dönitz's "pig boat" fleet is not only the most numerous in history, and the most rugged, but is also composed of ships which can do things Allied experts did not believe possible—for example, dive 600 feet.

The diving limit of the average submarine is about 400 feet. Without sacrificing other desirable features, however, Nazi engineers have been able so to thicken the skins of their craft that they can plunge deeper to elude pursuit. A special type of U-boat, still on trial, can operate 600 feet down. Moreover, the reinforced skin is a direct protection against the depth charge.

The depth charge is an "ashcan" of TNT fired or dropped overside by surface vessels and set to explode upon reaching the point where the hunted submarine is believed to be. It does not have to land directly on its target. A "near miss" is sufficient, the force of the explosion setting up a shock wave which shatters the submarine's hull. Three hundred pounds of TNT exploding within fifty feet will crush the standard sub. To rupture fatally the thicker plates of Nazi craft, however, the ashcan must burst within twenty-five or thirty feet—no mean feat of marksmanship against a moving target which cannot be seen.

AMONG the other ingenious sub-saving gadgets is a watertight hatch at the base of the conning tower. The hatch closes automatically in case the conning tower is struck by enemy shellfire. Thanks to the hatch, many an otherwise fatally damaged Nazi raider has returned safely to port. The conning tower itself is frequently armored.

The ingenuity of German naval architects has thus reduced the efficiency of two of our most trustworthy ocean purgatives, the depth charge and the gun. Geography has cheated us of another, the mine. In 1917, at the height of the Reich's other submarine campaign, the British Navy laid a barrier of mines across the English Channel. The next winter and spring, British and American ships planted a similar but much more extensive mine field between Norway and Scotland.

This North Sea field was a laborious operation. Winter storms exploded many of the 71,000 mines in it prematurely, and repeatedly tore others from their moorings. But once the job was done, in June, 1918, the Kaiser's U-boats were tightly penned in the North Sea behind fences of TNT. Thereafter so few reached the Atlantic sea lanes that Allied ship losses became negligible.

UNITED NATIONS mine layers are as hard at work today, but German bases are no longer confined to a short strip along an inland sea. The enemy occupies the entire European Atlantic Coast from North Cape to the Spanish border. His shore defenses enable him to keep open the Channel and North Sea exits from the main U-boat centers in Germany. Our maximum hope, therefore, is the occasional destruction of a sub unwary enough to stumble into one of the mines our own submarines and planes lay surreptitiously at the entrances to Axis harbors.

The R. A. F. and our own air force systematically bomb the building and repair centers in the Reich, as well as the advanced bases on the Atlantic. The raiders' nests, however, are protected by massive anti-aircraft defenses. Submarines dock inside huge reinforced concrete "garages" so thick that they are impervious even to the biggest block busters. The R. A. F. admits that the only bombs likely to do any damage are the few which good luck plumps right in front of an open garage.

In April, 1917, after three months of catastrophic ship losses, England tried the convoy. It worked, playing an equal part with the depth charge and the mine barrage in breaking the U-boat threat. The German raider, which generally operated alone, was unable to pierce the screen of guards around the convoyed merchantmen. Loss of escorted vessels was only a fraction of 1 per cent (against 25 per cent of unescorted craft). Unfortunately, Nazi strategists have worked out a reply to the convoy, too—the "wolf pack," which can battle even the most heavily protected flotilla of freighters on equal terms.

The "wolf pack," invented by Admiral Dönitz while chief of the Submarine Service, is a team of submarines, usually four to twelve in number. In some not yet fully understood way, German submarines can communicate with each other under water and so maneuver as a fleet. The pack breaks the convoy's ring of escorts by detailing one or two of its members to lure the escort out of position. A pack attack opens with the firing of torpedoes by the decoys in such a way that they are sure to be detected. The guard ships, not knowing whether the "tin fish" represent a diversion or the main assault, have no choice but to depth-charge the waters whence they came. Meanwhile the bulk of the pack attacks from the opposite direction. In a few minutes a well drilled squadron can sink as many as a third of the vessels in a large convoy.

A GENERATION ago one of the rocks on which the Kaiser's raiders foundered was lack of crews. That reef can't be expected to trip the Nazis, for as far back as 1925 the German Navy tackled the training problem systematically in preparation for the renewed war it intended to wage some day. The Junker admirals sought both to simplify the crews' tasks and to work out speedier methods of instruction. They succeeded. Except for a few key individuals, the submarine schools in the Baltic turn out complete crews, thirty-five to forty men each, in two months. Their training even meets the stiff requirements of "wolf pack" warfare.

Admiral Dönitz' wolves are quite small, with a usual length of but 250 feet and a surface displacement of 750 tons. Nevertheless, they pack quite a punch. They are not only better protected than our only comparable undersea craft, the brand-new Mackerel and Marlin (most U. S. subs, built for three-month cruises in Jap waters, displace 1,500 tons), but are faster, longer-ranged, and even more powerfully armed.

The submarine's principal weapon, of course, is the torpedo, and each U-boat is fitted with six firing tubes and at least a dozen "tin fish." The Nazi employ two kinds of torpedo. One is the fascinatingly ingenious turbine type in use in every navy. The other is something special.

The submarine-and-torpedo team is the deadliest of naval weapons, in large part because of the stealth with which it strikes. As often as not, the first inkling of attack the victim receives is the thunderous blast of the 600 pounds of high explosive in the torpedo's warhead. The turbine "fish," however, can be spotted—and dodged by a fast vessel with an alert skipper—if the visibility conditions are right. It leaves a telltale trail of bubbles. Therefore the Nazis are now using a battery-driven electric torpedo which leaves no wake whatever. The electric torpedo is slower and has a range of only two miles (in comparison with eight for the turbine type), but in many situations it is a more certain killer.

As a supplement to its "tin fish" the U-boat is also armed with a gun powerful enough (three and a half inches in caliber or larger) to bring down a merchantman at eight miles. (The Mackerel, Marlin gun is three-inch). Few cargo ships have the speed to outrun the German raider, the fastest submarine of its size in any navy, in a surface chase.

Since 1939, despite Allied countermeasures, every year has seen the toll taken by the U-boat rise higher. Yet even in this grim record the U-boat has registered resounding failures as well as successes.

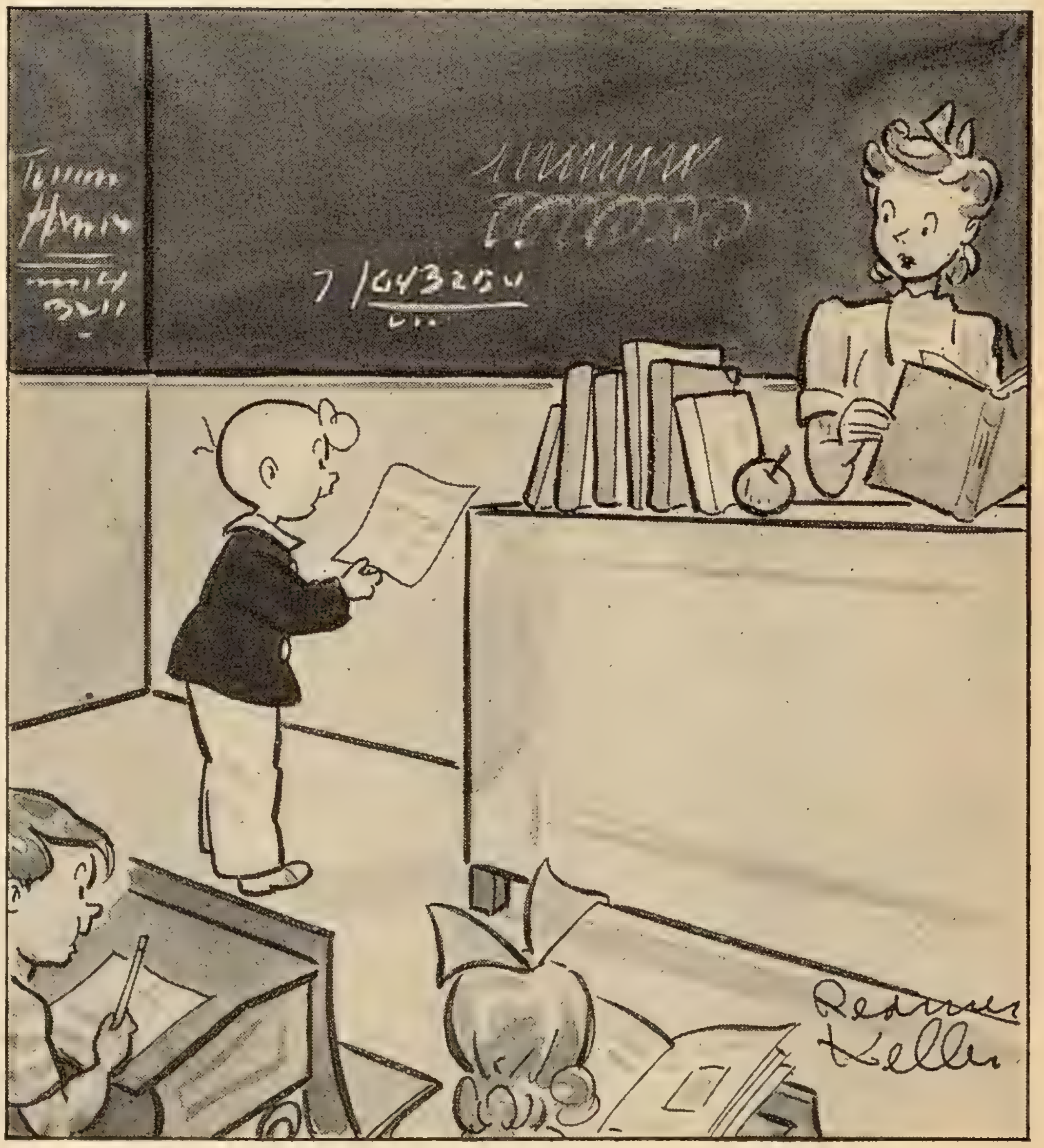
During the past twelve months hundreds of thousands of American soldiers have sailed overseas. As this is written, not one has lost his life to a Nazi torpedo. Against our North African expedition in particular, the Nazis massed their undersea power —with almost completely negative results. The British Navy likewise has frustrated virtually all attempts to sink English troop transports.

These ships went through wolf-pack-infested waters unharmed because they were lavishly protected. The 500 transport and supply ships involved in our landing in the Mediterranean were accompanied by 350 warships. In other words, Hitler's submarines have not been made immune to depth charges and other anti-U-boat weapons. They merely require heavier dosages than we anticipated. One thing we can do to curb the Nazi pirate, then, is rush construction of escort vessels and equip them with heavier arms. Such construction is being rushed, as our navy has recently let newspaper men see for themselves.

Moreover, the plane has emerged as one of the most effective antidotes to the submarine. It was one of the chief causes of the U-boat's departure from our coast last fall. Not only can it scour larger areas than the patrol vessel but a man high in the air can sometimes spot submarines invisible to lookouts on the surface. American and British planes have already destroyed scores of U-boats. The U-boat's only defense against air attack is the crash dive, for which even the handiest Nazi sub requires thirty seconds—sometimes thirty more than are given it.

THE END

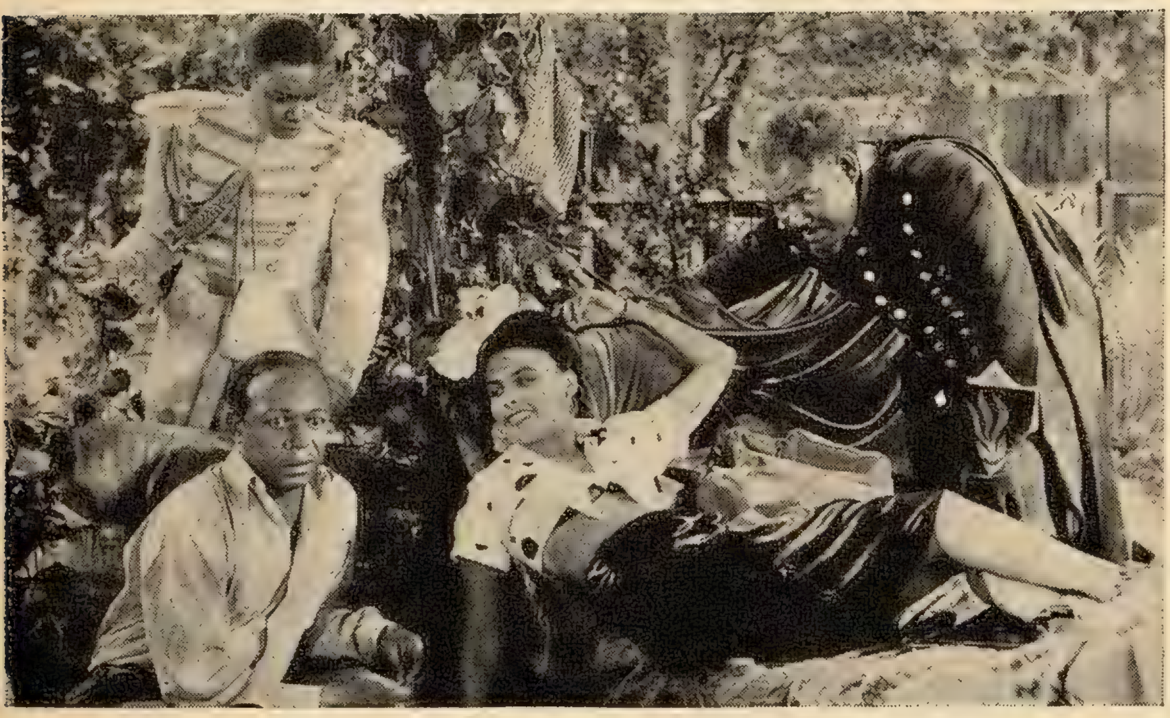
HARDTACK



"Any similarity between this test paper and the kid's who sits in front of me is purely coincidental."

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Little Joe promises Petunia and the Reverend that he will stay out of trouble, but . . .



Georgia Brown offers very strong temptations. Lucifer, Jr., and the General fight for Joe's soul.

Georgia has succeeded in tripping Joe off the straight path; but his wife Petunia has plans, too.

BY HARRIET GOULD

CABIN IN THE SKY

THIS screen version of a hit Broadway musical may well be the start of a Hollywood trend toward Negro productions. Cabin in the Sky is a good start, too.

It is a lighthearted fantasy about Petunia Jackson's (Ethel Waters) efforts to keep her husband, Little Joe (Eddie "Rochester" Anderson), out of trouble—the chief trouble being a temptress known as Georgia Brown (Lena Horne). In spite of Petunia's prayers and entreaties, Little Joe is fatally shot—and that's when the fantasy begins. The film depicts the struggles of Lucifer, Jr. (Rex Ingram), and the General (Kenneth Spencer)—other-world representatives of evil and good—for Little Joe's soul.

They give him another six months on earth. His behavior during that period will determine his course in eternity—up or down. They hover around to influence him (he can't see them, of course) and the General seems to be gaining, until Lucifer fixes it for Little Joe to win a sweepstake. That proves to be the final straw. Little Joe is headed straight for the devil, but Petunia's praying gets him a spot on a cloud on a "technicality."

Even though the picture is slow in spots, it has much to offer. The original Vernon Duke-John Latouche tunes, especially Cabin in the Sky and Taking a Chance on Love, are still lovely. In addition, Harold Arlen has written three new songs that are tops—with special mention going to Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe. Add to this the comfortable informality of Ethel Waters' singing and you have a picture worth seeing.

Lena Horne, who plays the slinky seductress, has the looks and voice to make her a promising possibility for future pictures. (She will be along shortly in the next all-Negro musical, Stormy Weather, in which she will co-star with Bill Robinson.)

The picture is handled with a sincerity and tenderness that take it out of the usual run-of-the-mill Negro screen characterizations. You don't laugh *at* them—you laugh *with* them. Crapshooting isn't a characteristic of the race, but an aberration.

Cabin in the Sky will provide a very pleasant session at the movies. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

IT AIN'T HAY
(Universal)

THERE are moviegoers who can't stand Abbott and Costello, and moviegoers who love their particular brand of very low comedy. We are in the latter group. It Ain't Hay, their latest collection of double takes and zany situations, is based on a Damon Runyon story—making it one of their silliest yet. It seems to be about a hacky whose horse dies because Costello feeds him peppermints. The comedians' subsequent efforts to replace the nag involve horse stealing, assorted mayhem, a trick race, and other gags.

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN
(Universal)

IF horror is your dish—not the civilized kind of horror, but supernatural deviltry about werewolves and their ilk—Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man is for you. Frankenstein (Bela Lugosi), who, at the end of the last opus of this series was buried in ice, is now dug out by the wolf man (Lon Chaney), so called because he turns into a wolf—snout, fangs, and all—whenever the moon is full. This team will give the most jaded moviegoer a chill. Maria Ouspenskaya, Ilona Massey, and Lionel Atwill enhance the goings-on.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *The* LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Playing at the Astor Theatre, the motion picture showcase of Broadway, is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film that—even as we go to press—is shaking the grapes on the vine with tremulous excitement.

★ ★ ★ ★

It has a big title—"The Human Comedy"—and it is a big picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

No—it isn't a "Gone With The Wind". It's physically smaller but humanly larger. It isn't about who kissed who or who stole the papers.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's about people—real people—human people—American people—all people.

★ ★ ★ ★

Involved are adventure, romance, feeling, beauty, decency, understanding and all the words like that in the thesaurus.

★ ★ ★ ★

This leads us to that curious phenomenon of the arts—William Saroyan who wrote "The Human Comedy"

★ ★ ★ ★

He is the man who baffled and entertained Broadway with such unusual plays as "My Heart's in the Highlands", "The Beautiful People" and "The Time of Your Life". "The Human Comedy" is better than all his plays, better than all the Saroyan stories.

★ ★ ★ ★

Clarence Brown produced and directed the film with loving care. He says that the picture is inherently his best. Clarence doesn't boast. He meant that the picture's content inspired him.

Mickey Rooney gives an artist's performance as Homer Macauley, the messenger boy. Frank Morgan as Willie Grogan, the telegraph operator, is perfection itself.

★ ★ ★ ★

One could tell about the entire cast; tell about every single episode in the film. It's that interesting and true.

★ ★ ★ ★

May we suggest that you write this column a letter after you've seen the film. We hope it is playing in your town today so that we'll hear from you soon.

★ ★ ★ ★

Someone once criticized the films for not giving the true picture of the best side of American life. We'd like to hear from that chap after he sees "The Human Comedy".

★ ★ ★ ★

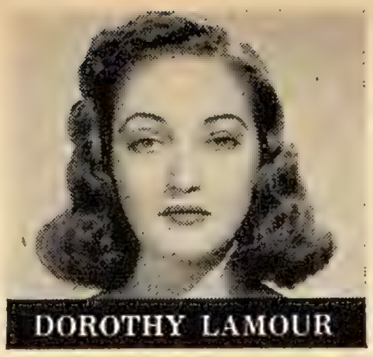
We laughed—we cried—we cheered.

★ ★ ★ ★

Even a lion is human.

—*Leo*

FRED MACMURRAY


DOROTHY LAMOUR

HERBERT MARSHALL

CURRENT FILM FARE

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
AIR FORCE (Warners) John Garfield, Harry Carey	*Drama* (pictorial logbook of a Flying Fortress in the Philippines, December, 1941).	A really good picture . . . exciting, fast-moving . . . authentic. (2-20-43)
CASABLANCA (Warners) Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Paul Henreid	*Melodrama* (the refugee problem and a novel love story against the background of French Morocco).	Terrific and timely hit . . . extraordinarily well staged and acted. (1-2-43)
COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN (Columbia) Paul Muni, Cedric Hardwicke	*Drama* (peace-loving Norwegians rise and fight back at the Nazis' "bloodless" occupation of their country).	Warm, rich, and stirring . . . a must on your movie list. (1-23-43)
FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO) Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Herbert Marshall	*Aviation romance* (an aviatrix—reminiscent of Amelia Earhart—camouflages a naval mission as a flight around the world).	It has all the elements that make for an entertaining movie . . . fast-moving . . . exciting . . . see it. (3-27-43)
HITLER'S CHILDREN (RKO) Bonita Granville, Otto Kruger, Tim Holt	*Drama* (the revolt of an American-born girl in Germany against Nazi "education").	Vivid portrayal . . . story handled with restraint that enhances the horror. (2-13-43)
IN WHICH WE SERVE (United Artists) Noel Coward	*Drama* (the thrilling biography of an English destroyer and its crew in the North Atlantic).	First great picture of this war . . . Coward's talents shine . . . magnificent job. (12-26-42)
JOURNEY FOR MARGARET (M-G-M) Robert Young, Laraine Day	*War drama* (two bomb-blitzed children tangle the heartstrings of an American couple in London).	Poignant record of innocents caught in the holocaust. (12-19-42)
JOURNEY INTO FEAR (RKO) Joseph Cotten and Orson Welles	*Thriller* (American engineer and his wife chase through Europe with the Nazis on their heels).	Interesting and suspense-filled under Welles' able and unconventional hand. (3-13-43)
MARGIN FOR ERROR (20th-Fox) Joan Bennett, Milton Berle, and Otto Preminger	*Comedy* (Patrolman Moe Finklestein is ordered to guard the Nazi consul in prewar New York).	Sloppy rewriting and slow direction of Clare Luce's successful stage play. (2-27-43)
ONE DAY OF WAR (March of Time)	*Documentary film* (stirring kaleidoscope of a typical day of war in Soviet Russia).	Most amazing war film ever made . . . awful and startling in its simplicity. (3-6-43)
RANDOM HARVEST (M-G-M) Ronald Colman, Greer Garson	*Love story* (the end of the last war and an amnesia victim bring England's two worlds together).	Tender and touching . . . performed and directed with sensitivity. (1-2-43)
SALUDOS AMIGOS (Disney-RKO) Donald Duck, Goofy	*Cartoon feature* (the Disney menagerie takes over South America and makes some new friends).	Very amusing dose of hemispheric neighborliness . . . magnificent color. (1-16-43)
SHADOW OF A DOUBT (Universal) Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten	*Thriller* (an unsuspected murderer gets into the family bosom—until a shadow of doubt enters).	Hitchcock has done it again . . . hairline tension . . . good acting. (2-6-43)
STAND BY FOR ACTION (M-G-M) Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy, Charles Laughton	*Navy drama* (conflict, jealousy, and fourteen rescued babies on a destroyer in a Pacific convoy).	Action, whimsey, and stark drama ride comfortably together. (1-16-43)
STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM (Paramount) All-star cast	*Musical comedy* (Paramount presents all its properties—stars, producers, and sets—in an amusing package).	Pace and polish of a Broadway musical, but with more plot. (1-30-43)
THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY (Universal) Deanna Durbin, Edmond O'Brien	*Comic melodrama* (Deanna pretends she's a widow to get refugee kids into the country—then falls in love).	Conclusive and delightful evidence that Deanna Durbin has really grown up. (3-20-43)
THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT (20th-Fox) Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara	*War drama* (inspired by the memory of his superior, a corporal guides a British patrol through Libya).	Compact, hard-driving movie . . . fine performances. (2-20-43)
YOUNG MR. PITT (20th-Fox) Robert Donat, Robert Morley	*Historical drama* (England under its youngest Prime Minister—fights for survival against Napoleon).	Interesting and dramatic page from history . . . well worth seeing. (3-13-43)

HIGHWAY TO ALASKA

Continued from Page 25

tumn the North was fit to live in. Then, just as the engineers were "holing through" the last gaps on the road, the arctic wind slammed down from Bering; around the lakes a ripple crust began to appear as the winds piled slush-laden waves against the shores. Working furiously, the army tried to hammer its bridges across the Duke, the Donjek, and the White—three glacier-fed rivers just east of the Alaska-Yukon border.

At the White the army deflected the current around one side of an island and tried to sink piles into the already frozen gravel river bed. When the tree boles shattered under the pile driver, the engineers finally had to scoop a groove across the river bed for a trestle. Even that was like digging into concrete with a teaspoon. The jackhammers pounding into the gravel froze up unless thawed out every three or four minutes by oil-fed flames.

The army was so busy building the road that it had little time to prepare proper housing for the men or indoor maintenance shops for vehicles. When snow fell, most of the units were still living in nonwinterized tents and the wind whipped in between the flaps. Equipped with double eiderdown sleeping bags and heavy comforters, the men slept warmly. But building a fire in an oil-drum stove in the morning was a numbing chore when the mercury hit 56 degrees below—as it did on December 1 at the White River encampment.

Themselves unbathed for weeks on end, the men saw their washed clothing come back to them in a solid chunk of ice that had to be thawed for days before a garment could be pried loose for further drying. Food ladled out at the kitchen tent was cold almost as soon as it touched the mess kit. Meat and vegetables had to be thawed for days before being cooked.

MACHINE maintenance was a cruel and brain-racking problem. At the beginning of winter, much long-used equipment simply broke as metal turned brittle. Crude methods had to be devised while repairing machines outdoors in the terrific cold; blowtorches were often used to loosen bolts. Men couldn't touch metal tools with an ungloved hand for fear of losing a finger.

But despite these and other obstacles, on November 20—nine months to a day after General Hoge had made his preliminary reconnaissance, three months before the army's own dead line, and at least a year before most experts thought it could be done—the Canada-Alaska road was formally opened. While American and Canadian flags were raised side by side high above the steaming vistas of Kluane Lake, the first trucks skirted the precipitous flanks of Soldiers Summit and rolled north toward Fairbanks.

For the first time, a wheeled vehicle was spanning the wilderness from the United States to the Alaskan Territory. It was not a finished highway. Gangs were still grading it, banking the curves, surfacing it with gravel drawn from river beds and elsewhere. Scores of temporary bridges would have to be replaced when the spring thaws came. But, nevertheless, the road was open.

THE history of those nine months, of which six were actually building time, is already becoming a part of the American story. Today tough old army colonels, standing on the gravel floors of their nonwinterized tents at the Donjek or the White, will tell you that in all its history of great projects the U. S. Army Engineer Corps has never undertaken a more difficult task.

At the headquarters of the Northwest Service Command, Colonel J. W. Wheeler, head of the Alcan Highway under Brigadier General James A. O'Connor, traces the 1,600-mile length of the road across a map and says:

"Panama Canal was tough, but the Alcan Highway was tougher. Not because of the size of the job or the conditions, but because of the hurry in which we had to do it."

There was little recreation in these northern areas. At rare intervals the engineers' home-grown brass band stopped by for a few days, which was all the entertainment most of the men knew in eight months. Sitting in tents or occasional barracks, men crowded over a checkers board or around one of the few radios.

Here and there the luckier ones have ripped a scantily clad lady's photograph from a magazine, and in Whitehorse (which gets the magazines first) the men's quarters are veritable galleries of art studies.

They dreamed of getting down the road to Whitehorse, where fifty of them sometimes stood in the subzero temperatures outside the movie house waiting for the box office to open. And above all they dreamed of home. "Did you hear about the furloughs?" one Negro private asked another. "I ain't heard nothing," came the reply. "But I'm listening."

It was the loneliness that was the hardest to take. A man coming in from the "outside" was apt to have his ears bent by endless talk. Driving along the camps an outsider picked up data on intimate family problems, messages to friends, pictures of soldiers' girls and wives back home. In Whitehorse Inn a lonely "medic" wandered into the lobby to stare at the moose heads and maybe find some one to whom he could talk. Finding some one from New York, he quickly revealed that he was from the lower East Side and had once worked for a firm printing street guides to the city. For two hours he rattled off the names of streets and intersections, told what the average rentals were and whether a neighborhood was low or high class. He didn't announce the facts; he just repeated them softly for his own sake. He didn't know, or even care much, if any one was listening.

"If this is God's country, He can keep it," muttered one shivering engineer private, and there are many who agree with him. For the North is a country of extremes. In summer the insects and the muck and the dust make life almost unbearable; in winter the arctic wind sears the flesh like frozen fire. But there are others who feel differently. They have seen rainbows flower in the shadows of the glaciers and they have seen the steam rising above the freezing lakes in desolate, delicate pastels of green and black and white. They have seen the spectrum streak the frosty midnight sky. They are the children of Robert W. Service and sometimes they write poetry that is worse than his. "Oh, my love," sighed a lad at headquarters switchboard, "if you had wings like a dove, and to the Yukon could fly. . . ."

BUT, poets or not, they sweated and groaned alike. If any one still thinks that the youth of America is soft, the youngsters who built the Alcan Highway can answer: "The hell it is." Like other boys on battlefields all over the world, they had what it takes. They didn't like the hardships and they would have been crazy if they had. But together they pulled a road through one of the most formidable untamed regions on earth and they did it on the double-quick. They did the job so that when America has its rendezvous with Tojo we can go a good part of the way on wheels.

After the war, too, the road will be of great use to the United States. Although by international agreement the road reverts to Canada six months after the war, we are assured free passage over it thereafter.

THE END

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MAIL MEANS MORALE—Continued from Page 27

mail is that it simply cannot get lost. Acts of God, enemy action, engine trouble were unable to prevent any of the 15,000,000 letters already sent by this method from reaching their destination. A merchant ship carrying seventy-two rolls of film, representing 115,200 individual letters from U. S. soldiers in England, was attacked and forced into a neutral European port for repairs. Since the army postal service numbers each V-mail roll and never destroys the original letters until advised that such and such a roll has been reproduced, it was possible immediately to reprocess the delayed rolls and dispatch them right out again.

In view of the almost miraculous saving of cargo space—one bag of V-mail is equivalent to thirty-seven bags of ordinary mail—the army wishes the public were more conscious of the tremendous advantages of the little valentine-like, red-bordered V-mail folders now available at every post office and from all R. F. D. carriers, as well as at stationery and other stores.

One of the reasons for the lag in V-mail use has been a curious public impression produced by the word "microfilm." V-mail letters, rumor had it, are flashed on a screen at the overseas army camp for not only Johnny but also all his buddies to read and chuckle over. Actually, of course, what Johnny gets is a sealed letter-envelope, as private as any other mail that goes through military censorship. The letter is photographic reproduction of your handwriting—to be perused by him alone. Doubters would be reassured by a hasty trip through the army post offices where incoming mail is shot through a lightning electric letter opener and outgoing mail through a folding machine—both at the rate of 20,000 letters an hour. In darkened laboratories V-mail letters are photographed at the rate of 2,500 an hour. Throughout the process nobody has time or inclination for snooping. The signs at the army post office, "You are not permitted to read V mail," are hardly needed.

Another grievance the army has against civilian letter writers is the 800 to 1,000 letters a day which Major Lewis, in charge of V mail at the New York army post office, says have to be returned to the senders because of disregard of plainly printed instructions on the outside of the V-mail folders. In spite of the injunction against putting enclosures in letters—snapshots of pretty girls, religious pictures, money orders, and the like—they all keep turning up. Addresses often fail to appear in the space designated to show through the window envelope.

Handwriting is sometimes so faint that it is impossible to make a readable print of it. Lipstick kisses blur writing into illegibility. Eagerness tempts many correspondents to overflow into unphotographable portions of the paper—you can write as *many* V-mail letters as you like, but each must remain within the prescribed border. With a little care the average person should be able to get about 600 words of longhand on a V-mail blank—without being a specialist in writing the Lord's Prayer on a dime.

BOTH the army and the American Red Cross, whose workers come into daily contact with the boys' difficulties, are aware that the *quality* of those words is far more important than their quantity. A tranquilly affectionate letter, conjuring up in the recipient's mind a picture of his loved ones at home with chins up and everything under control, can go far to insulate him against the dangers and discomforts of his own situation. By the same token, worries about personal problems, however urgent, and complaints of any sort are inappropriate. It is unfair to ask a man under pressure thousands of miles from home to help untangle problems of civilian life.

The tactlessness of his correspondents may cause a serviceman to fret himself into a demoralized stew over situations about which he can do nothing. However unintentionally, sending a man at the front the wrong kind of letter can damage him as effectively as an enemy bullet. Cases of suicide have been reported after a boy has received a letter telling him the girl friend no longer cares.

Write-to-a-soldier clubs, the army feels, are another mistaken idea. Letters from strangers mean very little to most soldiers, but they clutter up the mails, waste cargo space, and keep the F. B. I. hopping. While most correspondence clubs are innocently formed, they can be a cover for anything but innocent activities. "Striking up acquaintanceship with soldiers through false good-will organizations is one of the old techniques of espionage, hackneyed, but still in use," says Secretary Stimson.

For the most part, the cure lies in the public's hands: write often, write cheerfully, but only to soldiers with whom you are personally acquainted. Soldiers' mail is just one more department in which civilians can either help or gravely hamper the business of winning the war.

THE END

? GUESS WHO SAID IT ?

Conducted by ERIC DEVINE

SOME think our game hard, some say it's easy. Well, here goes. Study the clues and guess what famous person is being quoted. Answers on page 60.

1. Buy War Bonds! A famous American doctor, writer, and wit said it long ago this way: *"Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust."* Held forth at breakfast tables.

2. *"We all know what a dishonest act is, but what honor is we do not know."* That was said by a famous Russian physician who wrote plays, one of them recently on Broadway.

3. Hitler didn't ask him, but this American general turned down an invitation to lunch by saying, *"Hell, I can't—I've got a date in Berlin."*

4. French poet, dramatist, refugee, naturalist, says: *"I believe the ant is far less unhappy than the happiest of men."*

5. Once popular screen sweetheart who virtued her way into American hearts pronounced that *"A sense of humor is nature's balance."*

6. *"All I know is what I read in the papers."* Remember him? His son is in Congress.

7. Errol Flynn portrayed this gentleman who stated, *"Health is man's normal condition—he must do something foolish to lose it."*

8. Nazis despise this American woman journalist and radio commentator who declares, *"Those who cannot endure vigorous attacks on their opinions should retire from public controversy."*

9. Titled ex-Virginian lady remarks about "globaloney": *"People who begin sensationally seldom end that way."*

10. Pulitzer prize-winning New England poet—white hair, last name wintry—says: *"A poem begins with a lump in the throat; a homesickness or a lovesickness."*

HOME TALENT—Continued from Page 16

must all do that we can to make the world brighter."

Joy, however, stood her ground. "Then it's my duty to stay in town and make myself useful too."

"But, darling, your father will be away most of the summer too—putting on shows at the training camps. You can't stay in the apartment alone."

Joy said that she could and would and they had been too rushed to argue with her. Nada had left that night with her maid and little dog in a flurry of trunks and flowers and newspaper photographers. Towne had gone the next day, and Joy was left alone in the big terraced apartment overhanging the East River. The rooms were dust-sheeted and slip-covered and smelled of moth balls, but it was better than Shadyview, where everything would remind her of the days they had spent together there in the summer sun.

THE orchestra had stopped playing for a moment, but now it was starting again. Men were looking about for new partners. Joy stood up, smoothing the skirt of her dirndl dress, smiling at Lincoln Neale. "I'm afraid I'll have to get back into circulation."

"Must you? It's been so swell talking to you." He put out his big brown hand and touched her arm lightly. "Look. Can't I see you again? Not like this, but—how about letting me take you home?"

"I'm afraid I can't leave yet. Besides, you're not allowed—"

"I could wait for you down the street." His voice was at once eager and cajoling.

She said, "Well—if you're still around when the party's over—" and fled. After all, he was her duty too; he was a soldier and a very homesick soldier, at that.

Although she was late getting to bed, it was a long time before Joy slept that night. The fumes of the mustard plaster on her chest smarted her throat and made her eyes water, but she promised to try it—and it might actually clear up her cold. Lin had said it would. Not the kind you buy in drugstores but the homemade sort. "Just have your mother mix up an old-fashioned mustard plaster," he had said when her sneezes betrayed her on the bus.

Instead of coming straight home, they had ridden all the way to the Cloisters and back, and the moon had come out to light up the Hudson and the "sights" Joy had pointed out along the way. But Lin had not wanted to see the sights; he had wanted only to talk of home. And she had let him talk his fill—of mom and dad and Jim and Mary and Betty and the kids and Aunt Anna and Irish Mamie.

The spell of that extraordinary family was still upon her when she let herself into the empty apartment, so there seemed nothing ludicrous in making a plaster for her chest out of flour and salad mustard. She mixed it as he had directed, for he would be certain to ask about it in the morning when he phoned to find out how she was feeling. She thought of that when she crawled into bed and it gave her a babied, taken-care-of feeling that was wonderfully pleasant.

It was his call that woke her in the morning. You would have thought he had known her forever. "Well, how's that cold?" he said.

"Oh—hello!" She pulled the telephone over on the bed, recalling last night's adventure with a sleepy smile. "Why, it's better, I think."

"Good! Didn't I tell you there was nothing like a good old-fashioned mustard plaster?"

She dipped her head and stared in dismay at the bright red map of itself the mustard plaster had left on her chest. "Goodness, it's all red!"

"It is! Then it must have burned you. Your mother must have made it too strong."

"I guess maybe she did."

"You better put a little vaseline on it—or baking soda would be better."

"All right—"

"I've been thinking about you ever since I woke up," he said, and his voice dropped, came over the wire like a shy caress. "I've been thinking how awful darn sweet you were to me. I was so blue you could have poured me into an inkwell—then you came along."

"I'm glad I did—"

"I felt guilty, though—keeping you out till all hours like that—with a cold, too. I hope your family didn't bawl you out."

"Oh, no. They—it wasn't so awfully late."

"Well, look. When am I going to see you?"

Not *could* he see her, but when. "Why, I don't know. I have ambulance drill this morning. And this afternoon I'm serving at the canteen."

"Gosh! Then I— How about later? How about tonight? My train doesn't leave till ten something. We'd have time for a movie—or how about letting me come to see you?"

She said quickly, lightly, "You wouldn't want to do that. With so many interesting things to see—"

"I'd rather do that than anything

THE GYP OF THE WEEK

By FRANK W. BROCK

WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

ALTHOUGH the Treasury Department is vitally interested in promoting the sale of War Bonds and Stamps, it strongly disapproves their use by chiselers and the misguided.

A Houston promoter, for example, is mailing a "Victory Circular" listing five names. The recipient is requested to send a dollar in War Stamps to the "top name" and an additional fifty cents' worth of stamps to the "National Director" of the plan.

This is only one of numerous illegal endless chains the gyps are using in appealing to our patriotism. But it's a scheme in which the more or less innocent participant may find himself in trouble. Calvin W. Hassell, Acting Solicitor of the Post Office Department, warns:

"Patrons of the various post offices depositing in the mails matters relating to schemes of this nature should be warned that the sending of such matter through the mails is a violation of the postal fraud and lottery statutes. Notices are served upon persons participating in such schemes whose names come to the attention of the Post Office Department, requiring them to show cause why fraud orders should not be issued against them."

Buying a War Bond with a rubber check might, at first glance, seem to be a waste of energy, for these bonds are non-negotiable. As soon as the fraud is discovered the bond is canceled. But the gyps, instead of trying to sell the bonds, are using them as collateral for loans, and it may be months before the innocent holder of the bond learns that it is worthless.

The use of either bonds or stamps as premiums, discounts, or gifts in connection with the retail sale of merchandise is frowned upon.

Neither should they be used as prizes or rewards through games of chance.

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else—that is, if your family wouldn't object."

She was a little scared now. He had taken so much for granted. She wondered why she hadn't told him her parents were away—though of course she *could* say they had been called out of town suddenly. And there could be no harm in letting him come. He was a dear boy—simple and kind and genuine.

She said impulsively, "All right—if you're sure you want to."

"*Want* to! What time?"

"Well-ll—" If things had been different she might have asked him to dinner. That was what he would *really* like, a home-cooked dinner in this city of homeless restaurant eaters. She *could* have dinner sent up from the restaurant downstairs—he'd never know the difference. And she could invite a couple of other people, make a little party of it for him. "Why don't you come to dinner?" she heard herself saying. "Come along about half past six?"

"Dinner—gosh! I—thanks—I certainly can't resist that. Only, you won't make company of me, will you? I mean, just let me come and take pot luck."

Pot luck! She wondered hysterically what the stylish French chef downstairs would say if she asked him to send up a few orders of pot luck. When she put down the telephone she sat up in bed hugging her knees, planning her party. She would take the slip covers off the furniture in the small sitting room, close off the rest of the apartment. . . . What would he like for dinner? Something hearty. Roast beef and mashed potatoes and hot rolls and jam—and apple pie for dessert, of course! It could all be sent up beforehand and kept warm in the kitchen and she could serve it herself.

THE question was whom to ask. Perhaps Aunt Marcia would come in from Locust Valley. An aunt would make him feel more at home. But on second thought she realized Aunt Marcia wouldn't. She was too *grande dame*. She would think him frightfully corny. So, she began to see fearfully, would every one else she could think of. And she wouldn't have his feelings hurt—yet she couldn't have him here alone.

She was holding her head between her hands, her thoughts running up one impasse after another, when the telephone rang again. This time it was Ben Benafield, the casting agent. "Beany," her father called him. Beany was trying to find Towne.

"I think he's in Boston," Joy said.

"Was," said Beany. "I tried Boston. I've tried everything but the F. B. I.," and he sighed. "Well, if you should happen to hear from him, tell him to get in touch with me. Tell him I've got a honey of a gal to play that sister role—just the type he's after."

She said she would give Towne the message, and reached for the pad and pencil on her night table. "Beany has perfect type for sister role," she wrote and stopped and stared at what she had written, the pencil clamped hard between her teeth. For just a moment it seemed a preposterous idea, and then she saw that it was quite perfect. You ordered actors from Beany as you ordered groceries from the grocery man. And Beany had all types: sister types and mother types and father types. He could supply you with an entire family, including spinster aunts and old family servants. They would be delighted to play a one-night stand for Nada and Towne Ferris' daughter. They would adore doing it for a homesick soldier from Timothyville.

NORA served dinner as soon as Lin had met the family. As mother said, her husband was generally ready for dinner after his hard day's work. Lin said his father was the same. "If dinner's a minute late, he begins to yell, 'Hey, when do we eat?' "

"Me, too," said dad, testing the carving knife against the cushion of his thumb.

"Sure, an' you'd better go easy with that knife," warned Nora. "I jist sharpened it within an inch of its life."

She set the roast in front of dad, pushed a wisp of hair off her hot red face, and flounced out to the kitchen for the vegetables. Aunt Bertie, a prim, rather delicate-looking woman, sighed. "I do wish Nora could learn to serve a meal in silence," she protested.

"She never has," mother said good-naturedly, "and I'm afraid she's too old to change now. Is that beef rare enough, dad?"

"Our Mamie's the same way," Lin grinned at her. "She's been with us

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PROTEST

I do not mind
If Love is blind,
As all the poets say;
But is it fair
To give him wings,
So he can fly away?

—HARRY KEMP.

so long she thinks that she owns us."

Joy smiled at him across the centerpiece of roses. "Yes, your Mamie made me think of our Nora when you were telling me about her last night."

She was wearing a flowered-print dress with a full skirt and snug bodice, a blue butterfly bow nestled in her short brown curls. Her cheeks were pink and her blue eyes very bright. Tonight, in the bosom of her family, she was less reserved, easier, merrier than she had been last night.

"May I have the outside piece, please, daddy?"

"Yes, *sir!*" He stood at his place to carve and you could see the stem of his pipe sticking out of the pocket of his smoking jacket. He was as lean as mother was plump but no less genial and friendly. "Well done or rare for you, Bertie?"

"Well done, please—and a very small piece."

"No potatoes for me, thanks, Nora," said Joy.

Nora stood back, hand on hip. "No potatoes again, is it?"

"She's afraid of spoiling her figure, Nora," mother said, with a little smile at Lin.

"What figure?" asked dad innocently.

Joy made a little face at him. "I'm saving my appetite for mother's pie."

"No!" said dad and beamed on mother. "My dear, you don't actually mean you've baked us one of your wonderful pies?"

"I don't know how wonderful it will be," mother said, pleased but a little flustered, too. "It's been a pretty long time since I've made one."

But, like everything else, the pie was a tremendous success. Even Lin admitted that his own mother couldn't have done better.

WHEN dinner was over, they went into the little sitting room, warm and cozy with flowers and lamplight. A small baby grand piano stood in one corner, and Aunt Bertie wandered over to it and sat down on the bench. Dad filled his pipe and Joy lit it for him, and mother sat down beside the table with her knitting.

"Have you seen my glasses anywhere, Joy?"

"They're probably in your knitting bag, darling."

"Oh, yes, so they are." She put them on and looked over the tops at Joy, who was perched on the edge of the table nibbling a peppermint. "I wouldn't eat too many of those on top of that big dinner, dearest."

"This is only my second."

"She always could put away more candy than any other child I ever knew," said dad.

HENRY BOLTINOFF

". . . She's a regular bottleneck at all our parties!"

"Just like my sister Betty," said Lin.

He stood over by the fireplace puffing at the cigar dad had given him, looking very contented, very much at home.

Joy slid down from the table, licking the chocolate off her fingers. "Let's make Aunt Bertie play something for us!" she cried.

"Good idea," dad said. "Give us a tune, Bertie."

"Now, Jack, you know I don't really play well enough to—"

"Of course you do," mother said. "Play us one of those old-timey things."

"Yes, please do, Miss Bertie," Lin said, and went and leafed through the music on the piano. "Why, my aunt plays all these old songs, too! Here's one of her favorites. Won't you try it?"

"I will if you'll sing it," Aunt Bertie said archly.

"Do sing it, Lin," Joy begged.

And so, after a few false starts, Lin sang Oh, Promise Me in a pleasant glee-club baritone, looking across at Joy, who was turning the music for Aunt Bertie. "Oh, promise me that some day you and I—" Then he and Aunt Bertie sang In the Gloaming together, and Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes, and In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.

It was mother who put an end to the concert by asking Joy, "Has Lin seen our view from the terrace, dear?"

"Oh, no. You must see our view, Lin," Joy said and led the way.

The night was warm and still, and they crossed the terrace and stood beside the balustrade, looking down at the dimmed-out city sprawled immense and mysterious below them. After a little, Lin said, awe in his voice, "Gosh!"

"Isn't it wonderful?"

"I'll say!"

Aunt Bertie was still at the piano, setting the scene to music, as it were. "Mood music" it was called in the theater. "We were sailing along on Moonlight Bay," she sang in a voice as fragile and nostalgic as the old song itself.

LIN moved closer to Joy, laid his big hand over her small one. "It's *all* wonderful—you and your family—everything. I—I don't know how to thank you, Joy."

"Please don't try. You sure you had enough dinner?"

"Enough! I even ate my potatoes."

"I just don't *like* potatoes."

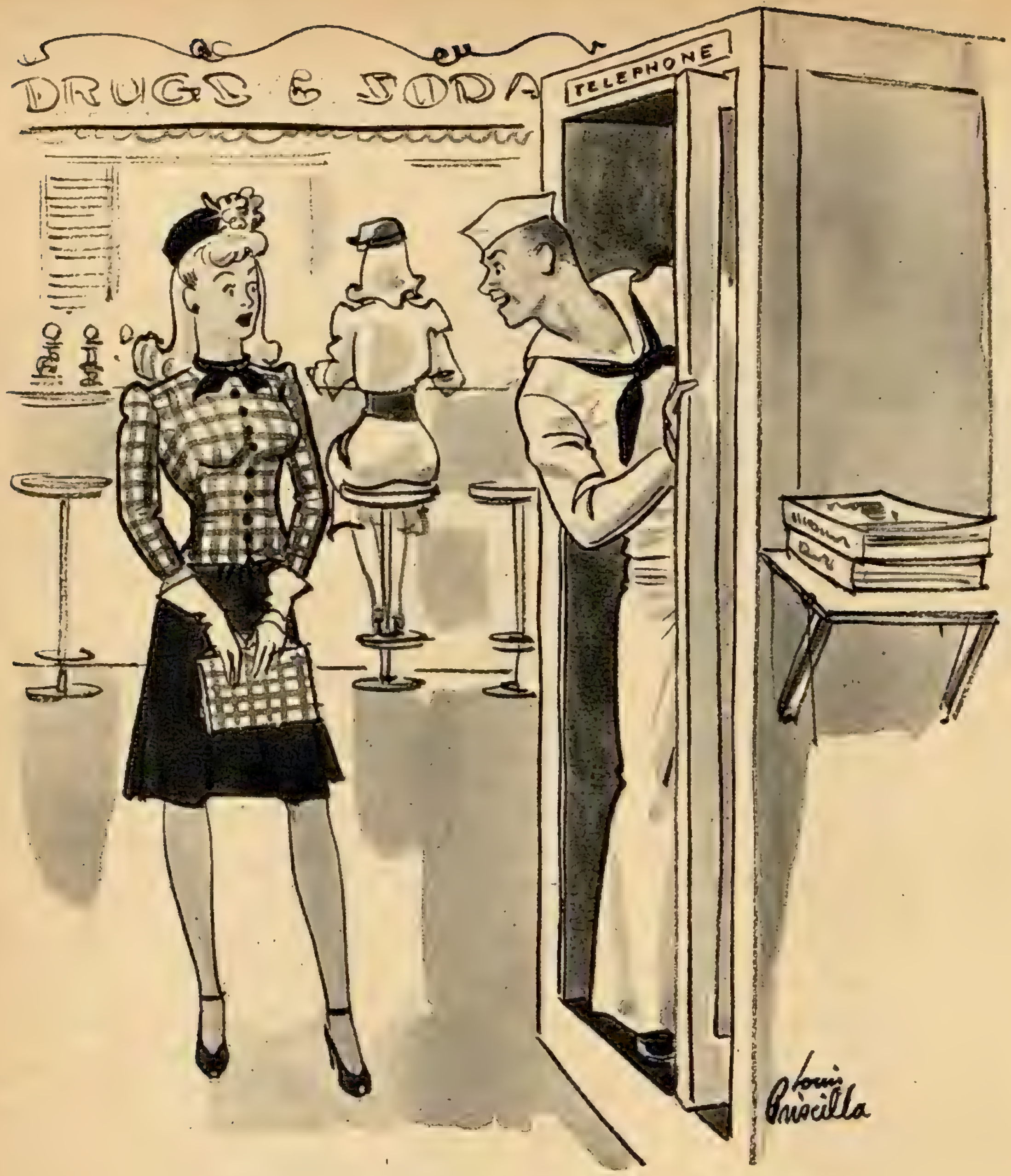
"And you don't like being bossed."

"How can you say that? Look at the way I let you boss me last night about that old mustard plaster—and I didn't even know you."

"I knew *you* all right." He laid his arm across her shoulders. "I feel as though I'd known you all my life."

She went rigid. "You mustn't feel that way. You don't know me at all."

"You don't have to know people a long time to know them well," he said. "I mean—well—sometimes you see some one across a room—the way I did you last night—and something in you just says, 'Hello—so



"How about a date, miss? I can save a nickel."

there you are!' See what I mean?"

"Y-yes—"

"You're not cold, are you?"

"No."

"You're shivering." He drew her closer to him and she relaxed. He did not presume on this; he held her lightly, tenderly, and they stood in silence watching the boats on the river, listening to Aunt Bertie's song. Then Joy said, "We'd better go in. You don't want to miss your train."

"No. Joy, will you let me come soon again?"

She looked up at him quickly. "Come again! But—you can't, can you? You're going away, aren't you —to war—"

"Not for awhile yet. If I can get a pass to come in next week—"

"Oh, no! I—I may not be here. I may be out of town."

"Suppose I call you up."

"All right. Yes, you'd better." She pulled away from him. "It is kind of chilly, isn't it? And late, too, I'm afraid." And she ran inside.

The family shook hands warmly when he left, refused to listen to his grateful speeches. "Don't mention it —delighted to have you," said dad.

"You must come again," mother told him. "Drop in any time you're in town."

"Thanks—thanks a lot. I will. I'll give you a ring, Joy."

But when Joy had taken him to the door and said good night, she returned to her family with a stricken face. "Oh, you shouldn't!" she cried. "You shouldn't have asked him to come again!"

"Heavens, of course I shouldn't," mother said contritely. "But of course it's exactly what I *would* have said. Jack's last line was definitely my cue to ask him to come again."

"Definitely," Jack said, taking off dad's smoking jacket and dad's stoop, laying down dad's pipe. "That's the difficulty of ad libbing an act like this—"

"BUT I thought it went over beautifully," said Aunt Bertie, looking suddenly younger, healthier. "And he was *such* a sweet boy."

Nora poked her head in the door—a smartly coiffed head in a modish hat—and asked, "Show over?" and came in. "Was my accent too dreadful? I've done so many cockneys lately—"

They were all looking a little anxiously at Joy, for they were serious actors and she had employed them and they had done their conscientious best. But Joy, being a daughter of the theater, knew what to say. She said it when she handed them their checks. "You all gave a beautiful performance."

When they were gone she locked the apartment door and went back to the sitting room. The knitting bag still hung from the arm of mother's chair, the smell of dad's pipe still lingered in the air. Aunt Bertie's music still stood open on the piano, for Joy had supplied the props.

For a little while she had almost forgotten they were props; for a little while she had actually felt like the cherished only child of Lin's imaginings. She had not known she could act so well. Nada would have been proud of her.

TOWNE generally notified Joy when he was coming home; but a week or so after the night of her dinner party, he surprised her. She was dressing after her bath when she heard his voice calling her, and she grabbed up a negligee and ran out to the sitting room.

"Daddy! Where did you come from?"

"Just flew up from Washington." He gave her a quick kiss, glanced round the room. "Have you had any word from your mother?"

"No. Why? Is anything the matter?"

"I wish I knew," he said and tossed his topcoat over a chair and reached for his cigarettes. "Shevlin phoned me this afternoon that her understudy had taken over for the Denver engagement and that your mother was flying back to New York."

"Oh, dad! Do you think she's ill!"

"If she's ill, why hasn't she gotten in touch with me? I don't see why she didn't do that in any case. It's not like her at all. Takes something pretty serious to make your mother miss a performance."

His fine face looked harassed and weary, and Joy noticed that his hand shook a little when he lit his cigarette. "She should be here now, if she's coming." His eyes focused for the first time on Joy's face, pale and anxious, and he put his arms around her. "Probably we're getting all het up over nothing. She may simply be on the trail of a new play—or maybe she's just homesick and is going to try and surprise us." Joy put her head down on his shoulder, and he said, "How have you been, darling?"

"Oh—all right." She lifted her face and kissed his cheek. "I'd better finish dressing before she gets here."

But she had been dressed for quite a little while and the fireplace was littered with Towne's half-smoked cigarettes by the time Nada arrived. She was alone—no maid, no little dog, no "entrance." They did not even know she had come until they glanced up and saw her poised there in the doorway, her silver-fox furs spilling over her slim black dress, the smartest of little hats riding the golden waves of her hair—and her lovely face like death.

Her husband and daughter sprang up and ran to her.

"Nada!"

"Mother!"

She put them from her with a terrible look. Her eyes swung round the room, came back to Towne's startled face. "Where is she?"

"What—who—where is who?"

"Your—the woman!"

"Is this a scene from your next play?" Towne said. "What are you talking about? Where is what woman?"

She thrust a small square of white at him, a letter. "*That* woman!"

"What in— What's this?"

"A letter I was never intended to see. It was forwarded to me."

Towne glanced down at it, looked up, white and frowning. "What's it all about? It doesn't make sense. Who's Lincoln Neale—"

"Lin!" Joy cried and snatched at the letter.

"Your daughter appears to know!"

But Joy was reading the letter:

Dear Mrs. Ferris—

I felt I must thank you again for your great kindness in letting me come to dinner. I wrote my mother about it—and also about that wonderful apple pie—and I shall certainly take advantage of your kind invitation to—

"OH—*oh!*" Joy cried, tears and laughter in her voice. "This—this wasn't meant for you, mother—"

"Do you think it necessary to tell me that?"

"It wasn't meant for anybody—I mean, he *thought* she was my mother—"

"What?" Towne shouted. "Who thought she was whose mother?"

"To bring her here—to your own home!" Nada cried, small white hands clawing and dragging at her furs. "Introduce her as your wife—"

"He didn't, mother—"

"Oh!" Nada shuddered. "*Oh!*" and whirled about to the door behind her. "Will you come in, please, Mr. Neale!"

"Lin!" Joy moaned. "Oh—no!"

He came in smartly, halted just inside the room, and stood there, his eyes fixed straight before him.

"Mr. Neale," Nada said, "are you quite certain that the lady who entertained you here last week was introduced to you as Joy's mother?"

"Certainly I'm sure."

"She was still here—in the apartment—when you left that night?"

"Yes—they were all here—Mr. Ferris and his—the woman I understood was his wife, and another woman they called Aunt Bertie—"

But Towne stopped him. "How can you have the unmitigated nerve to invent a story like that?"

"I'm not inventing it—and who are you?"

"I happen to be Towne Ferris—Joy's father."

"You can't be. I met him the other night when—"

"No—no—*no!*" Joy cried and wrung her hands. "He wasn't my father—he was an actor! He specializes in father roles!"

Now Lin looked at her for the first time. "The man—wasn't your father either?"

She lifted her eyes in dumb apology to his incredulous face.

"No—he was just acting the part. They were *all* actors—"

"All? Even—Aunt Bertie—and Nora—"

"I thought they'd make it seem more—homelike. My own family wasn't here, but you thought they were, and so when I asked you to dinner I had to invent one—a family, I mean. Oh, I know it sounds crazy, but it didn't seem that way then. You see, most of the boys want theater tickets and to go to night clubs and see the sights when they come here on leave, but you didn't. And you'd told me about *your* family—your aunt and Mamie. That's how I happened to think of Aunt Bertie and Nora—and the pie—"

"It was a good pie anyway—whoever made it," he said with a rueful little laugh. "Only, I don't see why you didn't tell me your parents weren't here."

"It *was* silly, only—I knew you thought they were and I—I guess I liked having you think it. It almost made it seem as though they really were here."

"You mean you'd been living here all by yourself?"

"Yes—and I was afraid you'd think that was queer—"

"You must have thought *I* was kind of queer—me and my mustard plasters!"

"Oh, no! I did make one—I made it myself. I can show you the scar it left." She tugged at the neck of her dress, but it happened to be a round one and so she pointed. "It left a red mark right here."

There was another little silence, and this time it was Nada who broke it, Nada's lovely voice, thin and high with mounting hysteria: "Oh—this is *too—too*— Towne! I don't know what I can *say!* To believe a horrible thing like that—and then—*this*—"

He reached her in three strides, took her in his arms.

"There, darling—my dearest! You mustn't cry. Why, this is your cue to laugh."

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

SLAYBELLES: Those Russian women snipers.

ROAMEO: Vagabond lover.

MALTIMILLIONAIRE: A wealthy brewer.

GYMLAZIUM: Where lazy people don't go to exercise.

NEWTENANT: Army officer who just moved to the next apartment.

BIFFSTEAK: What you put on a black eye.

SNUBURB: Outlying district where the snooty bluebloods live.

SCENTINEL: Dog used by the army.

YANXIOUS: A doughboy waiting for news from home.

FRIGIDHEIR: He was left a cold million.

"Laugh—yes!" But she sobbed stormily instead. "Darling, I almost *died!*"

"Mother," Joy pleaded and touched her arm timidly. "Mother dear—I'm *so* sorry!"

"You *should* be!" Nada said and wiped her wet eyes and blew her nose. Then she reached out and pushed Joy's hair back from her forehead and looked bleakly into her daughter's face. "To do a ridiculous thing like that—*invent* a family!"

Lin stepped forward. "Please don't scold her, Mrs. Ferris. She did it for me. It's really all my fault."

"No, it's mine. I never should have gone on this tour—it's been ghastly anyway. I'm too old to go traipsing around the country."

"Don't be silly," Towne said.

"I am!" declared Nada and reached up and snatched off her hat and threw it on the table. Then she flung about and faced Joy accusingly. "So that's the sort of mother you want—some one who can bake pies—"

"Mother! Oh, no!"

"Well, you certainly didn't cast her to my type!" Nada said, and then, with a defiant toss of her head, "I dare say I *could* bake a pie if I tried!"

TOWNE burst into a roar of laughter and caught her to him. "Anyway, no woman in captivity can beat your scrambled eggs," he declared. "How about whipping up a mess for us now? Joy and I are starved. I'll run out and get the eggs—"

"All right—and some sausages and French bread and cheese—and sweet butter." She grabbed his hand. "Come along. We'll show these two what a little home talent can do!"

Joy stood staring at the door through which they had gone until Lin touched her arm and she lifted her glowing face to his. He was grinning down at her, but the humor in his eyes was infinitely tender. "Sure it's all right for me to stay?" he whispered.

"Yes—oh, yes! And, Lin—tonight it's *real.*"

His arms went around her, he bent his head. "So's this," he said.

THE END

Answers to Guess Who Said It? on Page 55

1. **Oliver Wendell Holmes.**
2. **Anton Chekhov.**
3. **General Eisenhower.**
4. **Maurice Maeterlinck.**
5. **Mary Pickford.**
6. **Will Rogers.**
7. **Jim Corbett.**
8. **Dorothy Thompson.**
9. **Lady Astor.**
10. **Robert Frost.**

TRICKS of TRADES

Rays that Kill Insects

X RAYS, infrared rays (actually heat rays), ultraviolet rays (the ones that cause sunburn) kill insects. One department store in the East does a nice winter business in infrared lamps that kill fleas on dogs. Concentrated infrared rays will strike cockroaches dead. Very short radio waves, the kind used in fever-therapy machines, heat up internal organs and literally cook bugs to death. Which explains why one grain mill has installed fever machines.

For Iced Whiskers

AMERICAN soldiers going into regions where it is too cold to shave are furnished with special beard clippers by the Army Quartermaster Corps, whose experts have devised it so as to prevent the formation of ice on the soldiers' whiskers!

So You Can't Taste It

TO anesthetize the taste buds of the tongue for periods long enough to swallow very unpleasant orally administered medicines like castor oil or quinine, a Viennese doctor specially considerate of his patients' sensitivities rubs the tongue with ice. After such treatment the recipient doesn't know whether it's something sweet or sour, pleasant or unpleasant that he has just swallowed.

Flashlight Economy

NIGHT watchmen, air wardens, and others should appreciate this tip. To make flashlight batteries last twice as long as they do, slip the cell out of its cardboard casing. With an ice pick or other pointed implement punch a hole on each side, then put the cell into a pan of water. Let it soak for twenty minutes to half an hour. Wipe dry and put back in the casing. In an hour it will be ready for use again. Even old discarded batteries can be renewed in this way.

War Linguistics Course

ONLY eleven languages are needed to make yourself understood in any land, despite the fact that the total number of present-day spoken languages (exclusive of minor dialects) is 2,769. So says Professor Mario A. Pei of Columbia University.

To help students realize this global linguistic sufficiency, Professor Pei has organized a course in which English-speaking students are taught the rudiments of German, Spanish, French, Portuguese, Italian, Russian, and Japanese. Then a "smattering of Dutch, Arabic, and Chinese" may be added.

"Colonies and islands settled by Europeans have largely learned the language of the colonizers," Dr. Pei, whose course at Columbia is known as "war linguistics." A rudimentary vocabulary of thirty or forty war-zone languages is also prescribed for the students who may be assigned to any region of the globe.

To Wearers of Brass Buttons

POLISHING brass buttons and buckles is one of the most despised chores of a soldier's life. Many week-end passes are lost due to this neglect. If Johnny Doughboy will provide himself with a bottle of clear fingernail polish and give buttons and buckles a thin coating of it, he can forget this "shining chore" for several weeks without penalty.

Floating Tank in Place

PLUMBERS, when installing a large tank underground, excavate a hole large enough to take the tank, then fill the excavation with water, roll the tank in, and pump the water out, allowing the tank to settle gently into place and turned in the right position for connections. The process is reversed to remove a tank.

Why Coal Is Whitened

WHITEWASHING coal would seem to take the prize for utter futility. Yet that's what some railroads do. The coal is whitewashed not to please the eye but simply to prevent theft in transit. Before a car starts on its journey the top layers are sprayed with lime water, which leaves a white coating after it evaporates. The removal of even a scuttleful of coal is immediately detected, so that the exact junction or station at which the theft occurred can be noted.

[Readers are invited to send us any good trick of the trade they know—involving either trade or profession—and Liberty will pay $5 each for those accepted. Keep the item short, from 50 to 150 words. Address your contribution to Tricks of Trades Editor, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42d Street, New York.]

LADY WITH WINGS—Continued from Page 21

ner and movies and dancing—when I wasn't too dog-tired at the end of a day. It hasn't been all gloom and hardship."

"Did Bill Keith ever ask you to go out?"

"No-o."

Walter Chase sighed and pushed himself out of the chair. "Some day," he said, "I'm going to give myself the satisfaction of kicking that man in the pants. Now, look. I'd sort of like to see where my family lives and sleeps and eats. Think you can arrange to show me around while we chatter?"

It was fun to slip her arm through her father's and take him around the base. It was a good deal like old times, when nothing in the world troubled them. Lennie showed him all there was to see. When at last it was time for him to leave and she walked with him to the gate, he said:

"I won't be able to get around for your graduation, honey—though I'd give a good bit to see you in that uniform. But when the day comes, just remember one thing, will you?"

"Yes?"

"I—I'm damned proud of you, Lennie."

That was his farewell. As she walked slowly back toward the Officers' Club to pick up the flying boots she'd left there, her head was bent and she smiled a little. *I'm pretty proud of him, too,* she thought. And it wasn't because he was producing several thousand American planes.

It was because he always understood her feelings without digging for them until it hurt.

IN the club she was thrusting the boots under her arm when an orderly looked in to say:

"Phone for you, Miss Chase. They've been trying you all over the place."

She was startled. This was the first call she'd had in more than three weeks at New Castle.

When she took up the receiver in the club booth, a cheerful voice said:

"How are you, Lennie? Do you remember a fellow named Andy Rogers?"

"Andy!"

"In person. Just checked in at Wilmington. On leave till tomorrow afternoon." And he asked, "How about coming into town for a head-to-head dinner? Can you get away from your ladies' club?"

It would be good to see his friendly eyes, to hear the friendly voice of some one who condemned nothing in either the present or the former Eleanor Chase. She said, "I'd love to, Andy."

"Make it the Du Pont lobby. I'll be the redheaded good-looking guy behind the palms. And by the way, I've got a surprise for you."

"What kind of surprise?"

"Uh-uh. Come and see."

So she hurried to the WAFS barracks to wash out the effects of the long flight and change to a dress. Until she became privileged to wear a uniform, she had to use civilian attire in town. She slipped into a beaver coat and went to the main gate.

A COUPLE of soldiers in a jeep, bound for Wilmington, gave her a lift. And she walked into the Du Pont lobby twenty minutes later, flushed with the sting of the cold December night.

Andy Rogers came toward her with a grin—a tall, red-haired officer with an easy stride. Lennie saw instantly what he had meant by a surprise.

There were two silver bars on his shoulders. Lieutenant Rogers had become Captain Rogers.

"Why, Andy!" she whispered. "When did *that* happen?"

"Yesterday."

"That's wonderful!"

He held both her hands and grinned.

"Wanted you to see 'em first, Lennie. After all, one of those bars belongs to you."

"Am I supposed at this point to ask why?"

"Right. And then I say it's yours because I got it for a flight you made."

"Now, wait," she protested. "We agreed that we were going to *forget* all about that."

"Let's forget it later. Right now you're asking and I'm telling. Maybe I was in line for promotion—I don't know—but our fight with the subs and the report on refueling I brought in certainly helped a lot to speed things up."

He squeezed her hands.

In the grill, he smiled at her across a table beside the wall. His eyes frankly admired her hair, her face, the slim hand with which she held a cigarette to her lips while he struck a match.

"You look absolutely wonderful, Lennie."

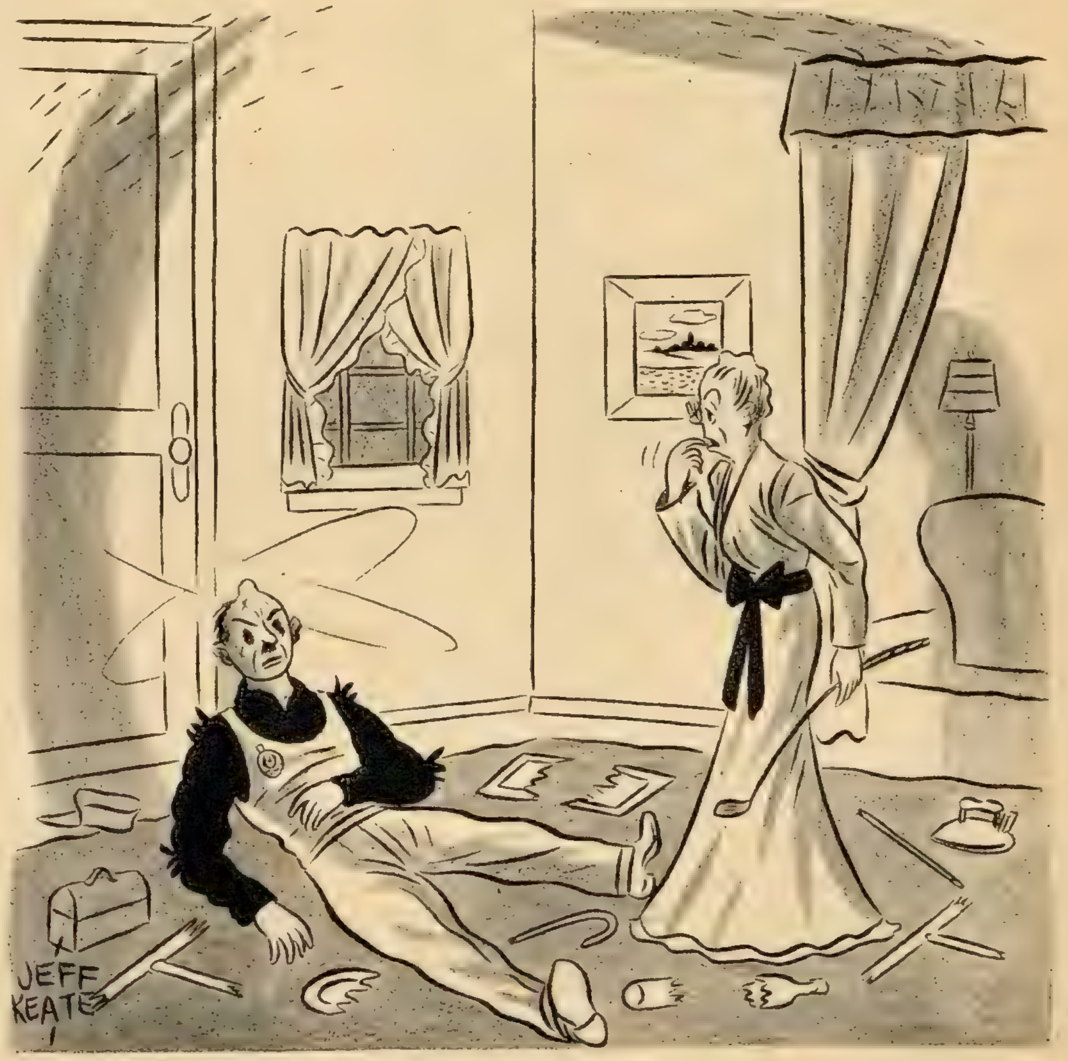
"It's the wind," she said, smiling at him.

"The sky wind. Flying has done things for you. . . . Let's order, and then we can talk. There's quite a lot I came to say."

"Such as—"

"Just wait. I've got to work up to it by easy stages."

When the waiter had gone off with



"Oh, dear! I keep forgetting that nowadays when you get home early in the morning you're coming home from work."

their order, she smiled at him. "Let's have it, Andy. You're practically sizzling."

"Well, it's pretty simple—and yet, it's kind of twisted, too." She saw awkwardness rise in his manner, in the way he began to finger a spoon. "Lennie," he asked, "did—did I ever tell you my pa's a preacher?"

"Why, no."

"Uh-huh. Out in Iowa. He's got a pretty little church, and he's been expounding the will of God from its pulpit for the past twenty-four years. I used to have to sit and listen every Sunday from the time I was old enough to say 'Amen.' Maybe that's why I've got a queer religious streak in me."

"Andy," she mocked, "don't tell me you came up from Langley to make me sign the pledge."

"I'M handing you this preamble just to explain my peculiar way of thinking. You see, I've got into the habit of looking for the will of God—if you want to call it that—in the everyday things that happen to me, in the people I meet. Why do I find myself in such and such a place with such and such a person at such and such a time? Is there any divine direction behind it? Take yourself, for example. Why did I land on Chase Field that night? How come I kept a grip on myself just long enough to get that far? And why were *you* there at the moment, ready to take over at the controls? I mean, what did God have in mind when things were arranged that way?"

"A fellow named Wilder once wrote a whole book, The Bridge of San Luis Rey, wondering about the same sort of thing. He couldn't figure it out, either."

"Still, there must be an answer."

"Maybe heaven wanted to rush you into the captaincy."

"Heaven could have waited." He made circles in the tablecloth with his spoon. "What about yourself?"

"You mean what did the flight do for me? Come to think of it, Andy, it did a great deal. It sent me into the WAFS."

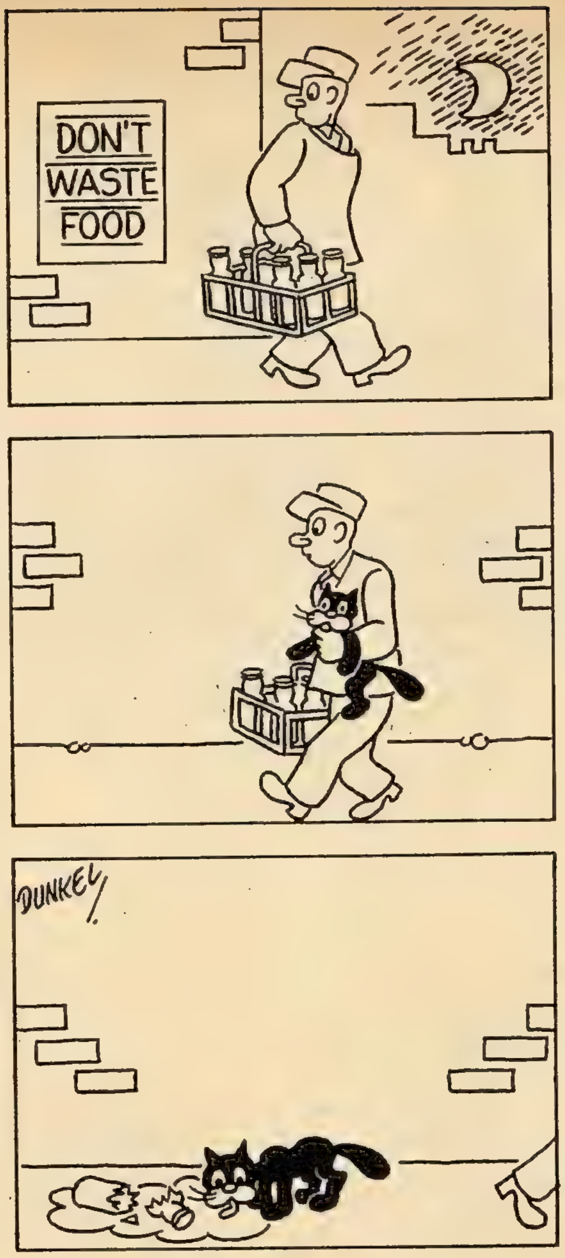
"Honestly? Was that what did it?"

"Principally—if you're looking for direct cause and effect."

Andy Rogers nodded, absorbing all this. Then, with his eyes on the spoon, he said slowly, "Lennie, that flight did something else for me—something special. Something a lot more important than getting a captaincy."

"Now," she said, "we seem to be reaching the crux."

"We are. And the crux is that I've been thinking about you day in and day out. The way you've been crowding my mind—well, I thought



I'd better come up here and tell you quick. Lennie, I—I guess I'm in love."

"Andy!"

"So help me."

Lennie looked at him in amazement.

"Andy, aren't you getting love mixed up with other feelings? You've been excited these past few weeks, and unnerved—"

"Yeah, that's exactly what I tried to tell myself," he acknowledged. "Also, I went on to say I'm crazy. Just an irresponsible farm kid from Iowa with a couple of bars on my shoulders, while you're Eleanor Chase—*the* Eleanor Chase. So what am I dreaming about? You and your father could buy out my whole family with the loose change in your pockets."

"That isn't it," she protested. "What I mean—"

"Let me get this said while my motors are running. I told myself I couldn't be in love with somebody I hardly knew. After all, though I'd seen you around the Langley canteen and sort of trailed after you, like the others, I'd never had any real talk with you until we flew together. Even then I was drunk half the trip. Yeah, I thought of all the *con* arguments, but they added up to zero. The way I've been feeling about you—well, if this isn't love, I've been reading the wrong books."

For one of the few times in her life, Lennie had no reply. She felt bewildered yet touched in a deep and poignant way. Andy Rogers wasn't trying to be dramatic. He wasn't even trying to be persuasive. He spoke like a man giving expression to a futile and childish hope.

"Would there be any point," he said, "in my asking you to marry me?"

"Andy, I—I *couldn't*—"

"M-m. Thought so."

"But it isn't because I'm Eleanor Chase! Or because of the money."

His nod was fatalistic. This was what he had expected. His spoon dipped into his soup again and again, and he watched it thoughtfully.

"Well, I had to ask," he said at last. "You know how it is. You were ruining my sleep."

"Andy, you—you've got me all choked up. I wish I knew what to say."

He straightened and smiled, though the smile was difficult. "If I'd had any sense," he said, "I'd have saved this till after dessert. Don't know why I let myself spoil dinner. Let's eat."

"I'm sorry, Andy," she whispered.

"We—we'd better forget it," he said. "I just took a chance."

She looked at him with an ache that rose out of her heart. He probably felt as helpless about her as she felt about Bill Keith. The destiny in which Andy believed seemed to have botched things.

SHE was still thinking about Andy Rogers when she climbed into a Fairchild PT19A in the morning. Its cockpit was open. As she strapped on her helmet and pulled on fur-lined gloves, Lieutenant Rassiter called up from the ground:

"Everything cleared?"

"All papers made out," she answered. "I land in Charleston, make out the necessary papers there, then come back."

"Right. She's all yours."

As her flight instructor stepped back, she pulled the glass hood of the cockpit over her head. The motor coughed once or twice, sputtered, then broke into a steady roar. While it warmed up she adjusted the earphones, glanced up at the control tower. It was time to forget Andy, time to forget everything except the job of going to Charleston and back on another cross-country training hop.

Control's laconic voice came to her ears: "Hold it, T4. Transport coming in."

T4 was her signal. She eased down the motor to a hum, peered about in the skies. A few white clouds floated in the sunshine. Under one of them she saw the transport banking as it circled for a landing.

Lennie waited, watching the plane. One of these days, she mused, Bill would be coming home in a Douglas like that. Home from Africa, England, the Aleutians, Australia—wherever he might be. She sighed a little and looked over the field—and suddenly sat up in surprise.

An ambulance was starting toward the runway where the transport would land. Men followed it, running. It was an unusual sight at New Castle, and it alarmed her.

She pressed the phone close to her lips and asked Control, "What's wrong out there?"

"Transport bringing in a couple of casualties."

"Any of *our* men?"

"Yeah. Captain Rauck and Major Keith."

The words hit her like bullets. She stiffened, went pale. On impulse she cut her motor, ripped off her gloves. When she opened the door to jump to the ground, Lieutenant Rassiter came running to her.

"What's the matter, Miss Chase?"

"I—I can't fly now! I want to see—"

"Wait a minute. Wa-a-ait a minute!" He waved her back. "You've been cleared, Miss Chase! You take off—"

"I can't! Please, not—not now!" She was already running toward the transport, with Lieutenant Rassiter doing his best to keep up with her.

"Look here," he cried. "You can't change your orders like this! You're in the army, lady! The field is yours—"

HER mind was banging with the thought, *Bill's been hurt—Bill's been hurt.* She hardly heard Lieutenant Rassiter. It didn't occur to her that in abandoning the Fairchild and all prescribed action she was endangering her position in the WAFS. As she ran, following the crowd, she couldn't think in terms of insubordination. Bill was in that plane. How could she fly off callously, without seeing him, without knowing what had happened?

Lieutenant Rassiter was furious. "Miss Chase, unless you've got a damned good reason for this—"

But they were part of the crowd now, and others surged in between them. Lennie ran with fear that made her forget the lieutenant. Somewhere in the crowd she left him behind.

When the big plane stopped, soldiers streamed in under its wings. Lennie saw its door open. Seven men came out—grim, unshaven, bulky with the weight of their parachutes. They didn't wait for steps; it was easier to jump.

The colonel was there to meet them. He talked to them in low tones while the stairs were wheeled against the plane. Then he climbed through the door, followed by a couple of flight surgeons. The stretcher-bearers went up behind them.

Lennie waited in a kind of trance, agonized by fear. She found herself close to Captain Grant of Public Relations. His coat collar was turned high against the wind and he clung to his cap with a gloved hand.

"Are—are they badly hurt?" she whispered. "Do you know, captain?"

"From what they radioed, Captain Rauck's a mess."

"What—what about the major?"

"Can't say. We'll see in a moment."

SHE waited, her eyes fixed on the plane's door. This was the worst part of it—the anxiety of waiting. She had a desperate feeling that she ought to be in there with Bill, doing something for him. Talking to him. Letting him know she was there. But army discipline, she realized, wouldn't allow her to approach the steps.

Minute dragged after minute before the stretcher reappeared. It was being carried with extreme caution. The head above the blankets was as heavily swathed as a mummy's.

But it wasn't Bill's. In the shortness of the figure Lennie saw that this couldn't be Bill, and her pent-up breath escaped. While the stretcher was lifted into the ambulance, her eyes went back to the door of the plane. Bill would be next. In a few seconds *he* would be borne out under blankets.

Bill Keith, however, came out on his feet.

One of the flight surgeons supported him. His left arm was bound in bandages that rose to pad his shoulder. He carried it in a sling and he was weak—so weak that his knees wobbled on the steps, and another man jumped up to steady him.

Lennie, pushing forward, tried to cry his name. A group of officers blocked her, and one of them gave her a warning shake of his head, motioning her back. So Bill didn't see her at all.

She watched him as he was helped into the ambulance. When the flight surgeon had stepped in, the car rolled off in the darkness.

Despite the fact that her plane was waiting, she could think of only one place to go—the base hospital. All her instincts pulled her there.

In its door, however, a young flight surgeon stopped her. "Oh, no, Miss

DIRECT HITS

In North Africa an American general obligingly left a cook shack so that a doughboy's pet hen could lay her daily egg undisturbed. In Russia the entire German General Staff moved out so that Hitler could lay one.

Reports reveal that American spending has created a minor boom in French Morocco. Somebody should point that out to Franco, across the way, who could use both the money and a new set of friends.

The German press has complained that the Russians concealed their real strength—and even some fortified towns and new railroads. It isn't so much losing a war that bothers Hitler; it's being double-crossed by your own enemies.

To those who think Japan can be bombed into impotence: In Manchukuo, Japan has built up a formidable manufacturing arsenal and a backlog of raw materials—all camouflaged and far apart.

New gadgets: A transparent plastic lunch box, which guards at war plants can now inspect without pawing over the contents; . . . cellophane parachutes (for dropping supplies, etc.); . . . a scale that enables the blind to weigh things—by sound.

Hitler now loudly proclaims that his legions are battling to save Europe from Stalin and the Red Russians. He mustn't forget that on the other front he is also fighting that world revolutionary Winston Churchill.

Note to pot-shotters at the President: "If I were to try to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business"—Abraham Lincoln said that in the White House about a war he had on his hands.

Hitler's silence following the Nazi retreat in Russia caused considerable speculation about his death or deposition. But history doesn't record that Napoleon tossed off any particularly brilliant remarks, either, on his way from Moscow to Paris.

—*E. A. P.*

Chase," he said. "You can't see him now. Of course not!"

"I just want to—"

"Sorry. They'll be dressing the arm and the shoulder, and then he'll be put to sleep. They'll probably keep him asleep for the next twenty-four hours."

"Is the arm—bad?"

"It can't be too bad if they let him come in under his own steam."

Lennie nodded and turned away. She walked dazedly. What was it they had told each other in their last clash? She couldn't remember. Such things were vacuous, meaningless, at a time like this. She wanted to talk to him. More poignantly than ever she realized that she loved him. It was futile to deny it to herself.

But she couldn't see him today. The certainty of that restored some clarity to her thoughts. She lifted her head and remembered her plane; remembered Lieutenant Rassiter and his anger, too.

AS she hurried her pace, Lennie frowned. *I've done it,* she told herself grimly. *I'm in for it.*

Lieutenant Rassiter was standing under the Fairchild's wing, talking to a ground-crew sergeant. When Lennie approached, he turned to her with a scowl.

"I'm sorry, lieutenant," she began quietly. "If I can take off now—"

"No soap, Miss Chase. You're not flying. I don't know what made you do that. Army schedules aren't run on whims. You had your orders to take off twenty minutes ago."

"When I heard about those casualties—"

"Every man on this base has heard about those casualties. You don't see them quitting their jobs, do you?"

"No, lieutenant." She'd been wrong and she knew it, and there was nothing she could say to change matters. In her bitterness Lennie bit her lip, looked away.

He said, "You're to report to Mrs. Love. At Headquarters."

"So you've already told her."

"I had to, Miss Chase. Ever hear of army discipline?"

"What's the penalty for what I've done, lieutenant?"

"Haven't the faintest idea. It's never happened before. Not among you WAFS, anyhow." And then, relaxing his military severity, the lieutenant shook his head. "I don't get it, Miss Chase. You're getting along swell, and then you have to go and pull a stunt like this. What got into you, anyway?"

"Emotion," she said limply. "Just emotion, lieutenant. . . . I'll go see Mrs. Love."

She walked a little way with her eyes closed. *I spent three and a half weeks working toward wings,* she told herself bitterly, *and now I'm throwing them away. For what they called a whim. They're likely to cashier me. I'm apt to be out of the WAFS before I get in. And for Bill.*

SHE spent about an hour with the Director of Women Pilots. When she came out of Headquarters, looking a bit drawn, she found Liz Wile waiting for her. The small blonde girl, trim in her uniform, was visibly worried. As they walked across frozen mud toward the WAFS barracks, Liz whispered:

EVERYTHING HAS ITS PRICE

Oh, believe me,
it isn't
that I don't think
that virtue
is really
its own reward;
But it isn't
so easy
to look at mink
and know it
is something
I can't afford.

—SIS WILLNER.

"For Pete's sake, Lennie, what bit you?"

"So you've heard about it, too."

"*Everybody's* heard about it! Are you—out?"

"No, Liz. I—I'm still in."

"Well, thank heaven for that!" Liz rolled relieved eyes skyward. "Baby, you had me rehearsing a funeral talk. What happened in there?"

"Mrs. Love turned out to be a pretty grand person."

"You didn't have to disrupt flight schedules to find that out."

"Liz, I was a fool. I simply couldn't help doing it."

"How come such a brain storm?"

"I'll tell you exactly what I told Mrs. Love. When I heard Major Bill Keith was hurt, the—the bottom dropped out of that Fairchild."

They were at the steps of the barracks. Liz Wile stopped and stared at Lennie. "For heaven's sake," she said in a flat, startled voice. "So it's like that."

"It's like that, Liz."

They went up the stairs. Until they were in Lennie's room, neither of them spoke again. Then Liz closed the door.

"How is the major?" she asked.

"I don't know. They wouldn't let me see him."

"And how do you stand with Mrs. Love?"

Lennie threw her flying coat to the cot. She sank wearily beside it, leaned far back against the wall, and closed her eyes. "I guess I'll be all right," she said, "if I learn to have some sense."

"Meaning all is forgiven?"

"Mrs. Love went into conference with the colonel. When she came back, she looked at me with those thoughtful eyes and—Liz, she's got a pretty wonderful smile."

"Skip the smile. What was the verdict?"

"I've been advised to remember my heart and my impulses, like all the rest of me, are now subject to WAFS routine and army orders. My case being exceptional, no action is to be taken on it. This flight is canceled, of course, and I'll have to wait an extra day to get my wings. Aside from that, I'm where I was this morning—except that my reputation is a little worse."

LIZ WILE looked at her in silence for a minute, contemplating Lennie's closed eyes. At last she released a long sigh.

"I'll say one thing for you, Lennie. When you finally get those wings, you'll have earned them — with heart's blood."

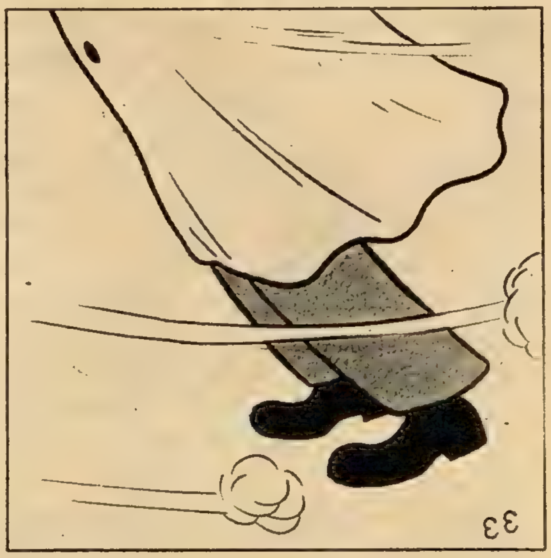
And as she spoke some one rapped at the door.

Lennie called a weary "Yes?"

"Got a message for you, Miss Chase," a woman's voice answered. "You're wanted at the base hospital. Immediately."

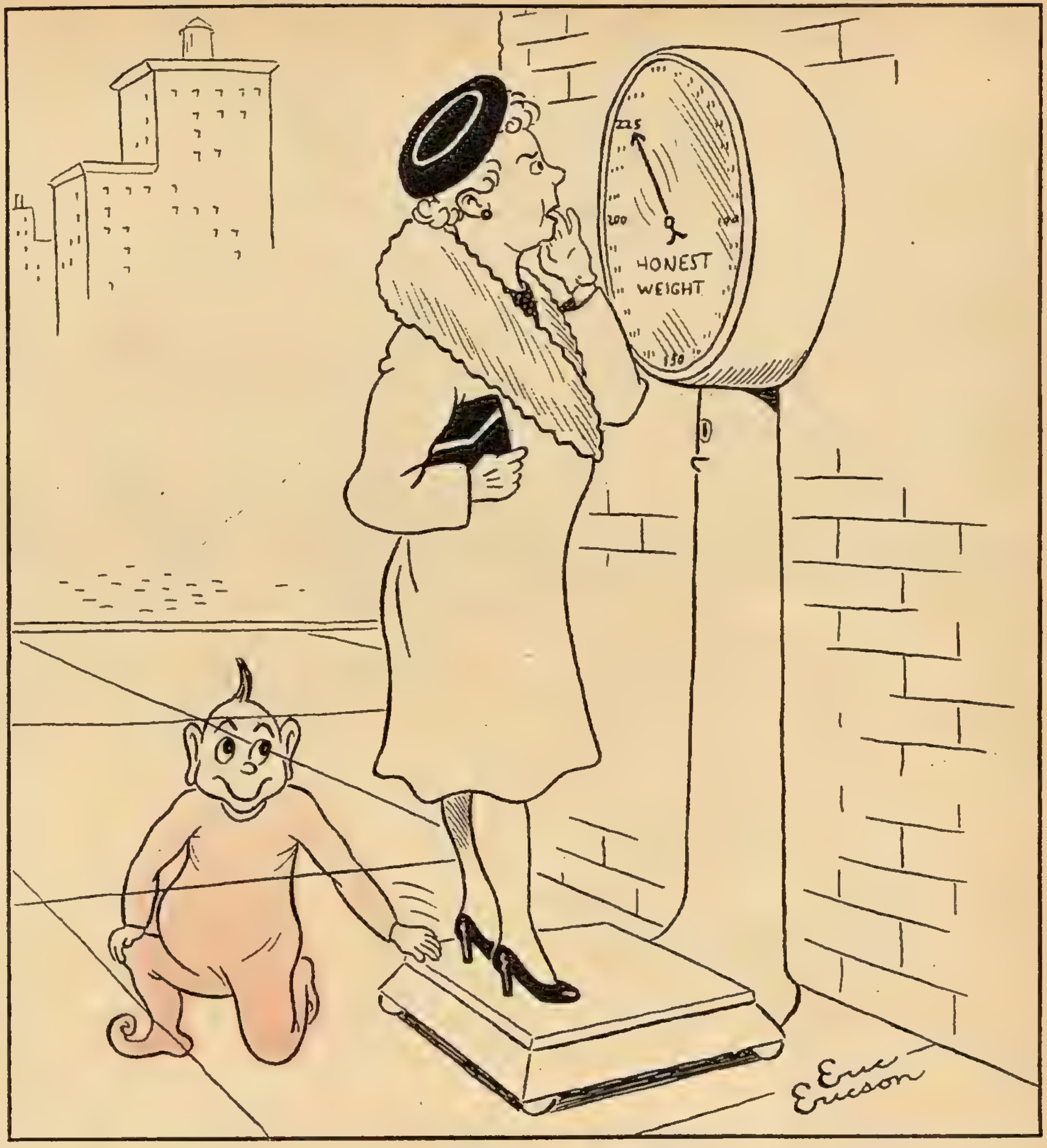
Is Bill worse? Or has he asked to see Lennie merely to reprimand her for what she has done? This dramatic story of a girl's fight to serve her country and to capture the heart of the man she loves continues in next week's issue.

FOOTNOTES



Gale.

THE GROUNDED GREMLIN (See page 73)



THE EARLY-SHADOWED VALLEY

Continued from Page 11

shambling lump, like one of the charred stumps, move ever so little, ever so timidly a little way against an evening sky of frosted gold, he stopped and watched.

It really was an Indian. There in the stump field that slanted up to the ridge above the swamp. Charlie approached cautiously, trailing his broomstick, and this one said gently:

"Little brother, you kill many Indians?"

He looked gravely down at Charlie, and he leaned against one of the tall stumps that Charlie's father had tried to burn off a long time ago. He spoke in a stately Chinook, uncorrupted by village poor halls or by bargaining in the hop fields of the mainland; it sounded like a ceremonial tongue, and Charlie, familiar with the talk of the Siwashes his father had used to hire to help in haytime, had to think out each word to understand and reply:

"No. Today I pretend 'patriot' in a war between—among the white—among my own people."

"They, too, little brother, have burned many villages between them," the Indian agreed gravely. He grinned perhaps: a slight flash of white teeth in a haggard dark face of weariness. His breast, under the bib of his overalls, was swathed curiously with bandages made of a bright red-and-black-and-white-plaid woods shirt torn into strips, and there were purplish-brown stains crusted on the harsh wool.

"I MADE a signal to you, little brother, because you, too, are one who rides and fights," the Indian said. "In war there are truces."

Charlie, schooled from watching the Siwashes talking in the bunkhouse in haying time, when his father had still been here, nodded. "Ai-ee, brother," he said. It was good talk. They both nodded. And after a pause the Indian said:

"I, too, my little brother, am one who has fought, and since I fought I have ridden. A very great way. And now I seek a truce because I am tired and need to rest a little while upon my way, and because I have no food."

Charlie, with his eyes upon the stained woolen rags, said:

"I will bring you food. I will ask my mother. Where are you from, brother?"

"You have heard of the country of the Haidas?" the Indian said.

Charlie nodded.

"It is a far way to the north," the Indian said. "It is in the islands, and I am a Haida. I am a war chief among the Haidas, because my father's father was a war chief, and we are sea Indians, as you know. But in my time there is only one Haida who has fought, and that is I. I tell you this, little brother, so that while you bring me food from your mother's house, you do not tell any one that I am here. It is my right to ask this, because we are two fighters, you and I, and I ask the rights of truce between fighters."

It was a long speech, and Charlie had to think for awhile before he had it all straight in his mind and could reply gravely as the occasion demanded.

"It is so. I understand, and I will tell nobody. You—you have been watching me before this?"

The war chief inclined his head.

"I have been watching," he said. He seemed strangely weak, sagging against the stump.

"We have talked too long," Charlie said, seeing the way the war chief held a hand cupped over the stained place on the bandages. "I will go now for food. But it was good talk, brother."

"It was good talk," the war chief said.

Charlie ran hard, but halfway down the slope of the pasture he turned and looked back. The war chief was still leaning against the stump; he lifted one hand in a grave gesture of salute, of belief.

All that Charlie could wheedle out of his mother, so near suppertime, was a slice of bread and butter spread with apple jelly.

The war chief was sitting down, with his back against the stump. He reached up one smoke-grimed hand and accepted the thick country slice with a great dignity.

"Without telling my mother, it was the best I could do," Charlie said.

The war chief inclined his head.

"It is more than enough," he said, breaking the bread with respectful fingers.

"In the morning," Charlie said quickly, "there is the lunch my mother gives me to carry to school. It is more than I can eat."

"We shall see, little brother. Perhaps," the war chief said gently, "your school lunch will not be necessary."

But it was. And Charlie left it with the war chief, pressing the limp twisted neck of the brown-paper bag into his hands when he found him on the ridge above the swamp. The war chief's face was a smokesmeared gray, and Charlie wondered where he had slept that night. When he asked, the war chief looked at him with black opaque eyes, and said:

"An Indian has always shelter from the rain. It is all that has been left to him."

But when Charlie came home from school along the ridge that night, the war chief was waiting for him at a thicket of salal beside the trail, and he said:

"Little brother, you went hungry at midday because of me."

"No; Jaimie MacFadden had too many sandwiches in his lunch pail," Charlie said. "I made him—he divided up with me."

"Little brother." The war chief looked at him for a long time. Then he said, "This morning I was rude when you asked me where I sleep. I have been thinking. It was a great discourtesy between fighting men, that business this morning. I have had all day to remember it with shame. And now, will you come with me to my lodge?"

He led the way down the slope from the ridge, stumbling with weakness. They came to a wickiup of peeled and shredding cedar bark at the foot of a great tree in the depths of the swamp, where last night's frost still lingered over its crystal cryptic signature around the margins of black pools among the roots. And the war chief said:

"My lodge, little brother. Will you enter?"

INSIDE there was a heap of the white crumbling ashes of swamp alder which smoldered, showing one fading spark at its heart but filling that place with smoke like sullen thoughts; and there were some Hudson's Bay Company blankets in one corner, and a rusty skillet. That was all. And the war chief said:

"Have I told you, little brother, of my totem?" He sat on the heap of blankets, the war chief, and his left hand cupped gingerly the lumped rags bandaging his breast. "This is my lodge," he said. "And my totem is the great salmon, the tyee, the king—"

"I hear, my chief," Charlie said, remembering the stately cadences of the way to talk when a great chief gives utterance and pauses for a reply.

"The far-wandering one," the war chief said, "the tyee, who has seen the smoky October moon sink into the tide when the camp smoke makes writing along the beaches where my people have camped. And where they sing. Have you heard my people sing their song of the great salmon, the tyee?"

Charlie cleared his throat, wanting to be big and knowing and worthy and—said, "No."

"It is a great singing, little brother," the war chief said. "The voices of young girls and the voices of men. And they sing of his time on the sunny gravel bars in the summertime, when the smokes of the forest fires dim the sky; and of the time of the first frost, when he sees the red leaves hanging on the branch above the water, and for why he knows not, starts racing downstream in the dwindling waters, the last of summer's melting water from the high snows. And they sing, then, of the great living darkness of the sea, of the depths beyond the Straits, where he lives, and learns knowledge, to become the tyee—"

POINTED PARAGRAPH

If you're inclined to groan or mutter
When marketmen say, "No! No butter,
No coffee, sugar, chops, or joints";
Remember, rationing has its points.

—*HENRY A. MURPHY.*

"And you, brother," Charlie said, "it is your totem."

"Little brother," the war chief said, "you do not know yet of the deepnesses, the strange and flowing darknesses which beset the hearts of men." He paused and stirred the ashes with a finger. "It is enough," he said, "that I mention to you now the circumstances which befall the strange three-cornered little faithful heart of the salmon."

Humbled down, in the smoke at the wickiup's door, Charlie murmured:

"My chief, I hear. I understand," he said, trying to.

The war chief lifted a smoky hand from the ashes, and with a grimace of pain laid its fingers with a brief and aloof lovingness upon Charlie's head.

"Then it is peace," he said.

TRYING to get more sandwiches for his lunch by artful smiles while he looked up at his mother's face from the kitchen table where he was eating his oatmeal in the half-darkness before dawn, Charlie had a bad feeling.

"You're a very hungry little boy lately," she said, lifting her eyebrows.

If he could have talked to her in Chinook, if he could have started out by saying, "My mother, I have a friend who is far from home . . ." he might have been able to tell her. He wanted to. But he only muttered:

"Well, it's cold weather. I get hungry, mom."

She touched his cheek with her cool fingertips. She looked so young in the lamplight. With her face so white and her eyes so enormous and dark. Stopping to think, with his spoon poised above his oatmeal, Charlie could remember her sunburned and laughing, singing through the house, before his father went away. He frowned with concentration, thinking of that time, that mysterious and grievous night that his father went away.

THE war chief was not waiting for him that morning beside the thicket of salal. After a moment of hesitation Charlie went down into the swamp, carrying the bag of lunch. He found the war chief lying among the blankets in the wickiup. He only opened his eyes and sighed when Charlie set the lunch down beside him.

The fire was burned out to cold ashes. Charlie made a new one, blowing on the shredded cedar bark, while the war chief watched him with half-closed dull eyes. Then the boy had to hurry away not to be late for school.

That afternoon the war chief did not meet him on the trail either, and Charlie again went down into the swamp. This time the war chief looked a little better. He was still lying among the blankets, but he painfully raised himself to one elbow when he heard Charlie's footsteps at the door, and his face was not so much the color of old paper. The fire was burning, and one of the sandwiches had been half eaten sometime during the day.

"You must eat more," Charlie said. "Try and see. It is good."

"I know it is good," the war chief said in a voice queerly dim, as a spirit voice. "Later I will eat."

They regarded each other in dignified silence for a time. Presently the war chief's mouth drew down in a slow apologetic smile and he dropped his eyes.

"What, my brother?" Charlie asked him.

"It is what I was thinking. It is because today I am weak. I was thinking I would be glad to see you older, little brother, because then you would have tobacco. It is nothing; you must not think about it."

"Oh, but—" Charlie jumped up. "Wait. I will come back."

He hurried to the house, cutting across the ruins of the garden. His mother met him at the door, and her smile made Charlie wonder for a moment why it was that all grown-ups should be tired and sad, and only he could run and be happy. Stooping, with an arm about his shoulders, she said:

"Your clothes have swamp mud on them and they smell of smoke. Where have you been?"

"Oh, on the way home," he said.

"Well, run and put on your play clothes," she said.

"Yes," he said, and went into his room to put on his patched and faded clothes of last year. Then, listening to make sure his mother was in the kitchen, he tiptoed into her room and opened the box where she kept the things his father left when he went away.

The sack of black tobacco was there in a corner of the box. It felt dry and crumbly through the muslin, but the sack was half full of it. He slipped it inside his shirt. His father's pipe wasn't there. But on his way through the back yard he went into the empty corncrib and found a pretty good cob among the litter on the floor, and in the swamp he broke off some pieces of hollow dried vine stalk. Watching the war chief cut the cob with his hunting knife and trim the vine for a mouthpiece, Charlie was pleased that he had planned well and remembered everything necessary. But he said:

"I should have thought of this before, my brother."

"No," the war chief said. "How would you have thought? I am ashamed that I mentioned my need. I would not have had you steal for me."

"I did not steal," Charlie said. "The tobacco my father left when he went away, so I think he has no need for it now. I did not steal."

"YOUR father is upon a journey?" the war chief said courteously, as he filled the corncob with tobacco from the sack between his knees. He filled it slowly, as one handles precious things, lifting the tobacco between thumb and finger and being careful not to spill a crumb.

"I—he went away," Charlie said. "I have heard—I remember the night he left. It is something I do not understand."

"In this world there are many departures, little brother. And some of them are good. But I think that to return is always good."

"I do not know if my father will return," Charlie said slowly, groping with the desolate puzzlement he always felt when he tried to understand about this. "I have asked my mother, but she does not say. I do not ask her any more."

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It is every mother's duty to tell her daughter physical facts. How much better that she learn them from you, rather than from girls her own age.

In feminine hygiene, facts may be distorted, or wholly untrue. As a result, many brides either place their dependence on weak, ineffective "homemade" mixtures; or use over-strong solutions of acids for the douche which can actually burn and scar delicate tissue.

* * *

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FOR CONVENIENCE, PASTE ON PENNY POST CARD—AND MAIL TODAY

The war chief had stopped filling his pipe and had been watching the boy's face closely, but now he dropped his eyes. Lighting his pipe with a cedar splinter from the fire, he said gently:

"Later we will have talk of that, little brother. But now I will tell you of my country." And while the strong blue smoke of the tobacco curled about his face, he spoke of lonely waters, far to the north, where a man with his pack in his canoe might hoist his sail of blankets and travel for many days with no company but the homeless sea birds, or the seals who would lift round faces like the faces of children from the sea to watch him as he passed their fishing. And he spoke of his people, the wilderness people, those of the rainy coast. Great warriors they had been, and great wanderers upon the sea; but now, he said, they were sad and dirty, and the young men thought only of the dances in the village dance halls on a Saturday night, and the old men no longer thought of wise sayings for the winter fires.

"I HAVE spoken of my country," the war chief said. "I have given you my thoughts, little brother. It may be that I shall not return, I think; but if one day you are in my country, you will see it as I have told it to you, and not with the sick busy eyes of the white man. And that is good: that a white man one day will see my country as I have seen it.

"But enough," the war chief said. "I have talked long, and the sun is gone. Now it is time that you speak to me of your life, my little brother. I am listening."

Charlie roused himself, blinking. He had been sitting for a long time on the ground, drowsy with wonder. And now that he was expected, suddenly, to think of himself, he was confused. But as he started to think what to say in the Chinook tongue, it was queerly easy, all at once, to tell the war chief of all that had been puzzling him for so long.

He told him about the night his father went away.

It had been a queer time. Coming out of the back bedroom, the little boy had closed the door softly behind him and stood a minute in the darkness of the hallway, trying to get his face straight for the neighbors to see. It was dark, and he was all alone; and after a while he turned and looked back at the door he had just closed. A thin crack of lamplight showed underneath its warped boards. He knew his mother was still sitting there, where he had left her, beside the bed in which his father lay; he knew that she had not moved. He turned his back to the door where his mother and his father were, and started marching down the hallway to face the neighbors in the kitchen.

They were there, the neighbors who had come. One of the women was cooking supper on the stove. Something bubbling in a pot. The rest were standing around: the strangers, the people who had come to take his father away.

HE looked steadily back at them; and no one said anything, though some of them cleared their throats and looked away. Beyond them, through the steamy black panes of the window, he could see a lantern shining on the snow, the lantern which was burning on the wagon they had brought to take his father down the wilderness road to the settlements. He didn't understand very well at that time, and he didn't quite understand yet, even now, telling his friend, the war chief.

But when he had finished, his voice trailing off on a bewildered questioning note, his friend nodded gravely, as one chief nods when another has spoken.

Plucking another burning splinter from the fire, he drew for a long thoughtful time upon the corncob pipe. Then he said:

"Little brother, I think that all men must go upon journeys in this world. I think that some journeys are longer than any we have known. I have heard old men speak of this; for myself, I do not know. But I have been thinking.

"Little brother, I think that one upon such a long journey must leave behind him, in his own country, the thoughts of his heart, which are there in his place, when he is gone. I do not know how to say this, but I think that no man departs from his own country and from the people he loves without leaving this of himself in that place with them. I do not know, little brother, but perhaps the thoughts of your father are with us here at this campfire, as my thoughts are upon the trails that I have known in my own country. For the last two days I have come to know, O little chief, that I am now upon the journey that your father has taken.

"Little brother, I think that I am not a wise man or I should be able to tell you of this in a better way. What I have said I believe. Perhaps it is true; but in this world perhaps it is true only for Indians and for the believing hearts of little boys."

He paused, and Charlie looked at him silently.

"Little brother," the war chief said, "we have spoken together. You must go now, and I will sleep, for tonight I must make a great medicine smoke, and it is better that I sleep first. For this is such a smoke as a man makes only once in this world, and he must be alone for that, and his thoughts must be clear."

The next day was a Saturday, and when Charlie came to the wickiup in the swamp he found the war chief lying in his blankets with a face like wet clay, and the corncob pipe cold and charred upon the ground beside him.

His friend opened his eyes and made a feeble motion toward the sack of tobacco. He ignored the slice of bread and butter which Charlie laid beside his hand. The war chief took the sack and tried to fill the pipe, but his fingers spilled tobacco. He tried to sweep up the crumbs into a cupped hand, but gave it up and let Charlie fix things for him.

But when the pipe was lit, he drew deeply two or three times and spoke in a voice as ready as that of the wind through the harsh salt grasses of a duck flat:

"I have thought in the night while you slept, little brother. I made my smoke, and I have decided."

He seemed to gain strength from the tobacco, and with Charlie's help sat up, his shoulders propped against the back boughs of the wickiup. He took three more puffs, and blew the smoke forth as a chief in council. Then he said:

"LITTLE brother, I have eaten your food. You have gone hungry that I might eat. Chiefs do not forget such things.

"Little brother, you know the trail to the settlements. There is a man in the settlements that I must see. He wears upon his shirt a piece of silver cut into the shape of a star. You must go and find this man, and you must tell him that Cultus George is in your swamp. You must tell him how to come here, if he does not know, and you must tell him that Cultus George is awaiting him.

"Little brother, this man will bring other men with him to this place. You must not come. Not even if he asks you to show him the way. He will find the way, with his men. You must not come back with him.

"Little brother, I ask you this."

Charlie thought it over for a moment, and said:

"I hear you, my chief."

His friend smiled: a faint kindly relaxing of the muscles at the corners of his mouth.

"Go now, then, little brother," he said. "I must be able to speak to this man when he comes, and there is not a long time . . ."

But when Charlie was going out across the swamp, splashing through the margins of the black pools in his haste, the spirit-weak voice of the war chief called him back.

From among his blankets, with a face as stiff as dried clay, he looked for a long time at the boy in the doorway of boughs. But gently, gently, he said:

"Little brother, I think that I, too, will be going away as your father went. It is a journey that all men must make, and for the returning, I do not know.

"I think now that I can make that journey in the way of the man with the star, or I can make it in my own way, alone and without help. And I think now that it does not matter which way I take, because it is the same journey and I must take it.

"Little brother, when you are a man you will understand, and it may be that you will remember.

"Little brother, we have met beside the way and we have talked.

"O little chief, go in peace."

WEEPING in the haymow, the empty haymow where the harsh wild light of a springtime's death beat pitilessly through the sagging window, Charlie began to realize what he had done. He began to understand the startled way the sheriff had tugged at his enormous black mustaches, the way he had questioned him about his friend the war chief, Cultus George, in the swamp.

He knew now about the flivvers that went bumping over the puddly root-rutted wilderness roads, filled with men who carried guns. He had heard what the sheriff had told his mother.

About the renegade Indian, Cultus George—that one who had raided a whole town singlehanded up in British Columbia, and been shot in the bank hold-up but still had got away somehow and disappeared. Gone to earth, like a hunted animal.

Weeping in the haymow, Charlie remembered the story the sheriff had told his mother about what happened in the swamp—"thinking you ought to know, ma'am. The boy he came into my office, and when he told me what he had on his mind, I looked up the circulars, d'you see, and got some of the boys together for the showdown."

And in the swamp, as the booted men walked forward cautiously in a long wavering line, a voice hailing them weakly from the top of a knoll—from a place where a rifle could have got a half dozen of them before the rest could get to safety. A voice in broken Indian-English, not threatening: offering a fair bargain.

"If the boy would get the reward money, ma'am, I was to walk up and get him," the sheriff said. "He had the drop on us, and there wasn't much we could do. He mentioned the money with contempt," the sheriff said.

There wasn't much that they could do. And the sheriff, a huge man with mustaches, had shouted:

"I'll see that the boy gets it, George."

That was about all there was to it. Except that when the sheriff climbed to the top of the knoll, the war chief was lying in the mud, barely able to raise his face enough to stare coldly at the man who had come for him.

He had no gun; and when the others arrived, one of them, a voice named Henry, yelled:

"Hey! He didn't have no gun! That stuff about the reward—that doesn't stand, sheriff! He was lying! The reward had ought to be split up amongst us guys that . . ."

"I've passed my word," the sheriff said. He was a man of great dignity, with mustaches. "He had a gun in my mind, Henry, and in yours. If I was you, I'd shut up."

The Indian, who had been watching Henry with cold eyes, turned cold eyes upon the sheriff. He closed them when they lifted him onto the stretcher they had made of mackinaws with long sagging spruce poles thrust through the sleeves.

"And he didn't open 'em again nor say a word all the way to town in my flivver," the sheriff said. "As a matter of fact, ma'am, he's done for. A matter of two or three days, the doctor says. Any one could have walked in and got him, if they'd known he was there. Your boy, he knew, and he come and told me. The money'll be through soon's I get in touch with the B. C. authorities. Guess it'll come in handy, won't it, ma'am?"

And little Charlie, crying in the haymow, was trying so hard to understand, trying to remember what his friend, the war chief, had said. He heard his mother's voice calling from the back steps: her voice was anxious and tremulous. But he was thinking.

He was thinking: the summer would come, with the sun shining on the wild upland hay meadows, and the bees running down the smoky spirals of flower scent rising from the beds beside the kitchen door to drift in delicate strata, almost visible, across the heavy air.

In the smoky dusks of autumn they would hear a rutting buck threshing the thickets on the ridge. And the moon would rise, tarnished orange above the black edges of the forest, and an owl drift over the clearing on soundless wings, hunting the field mice who came out to play among the corn shocks in their time of plenty.

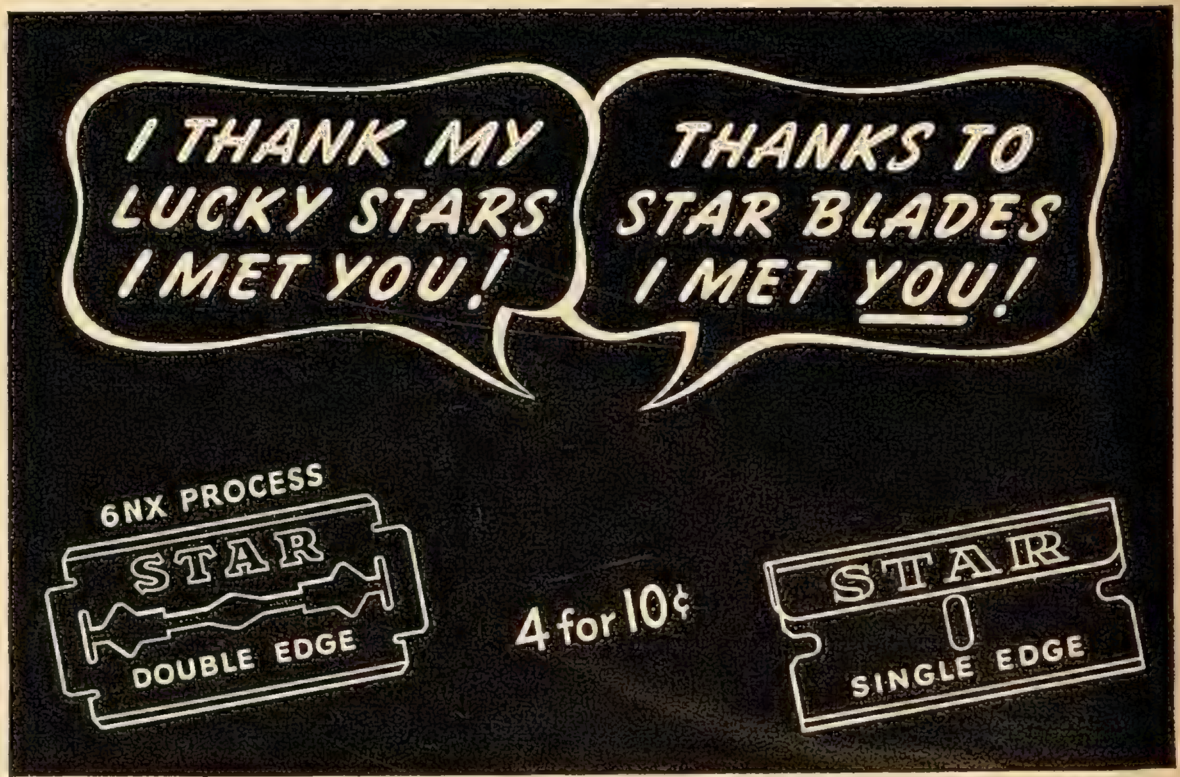
And late in a winter afternoon he would be coming home along the ridge from school, reading the delicate tracery that the feet of the wild wove every night in the snow. The sun, far down in the south, would throw long shafts of gold across the snows.

And at night, when the embers were dying red upon the hearth, he might hear again the lonely scream of the hunting cougar, come down from his wilderness hills to prowl about the clearing. Charlie would get out of his bed and go across the floor to peer through the frost castles on the windowpane at the hard white moon of the snows.

And at those times he would remember his friend.

At such times, all his life, he would mourn in a world where people had to go away.

THE END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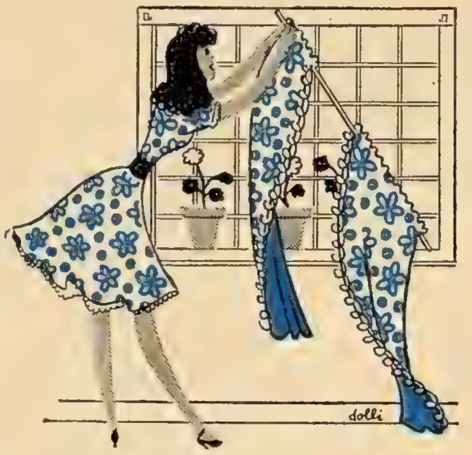
TO THE LADIES

BY ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

“WHEN two share a secret, eleven get to know it. If three know it, one hundred and eleven share it. And when four share it, the secret is known to one thousand, one hundred and eleven!”

A good proverb for wartime, when tongues shouldn’t wag. I learned it the other day from the Hon. Joseph E. Davies, former U. S. Ambassador to Russia, and author of the best selling Mission to Moscow (Simon & Schuster, Inc.), just filmed by Warner Brothers. . . . Meeting Mr. Davies for the first time, I found him a diplomat in private life as well as a statesman, for his warm greeting to me was, “This has been long deferred. Rahel has told me so much about you.” . . . One of my favorite friends, Rahel is the ambassador’s daughter. Her name is the delightful Welsh version of Rachel. . . . When I talked with Mr. Davies he had recently returned from a Hollywood inspection of the screening of his book, and he told me frankly that the idea of making it into a movie had amazed him at first. Now he’s an enthusiastic fan for the picture. “The scenes fascinate me,” he said. “I couldn’t believe I had anything to do with the picture until I saw it, then it was so real I seemed to be back in Russia.” Before parting I managed to be diplomatic. Truthfully told the ambassador the most frequent question on my recent lecture tour, lecturing about Russia, was the request for my opinion on his book, Mission to Moscow. Diplomacy pays its dividends. I came away with a copy in the new-priced edition, one of the first three printed, inscribed with flattering informality by the author.

VEGETARIANS in the army and navy tell me they have less diet trouble than you might imagine. “We swap our meat,” said a soldier, “with fellows who don’t like green stuff. And in spite of all this up-to-date vitamin talk, you’d be surprised to see how many men eat *bush*, as they call it, under protest.” . . . At headquarters of the Vegetarian Society I learned that strictest vegetarians claim exemption from combat duty on account of their convictions against killing any animal, including Axis enemies.



These die-hard vegetarians also object to wearing leather, because it’s from animals. In one group are 1,500 wearing canvas shoes, cloth belts, no felt (rabbit fur) hats, no fur coats, no feathers. Organized U. S. vegetarians total about quarter of a million.

VEGETARIANS down by the Rio Grande make this special *Texas Succotash* with okra and green peppers as well as corn and beans. An unusual dish, not too spicy, it goes great with fried or poached eggs during Lent. . . . Simmer 1 minced onion in 1 tablespoon fat till yellow. Do not brown. Add 1 crushed kernel garlic, 2 cups chopped tomatoes, 1 cup sliced okra, 1 cup chopped green pepper, salt, 1 teaspoon chili powder, a pinch of marjoram. Cook gently for 15 minutes, then put in 2 cups green or canned corn and 1 cup limas or any cooked dried beans. Thin mixture with a little water if needed. Cook 20 minutes. Serve very hot.

DEALERS in cotton goods owe a big thank-you to young army wives. Girls keeping house near their husbands’ camps are true *cotton brides*, for they have cleverly put cotton materials to every use, from party dresses and bedspreads to work clothes and window curtains.

They tell me they do so to dodge the laundry and dry-cleaning problem in overcrowded towns, preferring to wash their own things, which they can more easily when the things are cotton. In their ginghams, percales, and dotted swiss, they look as colorfully spick-and-span as school kids. The army’s young cotton brides are cheerful indeed for the men to come home to.

RECOMMENDED to thrill readers: the new book, Flight from Terror, by Otto Strasser and Michael Stern. A great story of escape from Nazi Europe. (Published by Robert M. McBride & Company.)

HOLLYWOOD’S HARDYS

Continued from Page 23

studio when You’re Only Young Once was in production. Wilson cast Fay Holden as the Judge’s delightfully confused wife. For better or for worse, Miss Holden has been Judge Hardy’s wife ever since. It has been one of the most satisfactory marriages in Hollywood.

It must hurt Miss Holden’s ego to hear herself greeted every place she goes as Mom Hardy. When the VACS opened a canteen at Fort MacArthur they took down a load of glamour people from the studio to entertain the boys. Many of the boys ignored the Hollywood beauties and gathered in enthusiastic droves around Miss Holden—though there probably wasn’t a soldier in the canteen who knew her real name.

Miss Holden, like Lewis Stone, finds that Mom Hardy cramps her style both on the screen and off. She can never play a part in which she has to drink a cocktail, smoke a cigarette, or appear vulgar in any way. Therefore her parts are limited. But she is a smart woman. She realizes a Mom Hardy can go on and on forever, and shows every sign of so doing. As Ann Rutherford, Andy Hardy’s Polly Benedict, once said to an interviewer, “Being in a Hardy picture is like having an annuity.”

BUT Mom Hardy has a skeleton in her closet. Seems that some years ago Fay Holden, not dreaming what life had in store for her, played hotsy Tondelayo in a road company of White Cargo. When Metro was reviving the hearty melodrama for Hedy Lamarr, an enterprising press agent dug up some old pictures of Miss Holden. Both she and the studio almost fainted. Mom Hardy making tiffin for white man instead of buckwheat cakes for Andy! What would the fans think! The enterprising young press agent was quickly squelched.

Neither You’re Only Young Once nor Judge Hardy’s Children caused much of a ripple on the Hollywood pond. But the fourth in the series, Love Finds Andy Hardy, became a sensation overnight. It grossed five times as much as the previous Hardy pictures. All the first-run theaters played it. Carey Wilson had the thrill of seeing it billed on the marquee of the snooty Chinese Theater in Hollywood as “the greatest of the Andy Hardy series.”

There followed Out West with the Hardys in 1938; Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever, and Judge Hardy and Son in 1939; Andy Hardy Meets Debutante in 1940; Andy Hardy’s

Private Secretary, and Life Begins for Andy Hardy in 1941; and The Courtship of Andy Hardy in 1942. Currently being shown is Andy Hardy's Double Life, which adds Esther Williams and Susan Peters to the bevy of Andy Hardy girl friends.

In his production of the Hardy Family pictures Carey Wilson pays tremendous attention to the criticisms of the public. In one picture Andy came down to dinner in a leather jacket, without a collar or tie. Following the release of this picture Wilson received a letter from a woman in Brookline, Massachusetts. The letter said in part, "My husband runs a service station near our home. One thing I have always insisted upon is that my husband and son must scrub themselves and put on collar and tie before sitting down to dinner. After seeing the new picture my son rebelled and said to me. 'Why should I wear a collar and tie to dinner? Andy Hardy just wears a leather jacket.' "

When Wilson finished the letter he called the wardrobe department. "Bring me Andy Hardy's leather jacket," he said. "I want to burn it. Personally." In the next Hardy Family picture young Andy scrubbed thoroughly before coming down to dinner. And he wore a collar and tie.

IN Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever, Andy comes home sulking because he has just found a handsome six-footer calling on Polly Benedict. At dinner he says, "Mom, I don't think I'm hungry. It's not a very good dinner anyway. I don't want any." In reading over the preview cards the next morning Wilson discovered that 98 per cent of the audience had resented the fact that Andy had criticized his mother's cooking. As one previewer wrote: "If Andy Hardy won't eat what his mother cooks, the next thing I know my boy won't eat what I cook." Wilson hastily reshot the scene and had a big close-up of Andy saying, "Mom, how soon before dinner? Gee, that looks good!"

Wilson has never dared to say what Andy's weekly allowance is. Too many mothers and fathers, not so well off financially, would be put in a spot. The point that Andy always pays his debts is stressed in every picture. When Andy was first allowed to wear what he called a "tuxedo," Wilson fully expected a storm of protest from parents. But no one resented it. A tuxedo, it seems, is not considered a form of snobbishness by the American people. In the next picture Wilson slipped Andy a sporty new car. Hundreds of kids wrote in begging for Andy's old jaloppy.

The kids in the Hardy pictures talk and act just like normal kids of today. Wilson is as careful about this as he is about the family tree and the Hardy wardrobe. Sample: "Dad, you wouldn't want your only son walking around with people laughing behind his back because he got a poison-pen from his own dilly, would you?" And, "What's carrying the torch? That's a love life with no future. A disappointed drizzle-drip. A wolf without a frill." And, "A. W. O. L.? Sure, dad, that means a wolf on the loose—only now a wolf is old-fashioned."

DESPITE the fact that Carvel has become one of the most famous towns in the U. S. A., no one knows what state it is in. Carey Wilson spent his boyhood in Rutherford, New Jersey, and he has laid out Carvel with Rutherford in his mind. The Hardys have his own family birthdays. The Hardys' telephone number is the first telephone number the Wilsons had.

Polly Benedict's phone number is Wilson's first girl's phone number. Mom Hardy he has drawn from the character of his own mother.

Complicating the Rooney screen character was his real-life marriage to Ava Gardner, a pretty extra girl on the M-G-M lot—this while he was working in The Courtship of Andy Hardy. Studio executives worried whether the public would accept a married Andy Hardy. Their answer: The Courtship of Andy Hardy grossed more money than any Hardy picture to date!

Although the studio runs a temperature occasionally over the ebulliency of Master Rooney, the public doesn't seem to be annoyed. What if Mickey plays the drums in Tommy Dorsey's orchestra at the Palladium? What if Mickey drives a high-powered car? What if Mickey goes to night clubs? "Mickey," they say lovingly, "is Andy Hardy with a bigger allowance."

Wilson receives between five and six thousand letters a year from people who are as deeply interested in the Hardy Family as he is. He reads and answers every letter. The man-to-man talk between Judge Hardy and Andy in the cut-rate drugstore sequence in Life Begins for Andy Hardy brought thousands of letters from parents all over the country requesting a copy of this "talk." Remember the scene?

Judge Hardy: Some day, Andy, you're going to be married. Now, marriage is perhaps the only happiness in this world that is spoiled by anticipating it. Many a marriage has been ruined that way.

Andy: You mean a fellow's morality—being moral?

Judge Hardy: I mean fidelity.

Andy: Fidelity to what?

Judge Hardy: Fidelity to the girl you're some day going to marry, a girl who is somewhere in the world, perhaps now only a child in pigtails.

Andy: How can a man be unfaithful to a girl he never even met?

Judge Hardy: Easily. When a man enters into an illicit romance he's inviting himself into the habit of being unfaithful. Because infidelity is a habit, all too easy to acquire if a man begins it before he's married. The habit of transferring his affections from one girl to another can destroy his ability to bestow those affections permanently on his wife.

Mickey's next man-to-man talk will probably be with his Uncle Sam. (Mickey is 3-A.) What then for the Hardy Family? Although Carey Wilson may have to change his next script to Andy Hardy Goes to War, he is optimistic about the long-term outlook. In the bottom drawer of his desk is a script entitled Andy Hardy's Grandson.

THE END

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THE PROFESSOR AND THE PUG

—Continued from Page 30

University at an end. And, I may add, that includes any claim you think you have on our pension fund, of which I am, *ex officio,* the director."

This body blow sent Christopher reeling. "But—Dr. Brink, I retire next year. Moreover, I have been connected with Guilfoyle since 1901. The notes for my final volume are not yet complete."

President Brink's expression was nothing for a family photograph album. "First and last, you have hurt Guilfoyle immeasurably. Three years ago, against my advice, you pressed your charges against that sophomore Fosdyke."

Christopher stiffened. "After the class had been put on its honor, the young man cheated. The students reported it to me themselves. I'd given my word; I had no choice."

"A most injudicious move, Christopher. I told you so at the time. Fosdyke's father was and is the owner of the Chicago Mail. You see what happened. This week-end I spent with the Pedley-Smiths of Boston whose devotion to humanitarian causes has been a family tradition for a hundred years. They had just promised to Guilfoyle—provisionally—an endowment of half a million dollars. I advise you for your own sake to make sure they do not change their minds because of your slave-dealing propensities." His glare lowered to the desk and he pressed one of three buttons. "That's all for the present, Professor Christopher."

IT took a solid hour of tramping down the River Road before Christopher could come to his decision. Africa . . . America . . . War Department. . . . Too old for a Washington swivel chair. . . . One word—"You got one word, perfessah." . . . Legacy to posterity unfinished. . . . No bank account—savings spent on research. . . . Poorhouse.

After all, he had made his promise to the Express without fully understanding the facts. Is a man under any obligation to keep such a promise—that is, in America?

But it was only when a belated taxi from College Heights swung cityward that he made up his mind. There was no time to pick up a lawyer. He would go directly to the scene of action and clear himself. It was a cowardly piece of business; ignoble; unpardonable. He felt a confused shame as he gave his order to the chauffeur:

"Arena Boxing Club. *Feessa! Feessa!* I mean to say, as quickly as possible." . . .

The arena was a glimmering dusk except where the masked battery of lights flared down on the canvas below. As Christopher maneuvered himself along the center aisle he realized he had come just in time. Already the announcer had bellowed the Special Extra Added Wind-up, "Ten rounds to a decision for the State Hea-avyweight Champ-i-onship," and in diagonal corners of the ring two black boys were seated. One of them was the Dixie Express.

After a vain effort at the box office to find some responsible member of the management, Christopher had purchased one of the last remaining ringside seats. His plan was simple. He would make the announcement personally and free himself of all connection with the affair before the bout began.

MD
MD
Norman Fallon

He had reached the press table at the edge of the ring when he caught his first glimpse of the face of the Dixie Express. "Woebegone" was the only adjective which seemed to fit; but the face was even more desolate than that. The outer edges of the eyes and mouth drooped in despairing arcs; the brow was a mass of plaintive wrinkles. Just then the Express sighted him.

The change was extraordinary. Eyes, mouth, and chin took on an abrupt illumination. He jerked his gloves from the ropes and stretched them toward Christopher in the gesture of one rendering thanks to Providence.

"You say you come, perfessah—I *know* you come. You say what you do—you do what you say."

For a moment Christopher wavered; but he thrust back the impulse to weaken.

"You work yo' conjuh stuff, perfessah, and I knock 'at boy kickin'."

Desperately Christopher tried to concentrate on the fifth and last volume of his legacy to posterity and on the incredible folly of allowing a slip of the tongue to ruin a life's work.

The Express exhibited a wide confiding smile. "They tol' me you wouldn't come."

Christopher stalled. "They did, eh?" He swallowed, set his feet firmly apart, and prepared to break the bad news.

"They sho' did. But I know when you say Yes you mean Yes. One word."

Two trifling syllables tinctured with the essence of Africa, and the professor felt his resistance melt like butter in a hot frying pan. He caught the lower rope and, leaving common sense, reputation, and academic future behind him, crawled into the ring. From the back seats Guilfoyle students raised a lusty "Yea-a-a, Christopher!"

"Be careful, Beaver; hang onto your whiskers."

CHRISTOPHER glanced toward the press table and into the pasty face of Jimmy Fosdyke, one-time student of Arabic Life and Letters. An apt remark occurred to him. "Whose work are you copying this evening, Fosdyke? That of the gentleman to your right or to your left?" He returned to the Express and shook both gloved hands.

"Them words, perfessah, do me a pow'ful lot of good. *Balek*—I keep saying *balek.*"

It was a suggestion. Extending his hands, Christopher blessed the Express with the blessing used by the tribe of Il'da Gounadif when they break the fields for the spring sowing. Visibly the Express relaxed.

"It sho' do help, perfessah. Maybe you might say sump'n fo' the boy over there. Know what I mean? Sump'n different."

Christopher turned and, staring hard at the Dynamite Kid, pronounced the Curse of the Jackal. He put his heart into the words and was gratified to see the Kid's eyes pop and his jaw sag open.

"Hey! Stop that guy!" The shirt-sleeved white manager of the Kid had rushed up to the referee. "He's putting the hex on my boy."

But the referee had perceived that the doings tickled the customers and he knew that a pleased customer means a return visit. Moreover, in a quiet, underground way, he owned a controlling interest in the Arena Boxing Club.

"He's just a nut. Go back where you belong." He thrust the protesting manager toward his principal.

Christopher found himself curiously elated. For seven years straight, the longest stretch in his pedagogical experience, he had been teaching youth the dusty wisdom of the dead. Now he was going into action. Tomorrow President Brink, the newspapers, and the War Department could do as they pleased; tonight he was living again. So far as in him lay, he was going to see that the Express left the arena five hundred dollars richer than when he had entered.

Altogether at ease, he accompanied his fighter to hear the referee's instructions and was the last man to climb out through the ropes.

The bell rang.

"Don't let him hit your boy like that, Beaver," gibbered young Mr. Fosdyke. "He's spoiling your property."

But the Express wasn't being spoiled by anybody. He had the first round all the way, and betters who had refused four to one against the Express now looked around for some of the money. There wasn't any in evidence.

While the seconds massaged the legs of the Express and fanned fresh air into his lungs, Christopher whispered in the dialect of Timgissin a charm against marauding vermin.

"'At's just what I needed," said the Express gratefully. "*Balek.* I pin his ears back this time."

The beginning of the second round showed the Express at the peak of his old-time form. Leads, blocks, counters, footwork—he had everything. The Dynamite Kid was beginning to wilt at the knees when young Mr. Fosdyke jumped up.

"Express!" he shouted between cupped hands. "Express! The professor's just dropped dead. Express, the professor's dead."

Before Christopher could declare himself, the Express had turned to look. It was for only a moment, but it was the wrong moment. Deftly and efficiently the Kid brought up a cocked right and the Express went down.

He lay on his stomach, eyes closed and long arms outstretched.

WITH a nimbleness and presence of mind which surprised even himself, Christopher hopped up on the projecting apron of the ring and ran along outside the ropes toward the Express.

The referee, who had waved the Kid into a neutral corner, began the count. "One."

In direct contravention of all the rules of the State Boxing Commission, the professor spoke to the Express. He used not the language of Chaucer and Shakespeare but a rolling guttural Arabic.

"Rouse thyself, O Descendant of Misbegotten Wild Asses."

"Foul—foul!" yelped the Kid's manager. He tried to climb into the ring, but a reporter with an eye for a good story blocked his path.

"Two."

"On your feet, Utterly Lost and Damned Child of the Devil."

"Three."

"Rise, Shame of Unhallowed Parents."

The combat between the Kid's manager and the gentleman of the press had become general.

"Four."

"Awake, Offspring of a Jackal and a Camel."

The Dixie Express opened one eye and stared dreamily at the professor.

"Five."

"Return to battle, Son of a One-eyed Idolater."

"Six."

With a lunge the Kid's manager broke loose and started around the ring the long way. It was a Kilkenny Fair and the crowd loved it.

"Rise or be cursed by the demons of water and the *gnoon* of fire."

"Seven."

"I say rise, O Abhorred of the Prophet, rise or be buried with a pig."

Christopher felt his legs seized. Not since the Minnesota game of 1899 had he straight-armed anybody, but the occasion seemed to call for it. He found he had forgotten nothing. The Kid's manager blinked and sat down hard, just as the Express, scrambling to hands and knees, stared imploringly at the professor.

"Eight."

CHRISTOPHER'S face was streaming with sweat. Leaning his forehead against the rope he filled his lungs and, with every ounce of his hundred and fifty-seven pounds behind it, spoke the word.

He was no elocutionist but he had perfected his vocal powers on difficult and hostile audiences—on camels who lay down at the wrong time and on skulking "bodyguards" who refused to follow him into dangerous places. Now his voice rose above the roaring of the crowd till the echoes played tag in the girders.

He said, "*Balek!*"

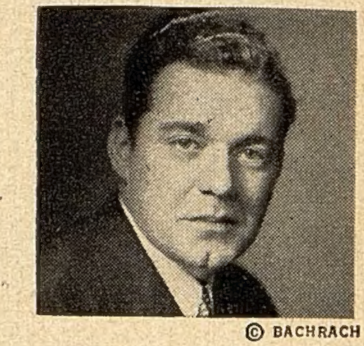
And at the word the Dixie Express heaved and staggered to his feet.

The Dynamite Kid was leaving his neutral corner when the Express, charging head down, slammed him back against the ropes. As he bounced out, like a stone from a catapult, the Express connected with a wild swing and the Kid fell backward and the dynamite ran out of the heels of his shoes.

But before the referee had finished counting, the real main event of the evening began.

Though now fat and forty, still for six months during his formative years the Kid's manager had been a lightweight of sorts. Christopher was sixty-four. But his muscles were

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES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AFTER THEY HAVE READ his story most people want to know what an author looks like, and sometimes they trace a subtle relationship between the two. So we give them Michael Foster, whose The Early-Shadowed Valley is in this issue. Originally a newspaperman, he ran away from that occupation to set up shop as a writer on an island in Puget Sound. Then he ran away from fiction to catch salmon, but returned to his typewriter for good (he thinks) after that adventure.

EXCHANGE SHIP, our present condensation, will afford you great reading for an evening. Coming from Japan, its author, Max Hill, stated: "I once bought fifty yen worth of Japanese war bonds in Tokyo. I didn't want them; they were shoved at me. The scowling war lords of Japan take the money they need. . . . Nothing surprised me more than to find out that Uncle Sam paid good interest for the chance to help smash men like Hitler and Tojo. It would be enough for me to know that by turning my dollars into protection I was insuring a free life for my children and grandchildren."

THAT "GROUNDED GREMLIN" that you will meet for the first time on page 65 was cast out by his brothers because he preferred to play merry pranks on them rather than torment humans with hurtful malice. So you will find him in future issues of Liberty having his harmless fun. But the poor little fellow is nameless. Our readers are invited to christen him. What's your suggestion?

THE EDITORS

whipcordish and toughened by years of meager eating and daily exercise. His heart and lungs were solid. He had learned the tricks of self-defense first from a boxing instructor, later from various dusky peoples.

The crowd shrieked on the fringes of the battle while eight officials and handlers restrained the Dixie Express, till, in the end, Christopher picked up the prostrate manager and tossed him against young Mr. Fosdyke. As the Mail's representative toppled and fell, the professor remarked mildly, "See if you can answer that one, Fosdyke."

WITH a discolored eye, a ripped coat, and trousers which would never be the same again, Christopher sat in the police station, an honored guest. By calming an incipient student riot he had enabled the two policemen in the arena to take him away without casualties.

But as he contemplated the future he felt sick at heart. Perhaps he might find employment raking leaves or washing windows or—

"Professor Christopher?"

It was an army officer—a major.

"My name is Christopher."

"Made a special trip here to see you. I'm in charge of some of the specialists for our African set-up. Your letter just came to my desk."

Christopher's gleam of hope faded immediately. "I fear that after this evening's occurrence—"

"Saw it all," said the major heartily. "Enjoyed it. Incidentally, tonight I heard the whole story from that damned old fool Brink. I'm going to see him tomorrow and make him change his tune. Well, professor, we're at war. I don't see anything ridiculous about a fighting man and I'm sure Washington agrees with me."

"You mean," Christopher tried to convince himself he had heard correctly, "that I could be used in Washington?"

The major exploded. "Hell's bells! We don't want you in Washington. We want you at the front. If there are six people in the United States who know North Africa, you're Number One. We need men who can deal with the natives in their own dialects—interpreters, diplomats. If you're physically fit, and it looks that way, you're booked for Brazil and Africa—if you want to go."

"If I want to go!" The impact of unexpected happiness made Christopher feel dizzy. His legs wabbled. He tried to steady his muscles by repeating an Arabic word which means "Look out. . . . Watch your step. . . . Keep your eyes open."

"Balek," he said to himself. *"Balek."*

THE END

APRIL 3, 1943

FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR

TO most Americans it is somewhat of a shock to learn that our abundant earth, which in previous years deluged us with unwanted surpluses, is not able to produce inexhaustibly. We are surprised to find our broad acres unable to satisfy the voracious demands of war and that food rationing is necessary for the first time in our history.

After several weeks of food rationing, there is no doubt it hurts. It is complicated, inconvenient, and, no matter how you look at it, an infernal nuisance. This situation, of course, is not being overlooked by those among us who are always on the alert for some aspect of public dissatisfaction which they can turn to their own ends.

Some, who think more of partisan advantages than they do of winning the war, are already in full cry. Their voices will grow louder, demanding to know why we feed the world while we ourselves go hungry. Stories will be told of how people in other lands are living high and eating well on our food, while we deny ourselves. There will be brazen appeals to the self-interest of each of us, and attempts to make the situation appear much worse than it really is.

It is important that we, the American people, hold steadfast to our determination to carry out the program we have adopted.

We are not playing this game for marbles. This is our war and we've got to win it. Food is an important weapon. We are using it as such.

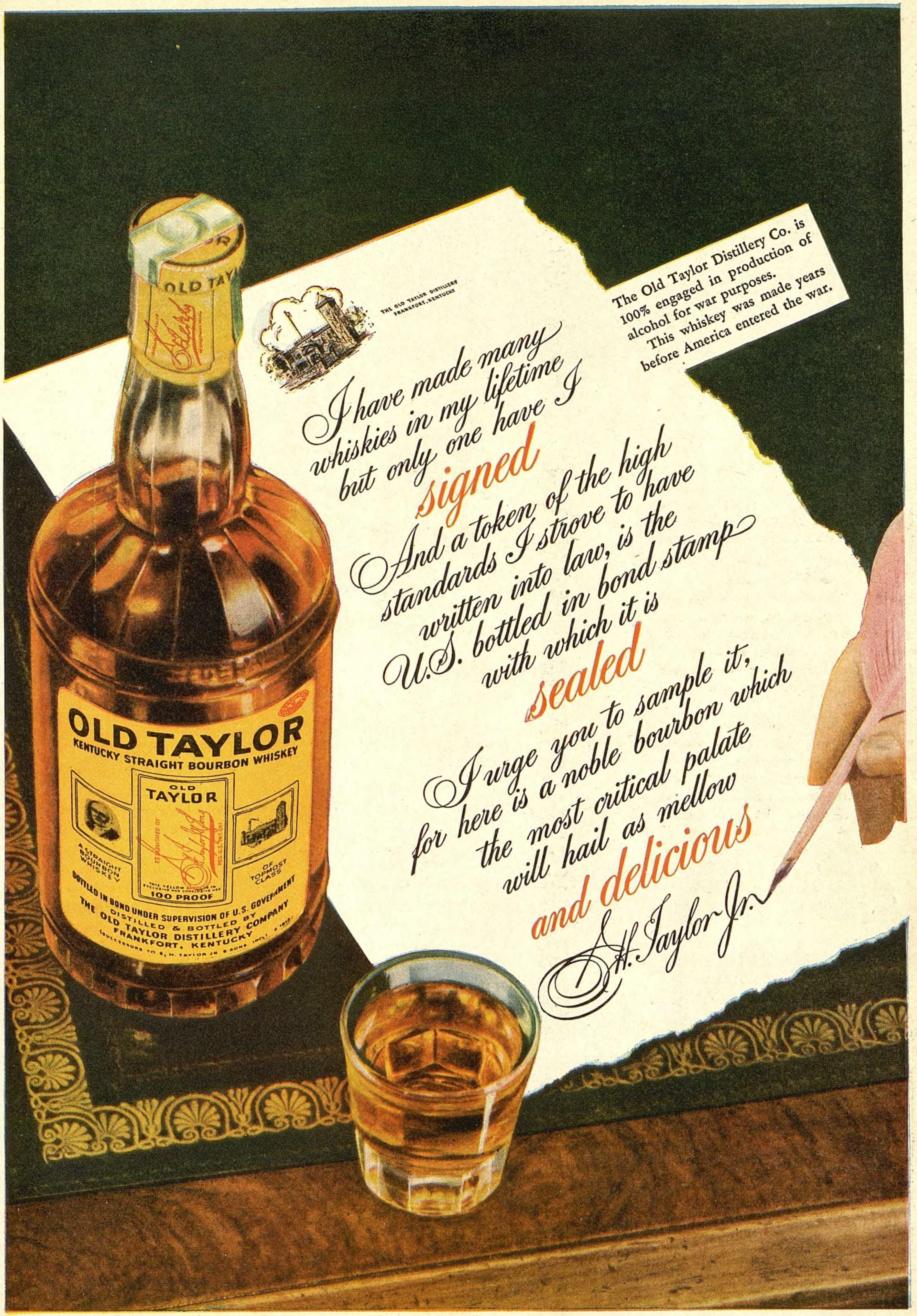
If demagogic appeals to our bellies can weaken our determination, we are not much of a people. If trumped-up charges and groundless suspicion drive wedges between ourselves and our allies, we will pay for our blindness—not in food but in blood.

Our own food shortages are as nothing compared to the real privations which have been suffered and are being suffered by the peoples of our allied nations. The English, the Russians, the Chinese, and those of the conquered lands can tell us what food shortages really are. Compared with the drastic rationing they undergo cheerfully, our own larders still display superabundance.

We have food in plenty for our needs, and whatever sacrifices we make now are only for a time. We will be a better people for these sacrifices. When the day of victory comes, our joy will not be diluted by the feeling we let others bear the brunt in greater measure than ourselves. We will take pride in a job done and in the knowledge that we, as a people, had the courage to meet our test when it came.

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

Paul Hunter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OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

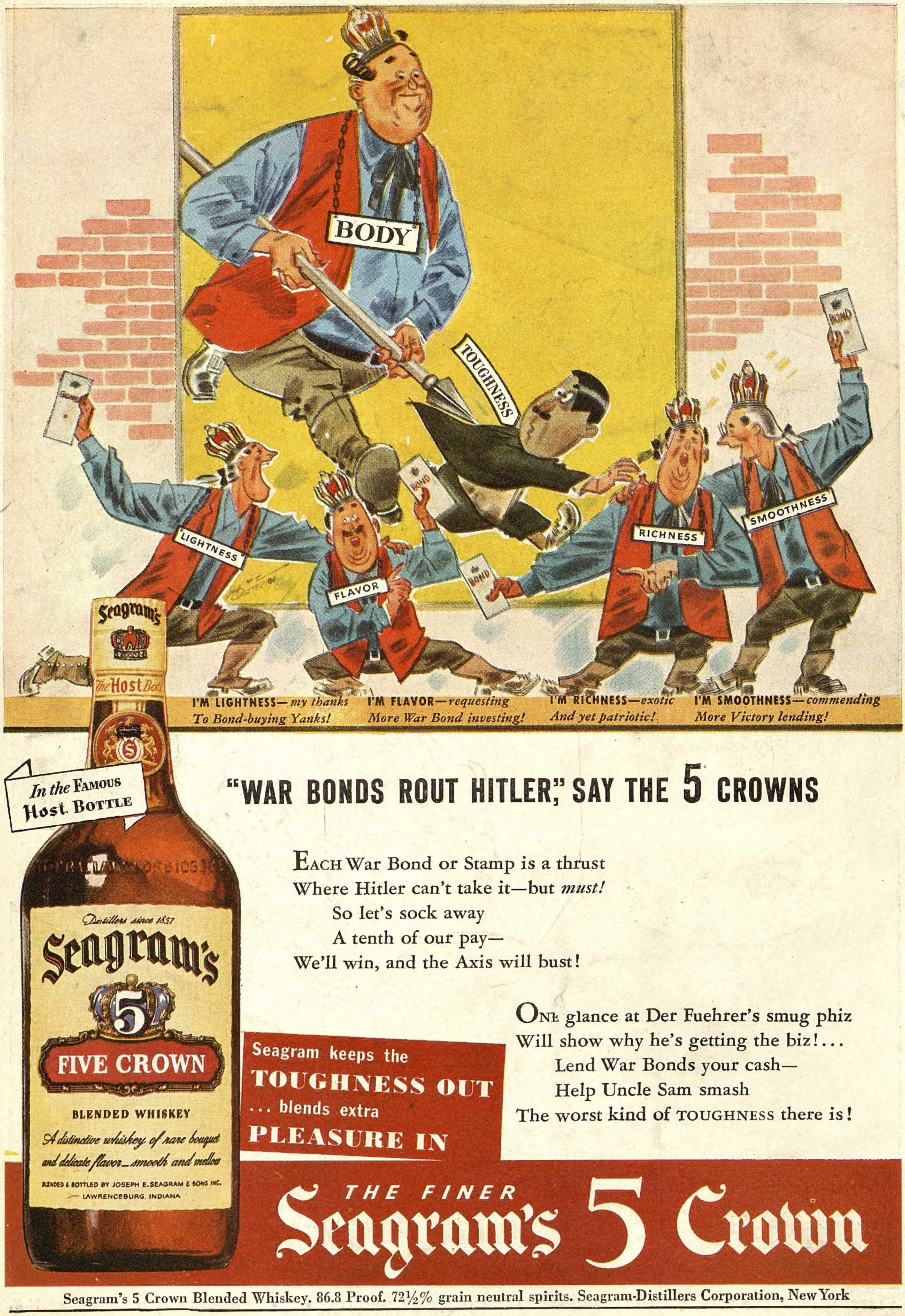
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

The Old Taylor Distillery Co. is 100% engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes. This whiskey was made years before America entered the war.

I have made many
whiskies in my lifetime
but only one have I
signed
And a token of the high
standards I strove to have
written into law, is the
U.S. bottled in bond stamp
with which it is
sealed
I urge you to sample it,
for here is a noble bourbon which
the most critical palate
will hail as mellow
and delicious

E. H. Taylor Jr.

A LETTER ABOUT OLD TAYLOR, AS ITS ORIGINATOR MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN IT • • National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.


BODY
TOUGHNESS
LIGHTNESS
FLAVOR
RICHNESS
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BOND
Seagram's
The Host Bottle
In the FAMOUS Host Bottle
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and delicate flavor—smooth and mellow
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA

I'M LIGHTNESS—*my thanks*
To Bond-buying Yanks!

I'M FLAVOR—*requesting*
More War Bond investing!

I'M RICHNESS—*exotic*
And yet patriotic!

I'M SMOOTHNESS—*commending*
More Victory lending!

"WAR BONDS ROUT HITLER," SAY THE 5 CROWNS

EACH War Bond or Stamp is a thrust
Where Hitler can't take it—but *must!*
So let's sock away
A tenth of our pay—
We'll win, and the Axis will bust!

ONE glance at Der Fuehrer's smug phiz
Will show why he's getting the biz!...
Lend War Bonds your cash—
Help Uncle Sam smash
The worst kind of TOUGHNESS there is!

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN

THE FINER
Seagram's 5 Crown

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York